

APRIL
1927

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



MEN SELDOM DO

A Story of Many Laughs by ROYAL BROWN

Zack Cartwright Achmed Abdullah
Robert Haven Schauffler and others

APRIL, 1927

SO FEW MEN CAN DECIDE! Can you?



THIS happened only a few weeks ago.

A man who had been promoted to a new position, with much larger income, sat talking with a friend. "It's funny what little things influence our lives," he remarked. "Three years ago I was reading a magazine and clipped a coupon from an advertisement—something I almost never do. The coupon put me in touch with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which laid out a definite course in business reading for me."

"The first time the president of our company ever indicated that he was conscious of my existence was about a month later when I ran across something in my reading that happened to be of very immediate interest to him. From that moment he began to look on me as something more than just a name on the payroll. You know what's happened since."

The other man sat quiet a moment. Then he rose and, walking over to the table, pulled out the drawer and produced a wrinkled bit of paper.

"I clipped one of those coupons once," he said, "but I didn't do anything more about it. Here it is" . . . he held it out . . . "more than four years old."

That little incident reveals one of the fundamental reasons why some men go forward and others do not. Up to a certain point all men are interested in their business future. They will read about success and talk about it; but at that point they divide sharply into two classes. One group merely talks; the other acts.

Think of the four years that have passed since that man clipped that coupon. In that time, Charles E. Murnan, who was a clerk in a retail store, became vice president of the great United Drug Company. He says:

"I would recommend the Course to anybody, if he had to borrow the money to take it."

In that time, J. A. Zehntbauer, who was a wholesale dry goods salesman, became President of the Jantzen Knitting Mills of Portland, Oregon. He says: "50% of my success could be attributed to my contact with the Alexander Hamilton Institute."

And all this while the man who was interested, but lacked the power of decision, has gone along with petty salary increases, when he might have made a direct short cut to executive opportunity and increased earning power. Some day he will arrive, but he has sacrificed the joy of succeeding while he is still young.

This is not an advertisement in the ordinary sense. It is a business editorial. Two men will read it. One will say, "That is interesting."

He may even go so far as to clip the coupon, but it will never be mailed. At the critical moment of decision he will be tried and found wanting.

The other man will say: "This thing involves no obligation or cost. The Course has helped more than 300,000 men to shorten their path to the top. I have a duty to myself and my family to investigate it." He will clip the coupon and *it will be mailed*.

You have decision. Will you let us lay before you a definite plan of business reading, worked out by men who have made an unusual business success? Give one evening to it; decide, alone in your own home, without haste or pressure.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
831 Astor Place New York City

Send me the new, revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature . . . Please write plainly
Business Address . . .

Business Position . . .

Acacia Mutual Life Association

An Institution — Not A Commercial Company

Summary of Annual Report as of December 31, 1926

ASSETS:	
First mortgage loans on improved real estate	\$11,429,854.45
Real estate	627,622.40
Bonds	1,165,200.00
Cash in banks and in office	547,579.99
Loans on Association's policies	2,954,697.57
Net Premiums in process of collection	2,141,168.97
All other assets	383,761.55
TOTAL ASSETS	\$19,249,884.93

LIABILITIES:	
Policyholders' dividends not yet due	\$367,429.45
Reserve for taxes accrued	140,250.00
Premiums and interest paid in advance	146,118.40
Miscellaneous	98,115.18
	\$751,913.03

BALANCE TO PROTECT POLICY CONTRACTS:

Legal reserve requirement — American Experience Table of Mortality and 3½ % interest on all policies	\$17,129,413.23
Surplus	1,368,558.67
	\$18,497,971.90

Another Year of Great Progress

New insurance paid for	\$ 44,608,900.00
Gain in insurance in force	30,099,200.00
Insurance in force December 31, 1926	226,223,200.00
Dividends paid or credited to members	990,853.62
Assets	19,249,884.93
Increase in assets	3,553,941.00
Increase in reserve	3,427,641.29

Progress During the Past Ten Years

YEAR	ASSETS	SURPLUS	INSURANCE In Force End of Year
1916	\$1,028,016	\$42,819	\$15,081,011
1918	1,721,058	55,696	24,044,612
1919	2,220,990	70,013	37,657,924
1920	3,084,141	80,986	71,097,545
1921	4,613,495	316,961	101,222,295
1922	6,828,345	748,407	122,685,100
1923	9,417,807	971,438	152,190,700
1924	12,365,815	1,248,501	174,625,300
1925	15,695,944	1,306,269	196,145,636
1926	19,249,885	1,368,559	226,223,200

WATCH US GROW

ACACIA is the first and only mutual old line company to reduce its premium rates so that its policyholders get the advantage of the low initial rates of the stock company combined with the advantages and dividends of the mutual — limited to Master Masons.

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, President
Homer Building Washington, D. C.

IN CANADA, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto

IN AUSTRALIA, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney.
IN ENGLAND, 67 Great Russell St., London.

A New Mystery Novel Starts Next Month

By LEROY SCOTT Author of "The Children of the Whirlwind"



LEROY SCOTT'S name is synonymous with powerful mystery stories and he has now written for us his latest and best—a

story of crime, every line of which will thrill and baffle you and hold your attention to the final surprising conclusion. "Mystery House" by Leroy Scott beginning in the May Issue.

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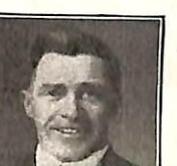
Join This Happy Throng

Money Talks Read These Records



\$8,500

in 17 weeks! That's what Chas. F. Worthen, a Massachusetts man, made with this remarkable real estate System. Free book tells how!



\$2,700

on one deal! That's the news from Edw. A. Anderson, of Chicago, Ill., who attributes his success to this System. Free book tells how!



\$14,400

in less than four months! That's the enthusiastic report from H. G. Stewart, a Maryland user of this money-making real estate method. Free book tells how!



\$248

in one transaction! That's the first "pin-money" Mrs. J. H. Hastings of Michigan, made following this plan for business success. Free book tells how!

Be a Real Estate Specialist. Use this wonderful System. Make Big Money—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience. New Book giving full facts and amazing proof of success, now mailed free.

Blame Yourself If You Don't



\$5,500

profit on first deal! That's what Evalyn M. Balster, Illinois, widow who was trying to raise three children and make both ends meet on a teacher's salary. Free book tells how!



\$28,000

first six months' profits! That's the record of Thos. C. Mone, Jr., a New York State insurance solicitor. Free book tells how!



\$100,000

first year's sales! That's New Jersey man, H. D. Van-Houten, worked for twenty-five years for a wholesale grocer until he got into real estate. Free book tells how!

If you walked into your boss's office tomorrow morning and asked him to double—or triple—your salary, would he do it?

Neither would E. K. McLendon's boss. McLendon, who lives in a small city in Oregon, was getting \$35 a week, and he says, "My savings were few and my worries many."

By depending upon himself instead of his boss—by sending for this free book—by following this successful Real Estate System—McLendon has increased his income from \$35 a week to an average of \$200 per week. He is now enjoying an income nearly six times as large as his boss paid him.

If you want your pay—your salary—your income—doubled, tripled or quadrupled, you know that your boss won't do it. You know that to make really big money you will have to get started in some business of your own. You know that as long as you stay in the paycheck class you will get only what the other fellow is willing to pay you.

So, send for this free book now—today. Learn what others are doing—learn what you can do—in the biggest business there is—real estate.

Here are just a few of the great advantages and opportunities offered you in real estate:

(1) Real estate is the biggest thing you can get into. Sixty-five per cent of the wealth of the entire nation is invested in real estate. It amounts to 230 billions! (2) Users of this remarkably successful method are reporting profits of \$500—\$1,000—\$5,000—and more—on single deals—sometimes as much money in one lump as the average man in the aver-

age business gets for months and years of hard work. (3) With this amazing system you can start in your spare time—without giving up any work—any income you now have. (4) Real estate offers you a permanent business—as permanent as the earth itself. (5) It is a healthful, interesting occupation—no dirty work or hard labor requiring unusual health or strength. (6) The business can't stop growing. It gets bigger as population increases. Last year six billion dollars was invested in new buildings. (7) It is a business suitable to both sexes of all ages from 21 to 75. One woman user of this system made her start at 77. (8) The business is practically unlimited. There are ten million properties always in the market for rent, sale or exchange.

Do you know of any other business, of any kind, that offers you such remarkable advantages and opportunities?

You know that you will never get rich working for somebody else. You know that the way to big money is through a business of your own. And you know that you cannot find a bigger business than real estate.

Why stick to a pay-envelope all your life? Why not start right now—in your spare time—use our scientifically successful system—get into the biggest money-making field there is—begin at once to build up a business for yourself—not for someone else.

Send for this free book at once. You will find it the most fascinating book of real estate opportunity and real estate achievement that ever fell into your hands. It will show you how you can do what other wide-awake men and women are doing—build up an independent business of your own—the kind of a business you have dreamed about—the kind of a business you have longed to get into—the kind of a business you want for your business.

This Free Book Shows How

American Business Builders, Incorporated
(Authorized Capital \$500,000.00)
Dept. 52-DD, 18 East 18 Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me—without cost or obligation—your book giving full facts about your Real Estate System, and how I can use it to build up a profitable business of my own in my spare time.

Name

Address



\$500

average monthly profits! That's what this great real estate System is doing for W. H. Robinson, an Illinois man. Free book tells how!



They Thought I Was A Weak Sister -But I Took Their Breath Away!

ALL of a sudden the office was very quiet, as sometimes happens for an instant or two, and a few words reached me. "Oh, he won't dare kick," the manager was saying, "he's a pretty weak sister."

Mechanically I went on with my work, wondering vaguely who the weak sister could be. A new man had just been hired for our department and desks were being moved to make room for him. A minute later I looked up and saw the chief clerk standing at my side. "Bob," he crisply ordered, "move your desk back in that corner, I want this space for the new assistant I've hired." Then he turned and strode away.

I gulped and waded down into my chair. I was the weak sister! And I was actually being demoted! The new man was being hired for my place! This was my reward for all my hard work—this was how I won out by waiting patiently for my turn to be promoted. I had even congratulated myself on my close-lipped, reserved manner—I thought I was showing strength of character by sticking to my work and not trying to push myself—to show off.

And that was the whole trouble. I had plenty of steel in my makeup, but I had no ability to express myself. I was timid, self-conscious, and actually afraid of my own voice. I would study out the office problems and find solutions for our difficulties, but I didn't know how to present these ideas to the man up ahead. Several of the boys who had started at the time I did were now department managers—because they had the knack of forceful speech, self-confidence and personality—the very qualities I lacked.

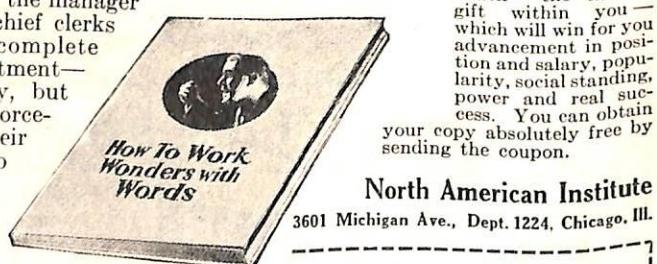
It made me good and mad—and I resolved to show them—to get rid, once and for all, of my timidity and shyness—my bashfulness and lack of poise.

In Fifteen Minutes a Day

And then suddenly I discovered a new easy method which made me into a good talker—a forceful and powerful speaker—allmost overnight. I learned how to say just the right words at the right time, how to win and hold the attention of those around me, how to bend others to my will, how to dominate one man or an audience of thousands. My self-consciousness began to vanish. One morning I got up my courage and presented the manager and the chief clerks with a complete

What 15 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to talk before your club or lodge
How to propose and respond to toasts
How to address board meetings
How to make a political speech
How to tell entertaining stories
How to make after-dinner speeches
How to converse interestingly
How to write letters
How to sell more goods
How to train your memory
How to enlarge your vocabulary
How to develop self-confidence
How to acquire a winning personality
How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
How to become a clear, accurate thinker
How to develop your power of concentration
How to be the master of any situation

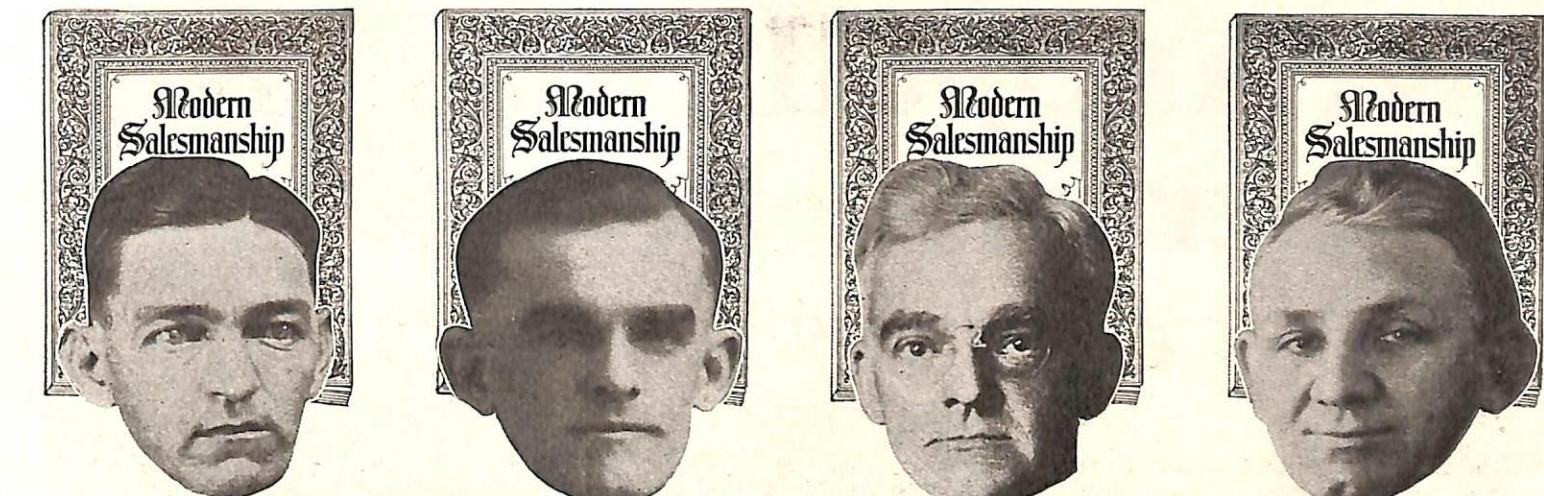


North American Institute
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1224, Chicago, Ill.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE,
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1224,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me FREE and without obligation
my copy of your famous book, How to Work
Wonders With Words.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Over \$20,000 a Year

V. H. Harellson of Florida, formerly worked as a clerk in a grocery store, now calls "the patny sum of \$30 a week." His first year after reading "Modern Salesmanship" brought him over \$5,000; his second year \$7,500; and his third year \$22,500! He frankly says: "Without N. S. T. A., I know that I would still be a clerk at \$30!"

\$100 a Week Increase

J. L. Jacobson of Minnesota counts it a "red-letter day" when he has read this remarkable book—"Modern Salesmanship." Within a short time afterward he raised his salary from \$35 to \$135 a week. He says "I attribute this remarkable progress in large part to N. S. T. A."

Raised Pay \$2,500

Kingsley Rowland of New Jersey, was formerly a stationery-maker at a weekly wage which fell far short of satisfying his ambition. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes and started him on the road to real pay. Today he earns almost as much in a week as he formerly earned in a month—300% increase!

F. B. Englehardt of Tennessee used to work for less than 45% of his present salary. "Modern Salesmanship" and N. S. T. A. led to big things. Today he says: "Last year I made over \$100 a week and expect to make \$7,000 this year. Some increase since enrollment with N. S. T. A.!"

-and They Started By Reading This Amazing Book!

Now—for a Limited Time Only This Remarkable Man-Building, Salary-Raising Volume Is Offered FREE to Every Ambitious Man! If You Ever Aspire to Earn \$10,000 a Year or More, Read It Without Fail.

Where Shall We Send Your Copy FREE?

A BOOK! Just seven ounces of paper and printer's ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message any ambitious man can ever read! It reveals the facts and secrets that have led hundreds of ambitious men to the success beyond their fondest expectations! So powerful and far reaching has been the influence of this little volume, that it is no wonder a famous business genius has called it "The Most Amazing Book Ever Printed."

This vital book—"Modern Salesmanship" contains hundreds of surprising and little-known facts about the highest paid profession in the world. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling. It blasts dozens of old theories, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending years on the

road—without losing a day or dollar from his present position.

What This Astonishing Book Has Done!

The achievements of this remarkable book have already won world-wide recognition. The men who have increased their earning capacities as a direct result of reading "Modern Salesmanship" are numbered in the thousands.

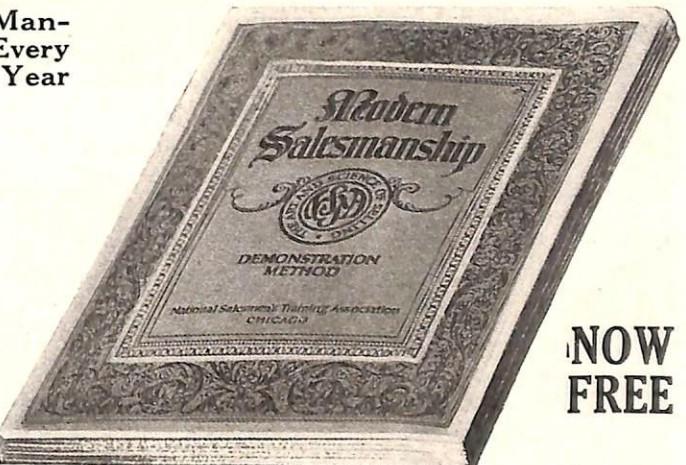
For example, there is E. E. Williams of California who was struggling along in a minor position at a small salary. "Modern Salesmanship" opened his eyes to things he had never dreamed of—and he cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation, he was earning \$10,000 a year! Today he receives as much in 30 days as he used to receive in 365!

And then there's J. H. Cash of Atlanta. He, too, read "Modern Salesmanship" and found the answer within its pages. He quickly raised his salary from \$75 to \$500 a month and has every reason to hope for an even more brilliant future. And still they come! W. D. Cleeny of Kansas City commenced making as high as \$850 a month. F. M. Harris, a former telegrapher, became sales manager at \$6,000 a year. O. H. Malroot of Massachusetts became sales manager of his firm at a yearly income of over \$10,000!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about these men when they started. Any man of average intelligence can duplicate the success they have achieved—for their experience proves that salesmen are made—not born, as some people have foolishly believed.

Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master just as easily as you learn the alphabet. And through the *National Salesmen's Training Association*, the exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. system of SALESMAHSHIP training—you can acquire the equivalent of actual experience while



NOW
FREE

studying. Hundreds of men who never sold goods in their lives credit a large portion of their success to this remarkable training.

Free to Every Man

If we were asking several dollars a copy for "Modern Salesmanship" you might hesitate. But if it is now FREE, I cannot urge you too strongly to take advantage of this opportunity to see for yourself what salesmanship has done for others—and what the National Salesmen's Training Association stands ready and willing to do for you. Find out exactly what the underlying principles of salesmanship are—and how you can put them to work for you. No matter what your opinion is now, "Modern Salesman ship" will give you a new insight into this fascinating and highly-paid profession. Mail the coupon now.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALES TRAINING INSTITUTION

Dept. D-36, N.S.T.A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
Dept. D-36
N.S.T.A. Building, Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "Modern Salesmanship."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
Age..... Occupation.....

What Spell Does This Strange Book cast over its readers?

Examine it free for 5 days. If it does not give color, charm and magnetism to your personality, return it within the 5-day period—and the examination will have cost you nothing!

YOU have had books that entertained you—books that interested you—books, even, that amazed you. But never a book like this!

Here is a book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

Almost every page radiates brilliant ideas. Every paragraph guides you unerringly in developing a new, dominant, powerful, magnetic personality.

A copy of this singular book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book—read a few pages—and then sent for a copy!

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then ordered copies for themselves.

You can sway and control others! You can command success. You can influence people to do things you want them to do. This strange magnetic book shows how!

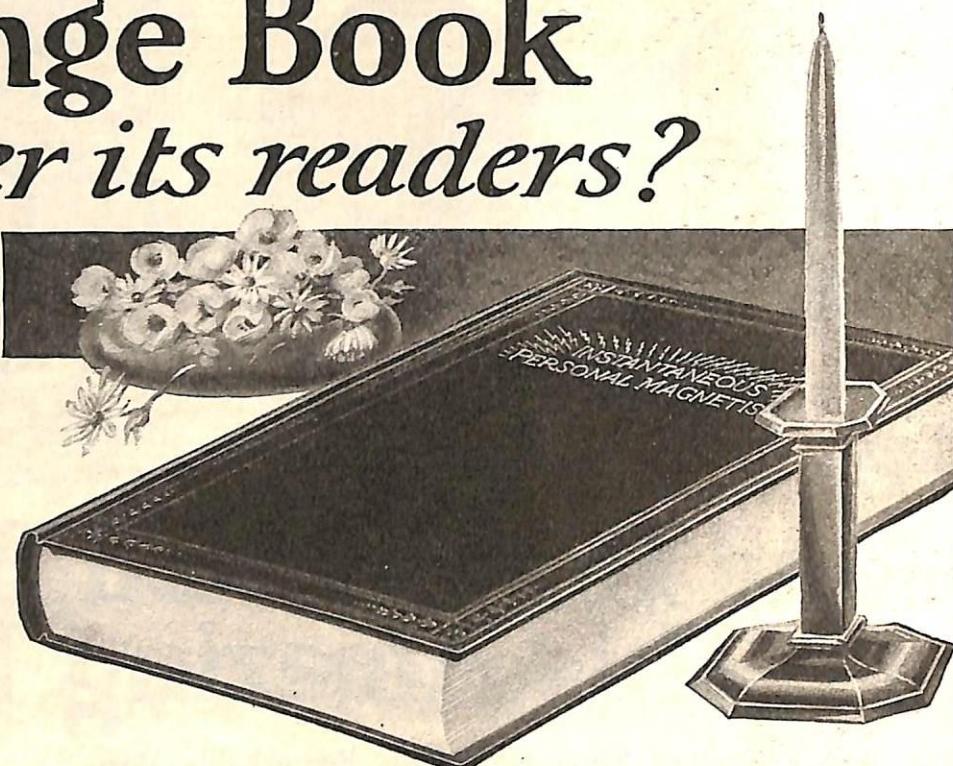
Once for the Wealthy Only—Now Within the Reach of All!

"Instantaneous Personal Magnetism," just completed after fifty years of research and study, is now off the press and ready for you. Edmund Shaftesbury, founder of this interesting system, devoted a lifetime to it. Such men and women as Queen Victoria, Cardinal Gibbons, Lord Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Henry Ward Beecher were among his friends and pupils.

"Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells how to accomplish many of them without delay—*instantly!* How to develop your mental, passionate and personal magnetism!

Shaftesbury's amazing science of magnetic control was at first confined to the use of those wealthy few who could pay from \$200.00 to \$500.00 for the scientist's private instruction.



compelling personality cannot fail to be recognized and respected in every society and under all circumstances—in your business, your profession.

Instantaneous Personal Magnetism—Now Yours!

The principles that Edmund Shaftesbury taught to those famous men and women—and for which many paid as high as \$500—have been brought up to date and the new, revised edition can now be yours—for little more than the cost of an ordinary volume! Imagine it! Edmund Shaftesbury's whole astounding principle of magnetic control to apply to your own personality and use in your daily contacts with people!

Mail Coupon Today For 5 Days' FREE PROOF

If you want a compelling personality—if you want magnetism, new power, new strength, send for "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" at once. Mail the coupon today; this remarkable volume, bound in handsome dark cloth and gold embossed, will be sent to you at once for a 5-days' FREE examination.

If you are not thrilled and inspired by this amazing book, just return it within the 5-day period, and the examination will have cost you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and send only \$3 in full payment. Clip and mail this coupon, NOW, before you forget, for the most magnetic book you ever saw! Ralston University Press, Dept. 180-H, Meriden, Conn.

RALSTON UNIVERSITY PRESS,
Dept. 180-H, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for a 5-days' free examination in my own home. I will be the judge. Within the 5-day period I will either remit the special low price of \$3 in full payment or return it without cost or obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE
APRIL 1927

THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PAGE

To the Temples and the Nobility:

Che sun has reached the end of his winter march, turned back on the trail and daily sends his life-giving beams further north. Clouds disappear, ice and snow melt, spring rains, mild and warm, gently refresh the cold breast of mother earth. The flowers peep out and all nature rejoices. Small wonder the ancients worshiped the sun and rejoiced at his return from the winter journey, holding festivals to celebrate the return of warm season.

CIn the heart of the Shriner, whether in winter's cold and snow or summer's warmth and light, whether in sunshine or rain, whether under dark clouds or clear blue sky, the springtime of joy, life and love, of friendship and service should always reign.

CWith the renewing of the activity of nature in spring should also come a revivifying of activity and life in the Temples.

CThe Spring Ceremonials are at hand. As we begin our work for them let us hold our standard higher, fix greater and better ideals and work more enthusiastically to attain them. Let us work for and seek accession to the Order, but more especially let us work harder for better men, better Masons and better Shriners. Let us remember the lessons of the past and profiting by experience, avoid old errors and strive for new virtues. Let us make our Ceremonial a thing of beauty, joy and gladness, but with dignity, firmness and sincerity teach the important lessons of the Shrine.

CThe Ceremonial, with its parade, its entertainments, banquets and such features, is the medium by which we are known to the people and by them judged. Their idea of the Shrine is based on what they see at these times. Let us, therefore, take care that the impressions we give on these occasions are always and ever as we would have them.

CThe Ceremonial is the most general meeting and mixing of the Nobility. There all reserve, all coldness, all differences should be laid aside. Let there be no thought in any heart but that brotherly love and sincere attachment each for every other which we are taught in all our lessons.

CThe Ceremonial is where the Novice is made a Noble. See to it that the right conception and the true principles of Nobility are implanted deep in his thought and conscience. Let him know that while he does furnish the fun for the occasion, yet that fun has in it a deep, important and abiding lesson. Teach him that the fun is secondary to great principles. Show him that he only is a Noble who is truly noble in heart and soul, in thought, word and deed.

CMay all success and prosperity, all mirth and merriment, all love and harmony attend your Ceremonials.

Yours in the Faith,

DeWitt Clegg
IMPERIAL POTENTATE

By
ROYAL
BROWN

Illustrations by
Wallace Morgan

A story
which shows
what happens
WHEN A
MAN TAKES
A WOMAN
AT HER
WORD

MEN SELDOM Do

EIGHT times a week, for all of two weeks, Jane had stood bathed in a roseate glow while Tommy Baird, pseudo son of a Pittsburgh steel Baron, had held her in his arms and assured her that, along with the dawn of love, a new day was breaking. This he had predicted would be fair and warmer, as it were, with all their troubles at an end. The first time he had gotten that off, Jane had been quite thrilled and almost persuaded that the prophecy would prove true. Toward the end of that ill-fated fortnight she had known otherwise. The thing was a flop. So was life. And so was she. She had had a bad cold, a nose that had to be powdered every thirty seconds and, on the night that Tommy ducked out, two hundred and thirty-eight bones which ached both solo and in chorus.

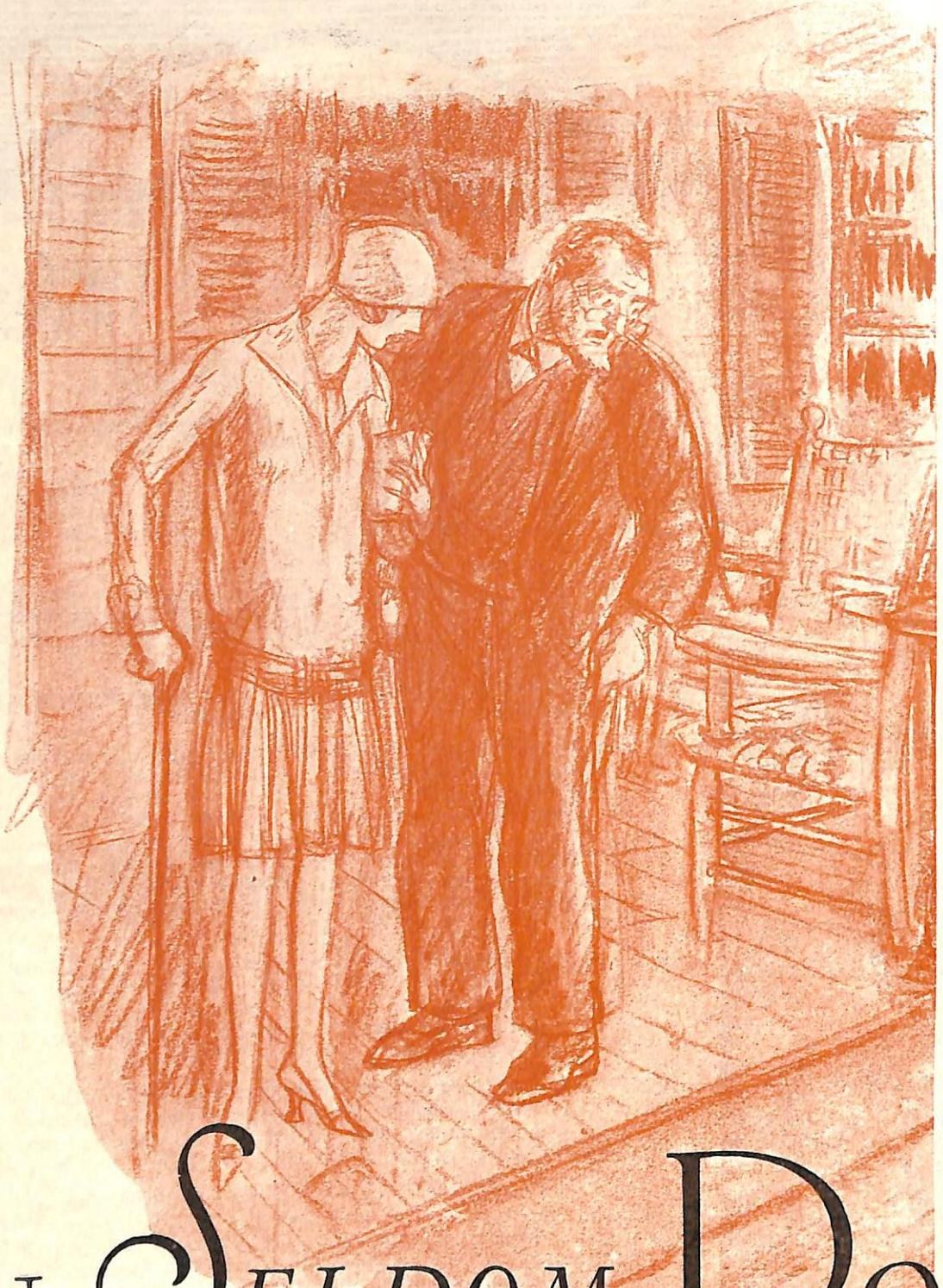
This had been in May. Now it was June. The pseudo

Tommy Baird, whose real name was Tommy Blair, was now in an insane asylum. Jane would have been glad to hear that he was in a strait-jacket as well. But apparently he wasn't. Tommy, as usual, wasn't even downhearted.

"Having a wonderful time and wish you were here," he had written her. "Note the address well but don't grieve for me. Just live your own life always, my dear."

At that point Jane's pretty lips had set grimly and she had all but surrendered to an impulse that would have left his letter in shreds. But in the end, curiosity had impelled her on.

"I hope to recover my reason and be permitted to leave here the latter part of August," his letter had gone on. "In the meantime, won't you drop me a line and tell me how you and your poor old pins are these days?"



This Jane had no intention of doing, although, this June morning she sat on the beach at Gull Point—which is in Maine—apparently studying her pins.

They were not old pins. They were, to the contrary, young and commendable pins, sheathed in silk with well turned ankles which flowed smoothly into what had once been very trim and smart suede pumps. They—the pumps—had obviously seen better days, however.

But then, so had Jane.

In back of her, a quarter of a mile, stood the Gull Point Inn. Although this was June the Inn had but one guest. That was Jane, registered as :

"Jane West, New York City."

If anybody had suggested that New York was not precisely Jane's home address she would have shrugged slim shoulders.

"I have no intention of getting in," Jane had informed Tommy, but the next instant he had picked her up and slammed her into the seat beside the wheel.

The world at large was her home nowadays, she felt, and she was more interested in what her next address might be than in present or past addresses.

This was of immediate concern. Room and board at the Inn required, by way of a quid pro quo, eighteen dollars a week from those who enjoyed its hospitality—or endured it.

So far, Jane had endured it. She would not, she realized, be forced to much longer. This being Saturday, a bill for eighteen dollars would be forthcoming before night. At the moment she had less than ten dollars to her name. She had

no other assets to speak of, but she was conscious of several liabilities.

Chief among these were the remnants of the cold which had laid hold of her during the two brief weeks Tommy's play had run. For it was only on the stage that Tommy, essaying the part of masculine lead himself to keep down the overhead on his own production of his own play, had ever actually held her in his arms and breathed pure romance in her ear.

The only other time that Tommy had shown any symptoms in that direction Jane had set him straight.

"I want you very much as a friend," she had told him. "I'm not, however, interested in being in love or at playing at being in love. Why can't we just be pals—awfully good pals?"

"Just as you say," he had acquiesced. And being essentially modern, he had lighted a cigarette and let the matter drop.

They had continued to be pals—awfully good pals, Jane would have said then. For though it was true that she could not, this June morning, even think of Tommy without setting her charming teeth in a way that suggested that he was fortunate in being anywhere but there, it was equally true that she had once esteemed him highly.

As a friend, of course.

They had met, not quite a year before, at one of those shindigs such as one may stroll into almost any afternoon in the environs of Washington Square. Eye had spoken to eye, as eyes will, and they had got off to a flying start. When the studio tea was over he had craved and been granted the boon of procuring a taxi and defraying the expense of transporting her back to her hotel.

At that time Jane had still been young—a mere twenty-three—and she had had her health, five thousand dollars, and an ambition that could have matched Caesar's.

Jane was going to become a great actress. So much Tommy had learned during the second tea they had had that first afternoon.

"But we've just had one!" she had protested, when he suggested another.

"Is it possible to have too much of a good thing?" he had retorted.

He was not, however, thinking of tea. They had had very little of that, in fact, for most of what was served them cooled in their cups. But it had answered his purpose—and presumably hers.

They were very well acquainted before they finished.

Tommy, revealing a positive thirst for any information about herself that Jane might divulge, had been privileged to learn that Jane came from Boston where, when at home, she lived in that part of Boston known as Beacon Hill.

"In one of those old houses with lavender panes," she had enlarged. "Father regards them—the lavender panes—as a sort of patent of nobility. I tell him they've warped his vision. He simply can't realize that I have the right to live my own life!"

Tommy, in his turn, had sketched in his background. He, it developed, came from Chicago, where his father was head of a great chain of grocery stores.

"Princeton chucked me out upon the world with an A. B. last June," he went on, with his engaging grin. "The governor, having educated me at considerable expense, seemed to have the idea that I was prepared to sweep out one of his stores. Somehow I couldn't see it."

To Jane that had seemed reasonable. "What do you plan to do?" she asked interestedly.

"Keep it dark—I'm writing a play," he had confided.

"Not really!" The thought had thrilled Jane.

"Why not—everybody's doing it," he had grinned anew. "I had some experience with dramatics at Princeton and aside from that I—well I've got an idea that I might as well get the itch out of my system before I start sweeping out grocery stores. Anyway, I put it up to the governor that way, and although he didn't give three cheers he did write out a check for ten thousand so that I could carry on. He's rather a sport!"

"I should say he was!" Jane had commented. "If it hadn't been for the five thousand dollars my grandmother left me outright, I'd never be here!"

"Blessed be her memory!" he had said. "May her bones rest in peace."

That had been along about six o'clock, with the restaurant almost deserted and a waiter glowering at the back of Tommy's neck. But it had been almost two the next morning before

Tommy after spending forty or fifty dollars more had said goodnight to her.

"I'll dig around, find out what plays are being put into rehearsal—I know lots of the managers—and see if I can't find an opening for you," had been Tommy's parting assurance.

He had certainly proved indefatigable in his efforts to land her a part, and her first opportunity had come to her through him, in October. It wasn't very much of a part, but the play was to open on Broadway. Jane was so uplifted that she celebrated by purchasing herself a fur coat.

There again Tommy had put himself at her service, scouting around for a place where she could get a bargain.

"Feel it—feel the softness," the vendor had urged. "Why a coat like that is an investment, just like a diamond. You could pawn it for what you pay me, almost."

Of course, a thousand dollars was an awful lot—but then, it was almost like banking the money. And anyway she had a part—

That first part had lasted through precisely nine performances.

The rest of that winter would have proved a hard cold one for Jane had she not had the remnants of her five thousand dollars and a thousand dollar fur coat to keep her from privation and exposure.

Even Tommy had realized the futility of trying to get her another part at that season, when Broadway is crowded with those who are walking the weary. But by then his own play was taking shape.

The name of this was "Sally's Past."

THE critics will rise from their seats and howl with anguish when they see it," he had prophesied cheerfully in December. "They'll say there's not an original line or situation in it. And they'll be darn well right. This thing is going to be sure fire. It's got a little bit of every current success on Broadway in it and if the public doesn't love it—and you in it—"

"Me?" Jane had interrupted, as if surprised.

But she had not been quite sincere. She had expected that.

"The title rôle is written around you," he had informed her.

"Any manager who accepts the play has to sign you up too."

This Jane had considered just sweet of him. The only trouble with Tommy's program was that no manager wanted the play anyway.

January had seen it finished, April found Tommy finished with the managers.

"Well," he had announced, "if that's the way they feel about it I'll do an Ann Nichols and produce it myself. I've still got almost five thousand left. I don't know how far that will go—"

"I've got two thousand myself," Jane had suggested, impetuously. "Want to sell me a piece of the show?"

"Let's see how far my five thousand will carry us first," Tommy had temporized.

Unfortunately, Tommy's five thousand had failed to carry them even to the play's première. Jane's two thousand had made that possible. It was held in a theater up in the Adirondacks—so Tommy had described the location of the theater their joint funds had run to, meaning it was some distance north of Times Square. But the critics, most of whom Tommy knew, too, had proved their stalwart friendship by making the journey to look it over.

There their friendship had stopped functioning.

"If," the most famous had assured Tommy, "we may liken a good play to Apollo Belvedere, this one of yours, my lad, suggests the Missing Link."

Tommy, engaged in making up for the second act, had grinned at his critics.

"My lad," he had retorted, "Now I know I have another 'Abie's Irish Rose'."

But what was to have been sure fire missed fire somewhere. At the end of two weeks all Tommy had was twenty-two dollars in assets and some eight hundred in liabilities. So the show had closed that Saturday night.

Afterwards Tommy had taxied Jane back to Forty-second street where he had taken her into a white tiled Bedlam for their farewell banquet.

"I'm sorry as the devil," he had said, when they were seated with a marble topped table between them. "But I still believe that if we could have held on for a while—"

Jane had sniffed. Both she and her nose felt that way.



C"I want you very much as a friend," said Jane. "I'm not, however, interested in being in love or playing at being in love. Why can't we just be pals?"

They had so parted, presumably. Tommy was leaving New York immediately.

"I've got to go where my creditors won't try to seize my B. V. D.'s," he had said. "You do as I say—pawn your fur coat and go to Gull Point."

In his eyes had been that which, at any other time, might have softened her. He was, plainly, terribly worried about her.

On the following Monday, when she had taken her fur coat to the nearest pawn shop she had had just forty dollars. When she emerged from the pawn shop she had had ninety.

"Cheap—dyed!" the pawn broker had assured her. "Why you couldn't get two hundred for this coat new, lady."

"What," Jane had gasped. "But I paid a thousand for it—and the man said it was a bargain."

"Bargains always ain't," he had reminded her. "I wouldn't give my own mother more than fifty!"

Because he seemed not unsympathetic and because she still ached all over Jane had taken the proffered fifty. And then



"There!" Tommy was saying to Jane as he thrust a huge roll of bills at her. "Three thousand dollars! Now you can pay that old billy goat, go where you darn please and live your own life!"

because she simply couldn't think of any other place she had come to Gull Point Inn.

This had been built in the eighties and the only concession to modernity it had ever made was to install a single bathroom. That was at the end of the floor on which Jane was located, but as she was the only guest it had amounted to a private bath.

Twice a day, for three days after her arrival she had made a kimonaed transit of the hall. Then the water had ceased flowing.

"There's no water in the bathroom," Jane had notified the proprietor.

"No—and there won't be until Saturday night," he had retorted, indignantly. "I never in my life heard of anybody who needed a bath more than once a week. I have to pump all the water to a tank on the roof by hand and I got other things to do."

Jane would have liked to choke him, yet the moment was at hand when she must inform him that she was unable to pay her week's bill.

"I might as well get it over with," she told herself, rising and starting for the Inn. "He can't any more than have me arrested, anyway."

One might have wondered why Jane did not wire her father for money. But not one who knew Jane. He was just waiting for her to do something like that, she knew.

The bus from the station reached the Inn as she did.

Three guests had arrived, anyway. They comprised a man of fifty who looked as if he suffered from chronic indigestion; his wife, who was apparently one of those unfortunate females who digest everything; and their joint offspring, a girl of twenty who eyed Jane as one woman ever eyes a possible rival.

They registered as Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson of Boston, and Miss Sylvia Thompson, of the same place. This was of no particular interest to Jane just then. They were

not the sort of people Jane had ever been intimate with, in Boston, and it never occurred to her as she awaited her chance at the proprietor that before long she was to know things about the Thompsons that even their closest friends had yet to learn.

Before night, for instance, Jane knew that Mr. Charles Thompson drank his coffee strong and black, with no sugar. Mrs. Charles Thompson, on the other hand, used four teaspoonsfuls of sugar, two of which always remained in the bottom of her cup when she had finished.

Sylvia had her coffee served demi tasse.

"Affected little beast," was Jane's opinion of Sylvia.

But that was only the beginning of Jane's intimate knowledge of the Thompsons. She knew, for instance, that Mr. Thompson wore medium weight underwear even in June and retired at night garbed in a flannel night-dress. He also had a dental plate which he kept in a glass beside the water pitcher in his room. Mrs. Thompson, when she retired, wore a stout size, serviceable open front nightgown of nainsook, with the front yoke trimmed with clusters of pin tucks.

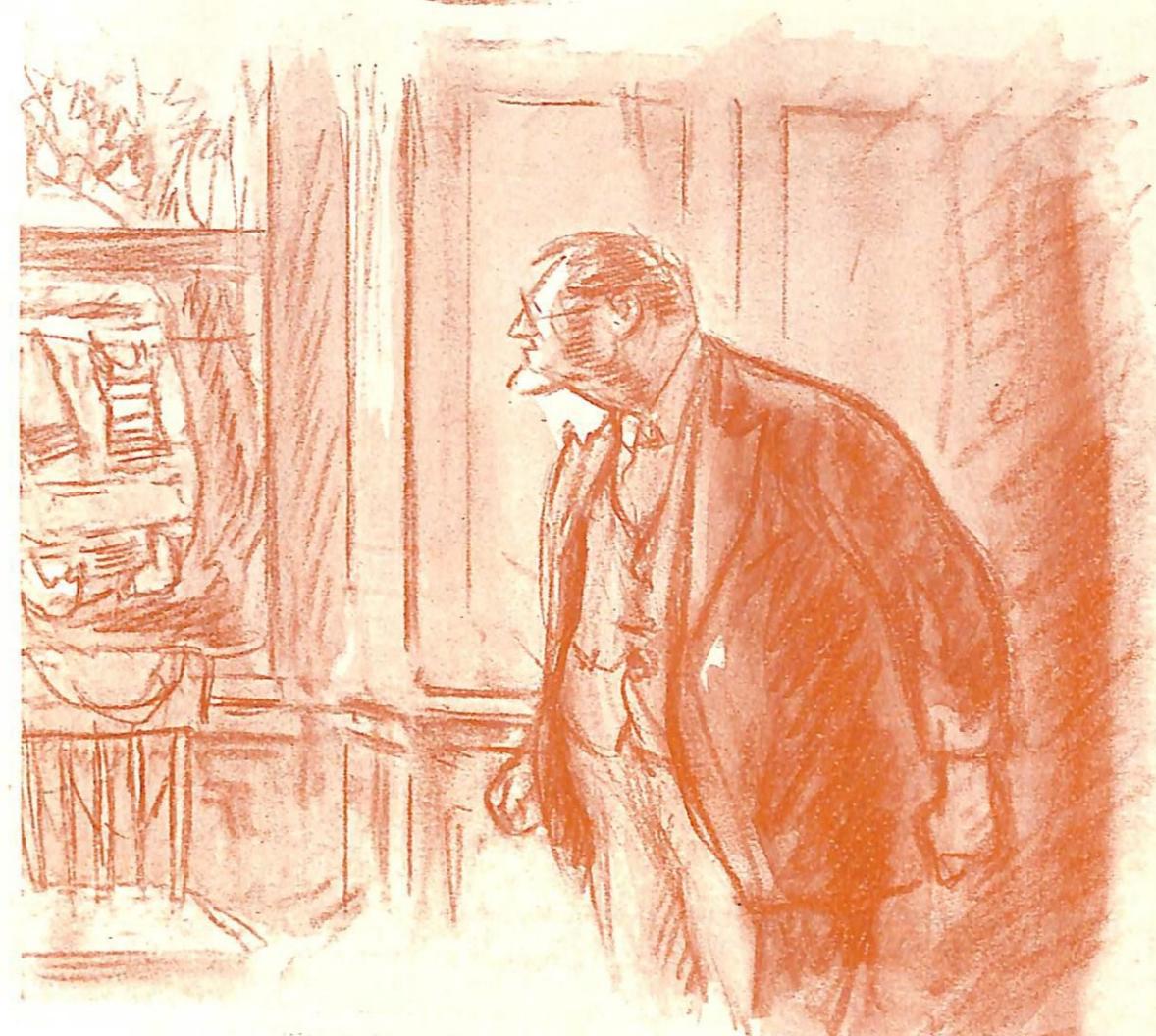
Sylvia, on the other hand, wore orchid silk pajamas, used an electric curling iron and smoked cigarettes in bed.

If Jane, after her interview with the Inn's proprietor, had continued to be a guest there, she would have known little about the Thompsons. But Jane ceased to be a guest that Saturday noon.

The Thompsons were, in fact, the Inn's only guests when, on the following Tuesday, the young man in the straight eight roadster arrived. At the moment Sylvia was seated on the porch.

"Out of all the dumps you might have picked to spend two weeks in you certainly hit on the worst," Sylvia had informed her parents, in the tone that sweet and twenty so often uses towards its progenitors nowadays, which is the tone that the progenitors once used in talking to their offspring.

"This place—good-night!" she had elaborated. "It gives me



WINGSPAN

the heebie-jeebees. I'd as soon be at home. I'll be talking to myself next—there isn't another soul to talk to!"

The arrival of the straight eight changed all that in an instant. Sylvia quickened precisely like a young cat that has, immediately pretended a deep interest in a book that she had not, until that instant, been reading, she saw the car's occupant swing out of it.

He certainly looked good to Sylvia. As he passed by her into the office, she pricked up her ears.

"Is Miss West around anywhere?" she heard him ask the proprietor.

"Miss West?" he repeated, dubiously.

"Isn't she a guest here—Miss Jane West of Boston?" demanded the newcomer, palpably surprised.

"Well there was a Miss Jane West from New York here," conceded the proprietor. "But she ain't stopping here any more. Say—haven't I seen you before?"

"My folks had a place on the Point a few summers ago."

"I remember you now—name's Blair, ain't it?" the proprietor broke in.

"Yes," admitted Tommy. "But about Miss West. Can you tell me where I can find her now?"

"Well," ruminated the proprietor's leisurely drawl. "She did ask me to tell anybody who might ask for her that she'd gone to California—"

"California? Do—you know what part?"

"I don't," replied the proprietor. "And to tell you the truth I guess you'd probably have a pretty hard time finding her there."

Evidently Tommy thought so too. Anyway, when he emerged, instead of returning to the straight eight, he paused on the porch, his brows drawn in, his face puzzled.

Sylvia rose and started presumably for the front door. But as she passed Tommy her book slipped from her fingers.

"Oh, thank you!" she gushed, as he automatically retrieved

it. She hesitated a second and then added, "I heard you ask for Jane West. I wonder if I don't know her. I think we went to the same school together—"

"Did you see her here?" asked Tommy quickly.

"No—she must have left before we came," replied Sylvia. "I'm so sorry—I'd love to see her again. We were always such good friends I—"

The dinner bell broke in upon her.

"Are you—stopping for dinner?" asked Sylvia.

"Dinner?" echoed Tommy, uncertainly. "Why—I suppose I might as well—"

"I'll see you afterwards then," Sylvia promised him. "I'd love to have a good talk about Jane. It's so long since I've seen her."

This time she managed to hold on to her book until she reached her room. Then she flung it toward a table from which it slipped promptly to the floor. Sylvia let it lie there, along with her stockings, her shoes and the other garments she was rapidly discarding.

The better to discuss Jane, Sylvia was obviously making a complete change of attire.

In the meantime Tommy, still dazed, had passed on into the dining-room. He had traveled far and fast, within the last twenty-four hours in order to see Jane only to be told that she had left for California.

"Either she must have got more than I expected for that coat," he mused, "or she's made her peace with her family and—"

He became aware that the waitress hovered over him. He glanced up, blinked twice, then:

"Jane!" he gasped, incredulously.

Jane poured water into his glass.

"Fish chowder or tomato soup?" she asked, impersonally.

"But—the proprietor said you weren't here!" babbled Tommy.

"I advise you to take the tomato soup," suggested Jane. "The kitchen cat is very fond of fish chowder—I saved him from drowning in it a minute ago."

"But—but," began Tommy, feebly, "I don't understand—"

He paused. Jane had departed. Presently she returned and set a plate of tomato soup before him.

"Will you have the fish course?" she asked.

"I don't care a hoot about the fish course," Tommy assured her. "I—"

"Well then, there's roast beef," said Jane. "Roast beef, raw, rare, medium or done to death. The chances are that you'll get the latter no matter what you prefer. Also there's boiled potatoes, stewed tomatoes, and very stringy beans. I advise you to take them all, as you won't get much of any—"

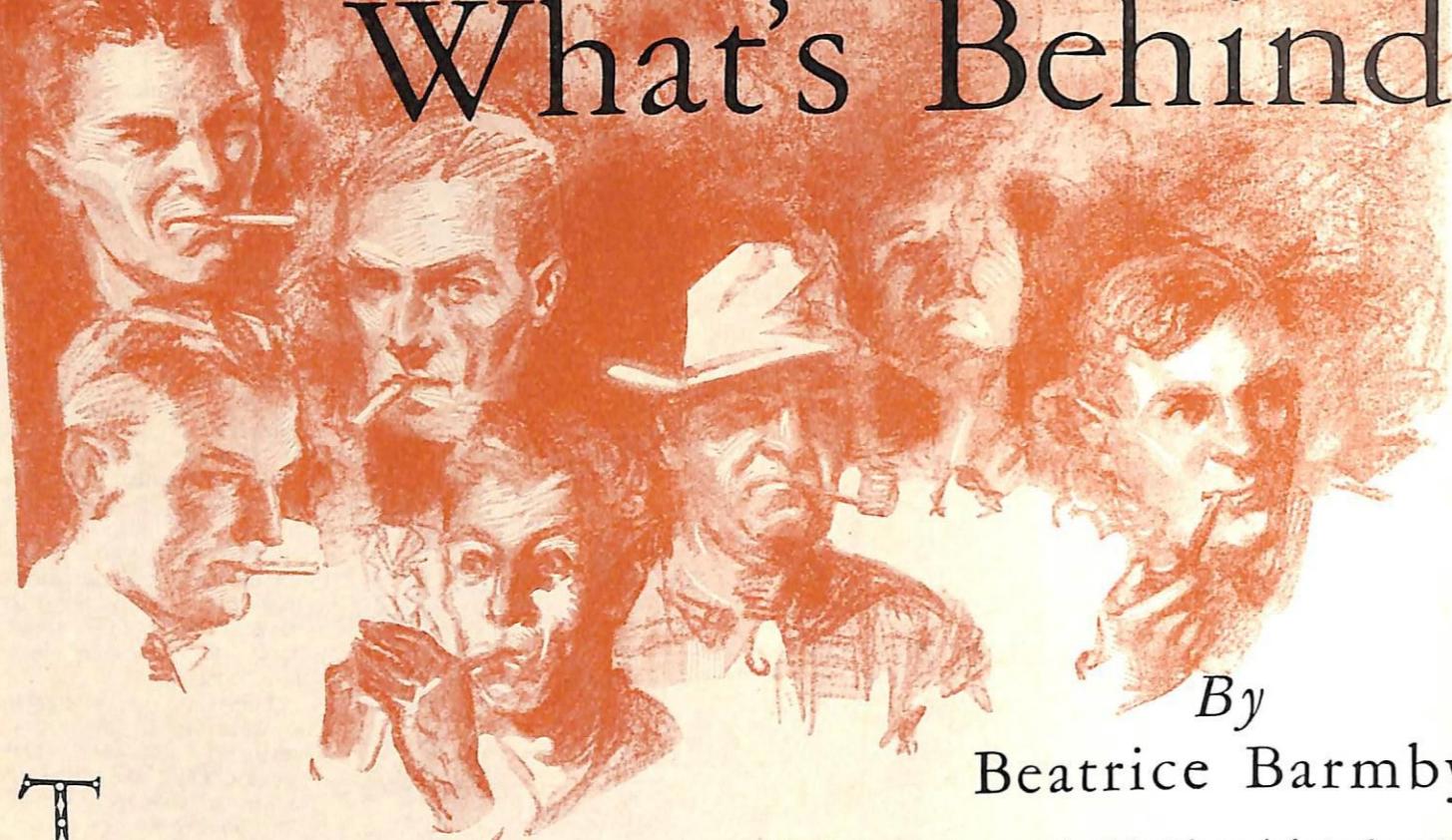
"Will you stop that infernal rigmarole and tell me just one thing?" he beseeched.

"I have many duties," retorted Jane coolly. "If you don't mind I'd prefer to take your order. The other guests will be here in a minute and I'd like to get you off my mind."

"I don't doubt it," snapped Tommy. "Look here—when can I see you—"

"I am mostly visible at meal times." [Continued on page 75]

What's Behind



By
Beatrice Barmby

THERE was a how-do-you-do a little while ago about whether women smoke. An intrepid maker of cigarettes had plastered the billboards of America with a picture—have you noticed, by the way, the superlative quality of tobacco poster pictures? They are about the only ones we have that really rival the gorgeous German affairs—that showed a wistful young woman cuddling up to her young man and beseeching him to "Blow some my way!" She wanted to get a whiff of the fumes of his cigarette.

Now this didn't seem to most people who saw it to be the sort of picture that conceals dynamite. It did, though. It made a great stir. For it came out, as a result of the talk that grew out of this poster, that, officially, women don't smoke!

Seemingly, when a lady goes into a shop and buys a package of cigarettes, it is understood that she is simply obliging some man—doing an errand for him. And it is a fact, though, until this particular poster came out most people hadn't thought of it, that cigarettes never are advertised with any direct appeal to women. But enough women smoke, it is very certain, to have an appreciable effect on total figures of consumption, and on the dividend rates of companies that make cigarettes. Of course, there are many women who don't smoke. But some do. French and British journals are full of advertising directed straight to women smokers. It seems to be only in America that the fetish about women smokers persists.

Women were smoking before the war, of course. But there is no doubt that smoking has come to be much more a matter of course among them since 1914. Just as the war turned any number of men from pipe and cigar smokers into cigarette addicts.

There was a time, and not long ago, when quite a number of restaurants had rules about women who smoked. Now, in New York, of the places that allow smoking at all, there is just one that tries to stop women from sharing the pleasures of their escorts in the matter of tobacco, and that is a popular, low-priced place of great conservatism. Go to the theater in New York now and you will see women smoking in the lobby or on the sidewalk between the acts. About the only thing they don't yet do is to smoke as they walk along the street.

Smoking is, of course, an old story.

But the vast modern growth of the tobacco industry has certain historic stages.

As everyone knows, Sir Walter Raleigh took tobacco back to England from Virginia and it became popular at once—with those who could afford it. Smoking used to be a great luxury. Also, for quite a long time, it was a pleasure for the home. There were no matches in those days, and while some men did carry flint and steel and tinder about with them, that was pretty elaborate. It was the invention of the lucifer match, less than a century ago, that gave smoking its first great impetus, and the improvements and cheapening of matches coincided pretty well with the periodic increases in the production of tobacco in all forms.

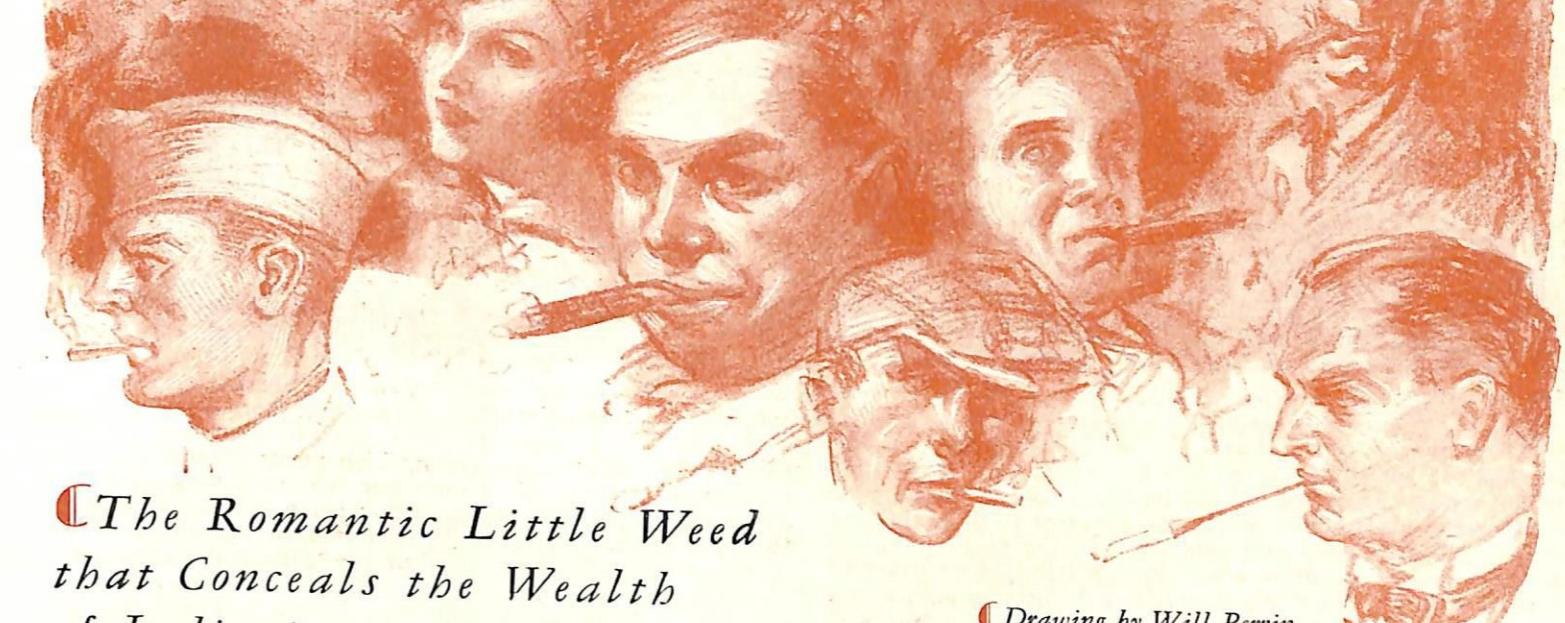
The invention of the cigarette was another great step—and so was its inevitable outcome, the production, on a commercial scale, of a ready-made cigarette because rolling a cigarette is an art not everyone can acquire.

The next—and one of the greatest—steps came with the general increase of cigarette smoking among women—the rather sudden breaking down of those barriers of custom that really did, in the first few years of this century make smoking among women an almost surreptitious practice.

How did it come about? No one really knows. And it's a question tremendously interesting to try to answer. How do girls, even now, learn to smoke?

Learning to smoke is a process, after all, which always will be of some difficulty and complexity. With a few shining exceptions, most people do not enjoy their first attempts to smoke. No need of details; they just don't, for reasons painful

the SMOKE?



C*The Romantic Little Weed
that Conceals the Wealth
of India in its Leaf*

C*Drawing by Will Perrin
Photographs courtesy "TOBACCO"*

to recall. They learn for a variety of reasons. Because they reason that anything so many people enjoy must, in the end, be pleasant; because it's the thing to do; because they won't be beaten; because they want to taste forbidden fruit.

Tobacco still is, for most youngsters, of course, forbidden fruit. Parents who smoke themselves, who would on no account forego the delights of tobacco, discourage their offspring from its use.

"It's a nasty habit, my son," says John Jones, puffing on his cigar to get it going well and keep it from burning down one side. "I suppose you'll come to it, but wait till you've got your growth, anyway. That's my advice—and besides, if I catch you smoking, young man, you and I'll have business in the woodshed."

A lot of difference that makes! John, Jr., does exactly as, in his day, John, Sr., did. He goes out behind the barn, or out by the old swimming hole, and, with a certain amount of suffering, wins his spurs—becomes, that is, a smoker not to be daunted by anything that burns.

But how about his sister? She gets no encouragement from girls who want to smoke. She isn't free to roam the world as her brother; she is much more constantly under family observation. How does she obtain the necessary privacy for her first puffs of a cigarette? For privacy she must have—privacy for the puffs themselves, privacy for the slow process of strutting back to normalcy, to cheeks white instead of green, that may well, that almost always does, in fact, ensue.

Nowadays the girl who waits until she goes to college to

C*Do You Know that it is estimated
that the Tobacco Industry
annually consumes—*

- C** 50,000,000 pounds of sugar
- C** 650,000,000 tons of coal
- C** 2,210,000 tons of freightage
- C** 555,000 pounds of nails
- C** 30,000,000 yards of cotton sheeting
- C** 2,225,000 pounds of cloth bags for packing
- C** 35,000,000 pounds of tin foil
- C** 42,000 tons of tin

begin to smoke does have some small chance. Several of the women's colleges, beginning with Bryn Mawr, have officially recognized the fact that their students do smoke, and set apart places where they may do so.

Inquiry has been made. Women who smoke have been asked where and when and how they learned. The replies are various.

The roofs of sorority houses have witnessed many first puffs. So have the roofs of plain, ordinary homes. Many a girl spent an hour in a dark, parked car learning to smoke—to the confusion of those censorious souls who assumed, probably, that she was petting. A tremendous lot of women first smoked during the war—few nurses or ambulance drivers or welfare workers abroad came home without having learned to smoke. Women, as they crowd more and more into jobs that take toll of nerves and muscles, find the soothing qualities of tobacco desirable, even necessary.

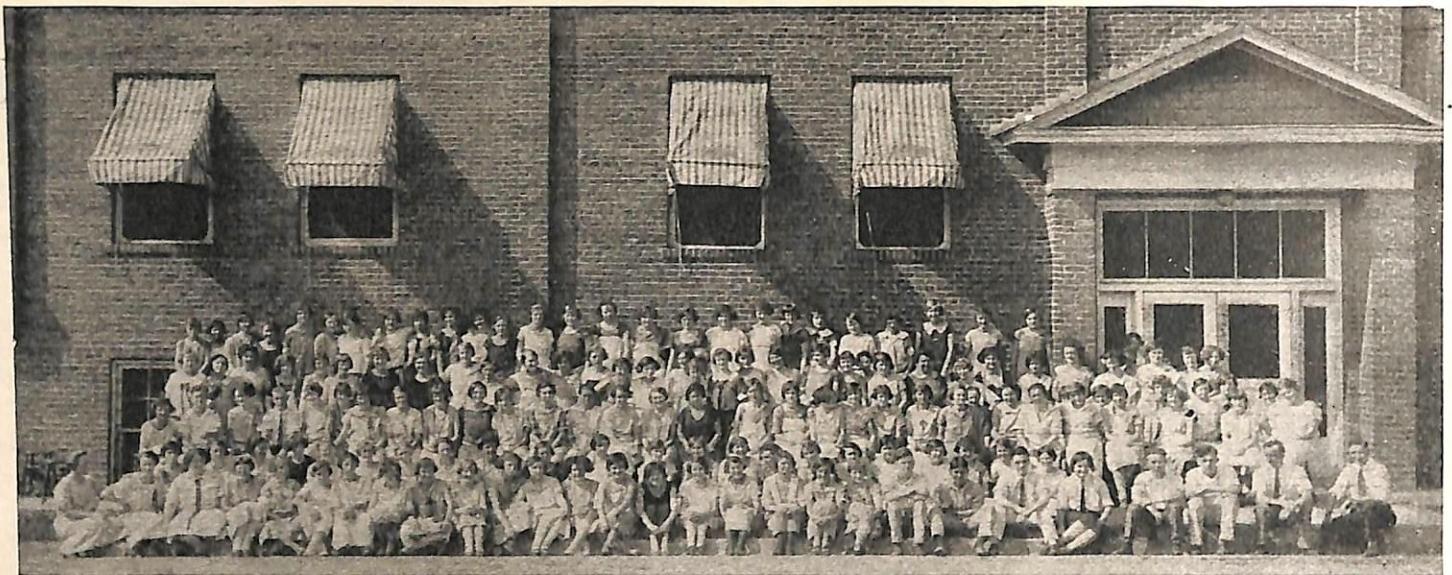
Oh, well, women do smoke, no matter how they learn, just as most men do. You can throw this sop to those who are still shocked by the idea—there are more non-smokers, still, among women than among men. But they are growing proportionally fewer all the time. And they smoke more and more openly, too. That's one of the reasons for the great increase in cigarette production of late—the manufacturers in America turned out, in 1925, nearly eighty billion cigarettes. How many is that per capita? About seven hundred a year for every man, woman and child in the country. And in 1914 they made about seventeen billion.

Well, it wasn't always like that. The tobacco industry didn't take much stock in cigarettes back in the sixties just after the Civil War.

There was, in 1865, a Confederate private who had been one of Lee's army that surrendered at Appomattox. He lived at Durham, North Carolina, and as he trudged homeward, blue and discouraged, he reckoned up his assets. He had his uniform, his farm, a wagon—he hoped—two mules, which, because they were blind, probably hadn't been carried off, three sons and fifty cents in cash.

When he got home he hunted about and came upon some forgotten leaf tobacco in a barn. He knew where he could sell that, so he sold his farm and, with the first payment, stocked up on flour, bacon and such things and set off in his wagon, drawn by the two blind mules. He went east, sold his tobacco at a nice profit, and went back to Durham. He had arranged to rent a field from the man to whom he had sold his farm, and he meant to grow tobacco.

Meanwhile, though, the buyer of the farm hadn't done well



CThis group of operators in a Southern factory where cigars are hand-made, shows the fine type of American girl employed. The factories are beautifully sanitary, one reason being the need for the right amount of air and sunlight for the tobacco.

and had let his payments lapse. So the farm reverted, and the soldier put every bit of land he could under tobacco. He and his sons grew fifteen thousand pounds of tobacco the first year. And soon after that someone had the idea of putting up that particular tobacco, which was ideal for the new fangled cigarettes people rolled for themselves, in little muslin sacks, with a bull for a trademark. That was the beginning of Bull Durham—and of the fortunes of Washington Duke. That business grew into the American Tobacco Company—and now what used to be Trinity College is Duke University!

But it wasn't always so easy. Tobacco is a capricious plant. It's the touchiest, the most sensitive, the most spoiled thing in agriculture, all tobacco planters will tell you. Tobacco will grow only in a soil and in a climate that suit it exactly. For if the season's too dry, the leaves are too thick to burn well and if it's too wet they're thin and tender and burn all right but are liable to decay during curing and fermentation. Take the finest seed. Go from the region where it was grown to another, also a tobacco country. Nurse it along; bring it to maturity. Make a cigar out of the ripe leaf—and you'll think you're smoking hemp! You can, so far as you can tell, reproduce the conditions to the last detail. But there'll be something wrong.

You could analyze the soil of the Vuelta Abajo district, in Cuba, for instance, where the leaf that makes the best cigars is grown. You could reproduce it somewhere else. You could duplicate, perhaps artificially, all growing conditions. And still, you wouldn't really have the Cuban leaf. It simply won't grow anywhere but in that one valley.

Growing tobacco is a hard business to learn. Few people ever do learn it as they learn most things. It calls for the highest skill, patience and experience, without forgetting that other vital quality—touch. It's the same thing that makes the gardener and the cook and lacking which, the roses are puny and the pie a joy-killer. For which reason a farmer on one



CTobacco farmers bring their crops to central warehouses where the tobacco is auctioned off to the buyers.



CA curing barn where the tobacco leaf is taken to be partially dried. This is a very delicate process.

amusing themselves among the tobacco plants—thus making it possible for the tobacco to aid in their own digestion next Christmas.

Everything about tobacco culture is a matter of seizing the psychological moment. On just the right day the plants have to be topped—they mustn't be allowed to grow too tall because then they lose their strength. At another exact time, the runners have to be pinched off—just as in a strawberry bed. After that the planter still watches his crop with the same intensity as the man who's nursing a car with a missing cylinder up a steep hill. He watches it grow and he watches it ripen, and if it has survived rain, hail, wind, worms and other accidents he begins his harvesting at the exact moment of ripeness which he can tell by the color of the leaf. And that is when he prays for fine weather so that it may be clean and unspotted from the soil. Very often the whole value of a crop depends on the choice of precisely the right time for harvesting it, but good weather during harvesting is essential and the planter who can see bad storms coming may have to anticipate a little—that being better than a possible total loss of his whole crop.

But is the trouble all over when the crop is harvested—that is, when the plant is cut from the ground, split down the stalk, strung on laths, and taken to the curing barns? Not a bit of it. The most difficult and delicate part of the whole business lies ahead. And try to get some expert to tell you just how he does it! Just try! That's his stock in trade—the thing that, perhaps, brings him twice as much for his crop as his neighbor, half a mile away, ever gets.

The curing process is different for every use. Cigarette and cigar leaf, stock for smoking or chewing, or for snuff, are all cured in different ways. The most delicate process of all is that required for the cigarette tobacco. It is a very simple thing to ruin even the finest of the bright Virginia tobacco in the curing—to deprive it of flavor, color, elas-



CAt the exact moment of ripeness the tobacco plant is cut from the ground, split down the stalk nearly to the bottom, strung on laths and taken to the curing barns.



CA scene in one of the auction warehouses, where the expert buyers for the manufacturers go to select their tobacco. The tobacco is tied in bunches, and then made into bales.



CA prize show in Kentucky where the finest tobacco grown in that section of the country was recently exhibited.

ticity, its prized qualities. The Virginia tobacco is the darling of the cigarette industry and ranges from a light brown to a color which is almost golden. It is flue-cured in the main—a process of partial drying by indirect heat from slow fires. Kentucky Burley is usually air-cured. Then there is the light Maryland leaf with its good burning qualities and of course the expensive, imported Turkish leaf—much of it imported not from Turkey but from Bulgaria.

When the curing has gone as far as, in the planter's hands, it does—is not the absolutely final curing—the leaf is stripped from the stalk, graded as to color and quality, and bound up into "bands"—bundles of leaves tied at the butts with another leaf. Then it is sold.

And that isn't as easy as it sounds, either. Superlatively good tobacco always has a ready market. But the run of the crop will sell well or poorly according to a number of factors. The old laws of supply and demand count; sometimes there is overproduction and woe. Crops have been allowed to rot in the fields, not so long ago, because the leaf wouldn't bring enough to pay for picking and curing it. Co-operative selling is making headway now, but a good deal of selling is still done by auction, with the crop delivered to central warehouses, to which the buyers come.

These buyers are experts among experts. They pass through the aisles of a warehouse, sun filled—aisles made by long rows of pungent, fragrant leaf, neatly baled. The auctioneer doesn't stand on a dais; he walks among the bales, and the buyers follow him, making their bids.

After the buyers for the great cigarette making concerns have chosen their tobacco, it goes to the factories. Here it is graded again, then "ordered"—which means preparing it for storage. Then it is packed, by hydraulic pressure, into great pine hogsheads, and stored away for at least two years—often longer. There is still, at this time, a little sap left in the stem of each leaf, which is known as a

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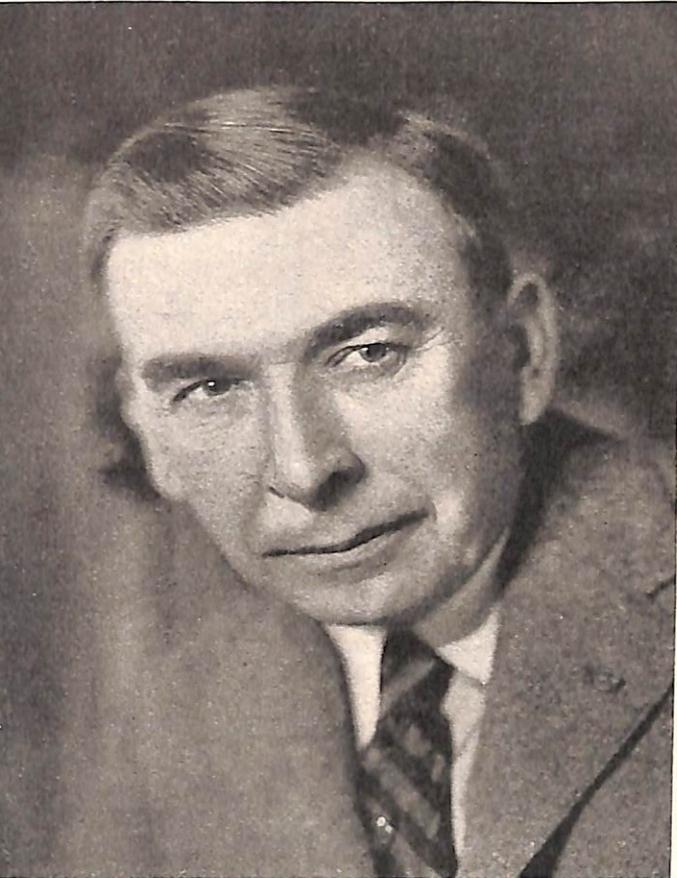
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Any good joke at his own expense [Continued on page 63]



TARKINGTON

*~ Human
being*

By

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THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

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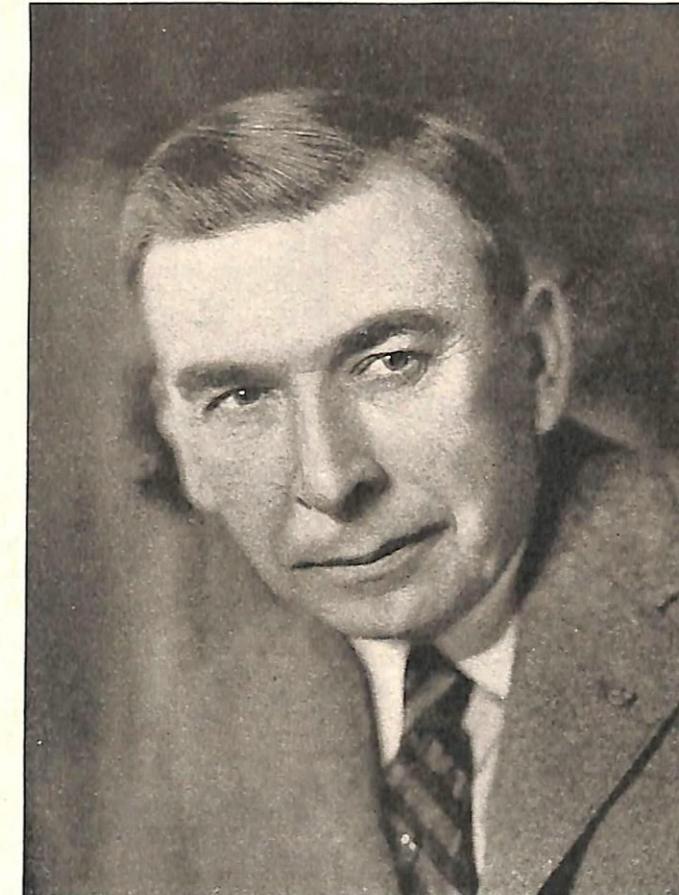
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FRIENDSHIP BY ARRANGEMENT

Cjean Baptiste MacDougall takes a licking but comes to an understanding

By ZACK CARTWRIGHT

CIllustrations by Frank B. Hoffman

TWAS my own idea that the Constable Cassels and Jean Baptiste should be friends. The fitness of it struck me the minute I laid eyes on Cassels when he came to the landing on detachment. I had more than the one reason to feel pleased at the smart soldierly figure of him and the commonsense way he took up his duties. For I had been instrumental in having his predecessor recalled from the place for the good of the service. His conduct had been no credit to the splendid organization and had come near indeed to involving him in a very serious affair with Jean Baptiste.

'Twas over an Indian friend of Jean Baptiste; a lad called Big-Nose, though he had a proper name of course, and a sweetheart of his whose interest was be-

ing led astray by this policeman who preceded Cassels. Big-Nose had sought the advice of Jean Baptiste since my son was held in the greatest esteem by all the Indians who knew him. When two direct warnings had no effect upon the dissolute policeman Jean Baptiste fell to devising a scheme that might easily have cost the offending man his life. By accident, I learned of it in time to exert my influence with the divisional Inspector of Police and have the man removed. So when the Constable Cassels presented himself at the post I had already a definite interest in him. And I was impressed with his manner and bearing. He snapped his heels together and saluted me smartly which showed his proper appreciation of the position a Hudson's Bay factor holds.

"Cassels, sir," he announced, "Constable of Mounted Police! The army pays its respects to the head of civilian life, sir."

Now I had always held the traditions of the Mounted Police in the greatest esteem but I saw in an instant that here was a man of down-right quality, one that would bring luster to police history.

So when I had greeted him I took him into my private office to get better acquainted with him, for I had my own device for testing a man in those days. I set glasses and a bottle of my personal whisky before him; the kind I used for a tonic, you understand. He poured out the correct amount, a gentleman's drink to the drop.

"I have the feeling, sir, of being in the presence of high rank. I'll stand to attention." He rose in such dignity that I stood too. At the first sip of it he rolled his eyes at me in open admiration.

"This would be part of an inheritance?" he asked, indicating the bottle.

"Hardly that," I said. "I have a friend in Aberdeen; a master distiller. He—"

"I know!" Cassels waved a hand. "Foundations of the Empire, that kind. Pure courage in every drop."

Then it was he told me of his army career; of the years in India as a trooper in one of the Lancer regiments.

"So you are new to the Police?" I asked.



"This is my very first command, sir," he admitted frankly. "Command?" I repeated for I was still unused to his military way of speaking.

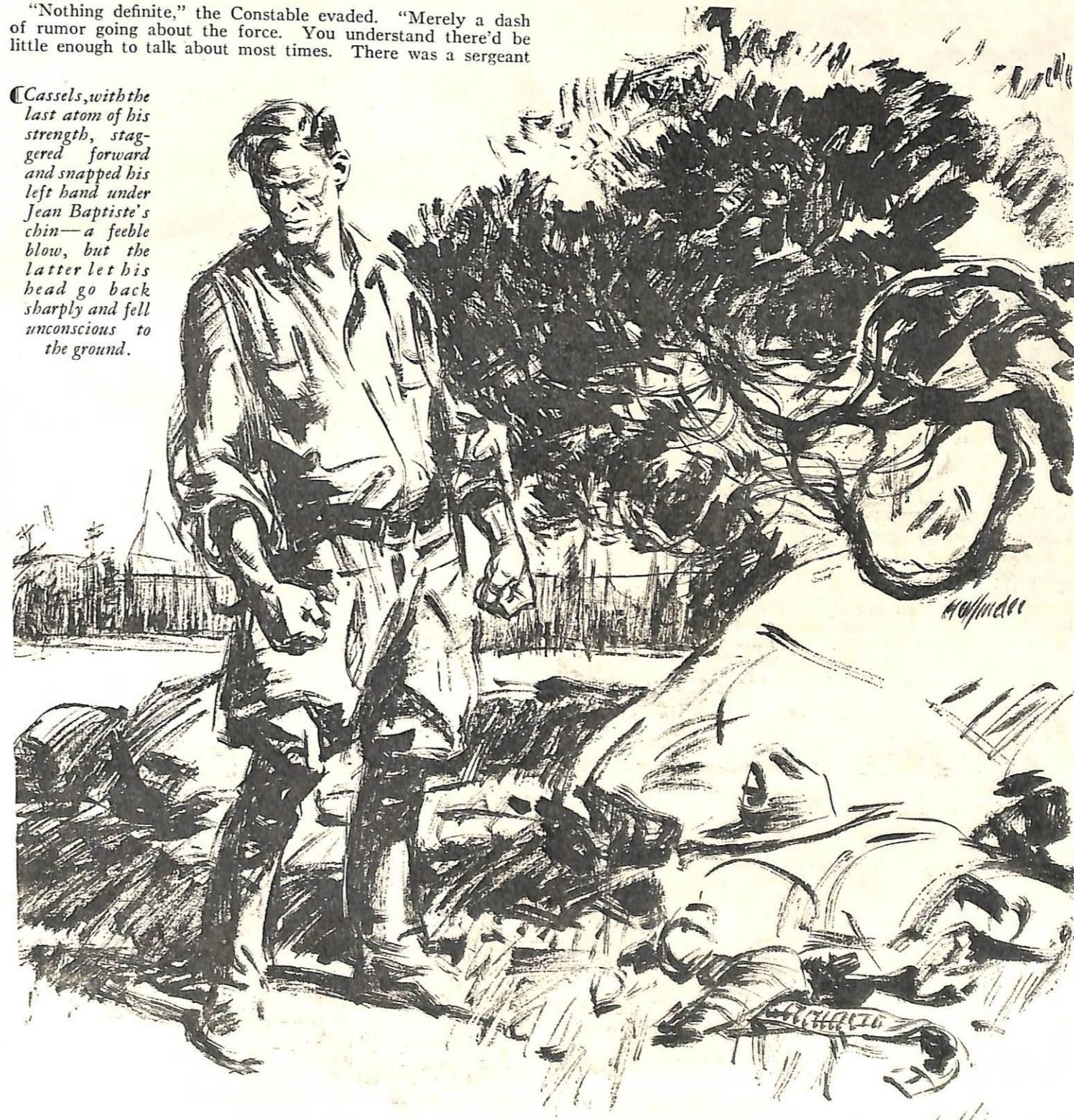
"Detachment they call it," he explained, "but it's all soldiering to me. Looks cushey enough so far. Only meself to discipline and a horse to ride. And I am counting that a bit of a hint from you would be worth ten pages in the Manual if anything unusual should break. Certain disturbin' elements about the place, so the Inspector put it, but I reckon to give 'em what they want. Peace or war it's all soldiering to me. That's assumin' I have your good will, sir," he added, and not till then did he have a second sip of his liquor.

"You have that," I assured him. For I may say the man had passed my test with flying colors.

"What disturbing elements was it the Inspector referred to?" I asked.

"Nothing definite," the Constable evaded. "Merely a dash of rumor going about the force. You understand there'd be little enough to talk about most times. There was a sergeant

Cassels, with the last atom of his strength, staggered forward and snapped his left hand under Jean Baptiste's chin—a feeble blow, but the latter let his head go back sharply and fell unconscious to the ground.



I hear who lost his tail feathers out this way once and then this chap before me drawing a reprimand. Some half-breed that 'ud do with a bit of watching, as I got it. But I'm not losing any flesh over it. Watching's right in my line you might say."

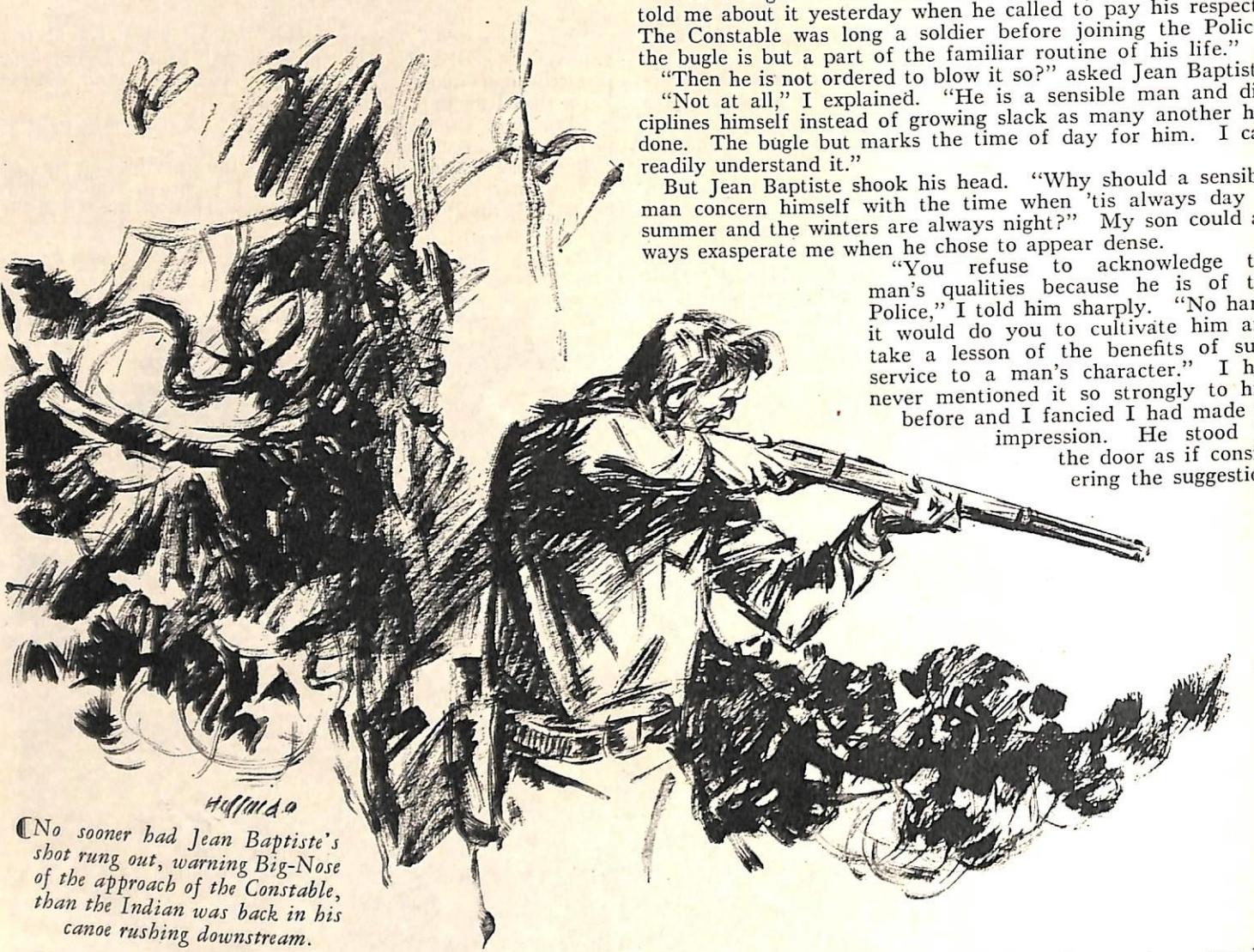
"You'd do well," I warned him, "to keep your mind free from prejudices. The man you term half-breed has not been properly understood." The Constable, you understand, did not know that Jean Baptiste was my son.

"Trust me!" the Constable answered. "I rate extra pay for plain and fancy understandin'."

But 'twas afterward proved he was the least bit too sure of himself in the one particular. And I began to realize when he had left me that no simple task was ahead of me if I man-

aged it so that he and Jean Baptiste should be friends. They were strong men each in his own right; strong in character and experience. And who could know better than I the vast difference of their temperaments and their attitudes toward life as they had known it?

There was the Constable Cassels with the long years of army service and army routine behind him. The regular and traditional outlook would be his; phlegmatic and disciplined,



Hoffmada
No sooner had Jean Baptiste's shot rung out, warning Big-Nose of the approach of the Constable, than the Indian was back in his canoe rushing downstream.

taking and giving his orders impersonally and with complete faith in the letter of the law as covering everything. 'Twould all be soldiering to him as he had said. He would suffer no apprehensions concerning injustice but stand by the Manual of procedure that governed his actions and leave the rest to his superiors. 'Tis of such that great organizations are built and held together. There is more than a little of that same disciplined spirit in the Hudson's Bay Company as I knew from my years as a factor in the service. That kind are the salt of the earth. I could only hope he would discount the suspicion toward Jean Baptiste that had been planted in his mind.

And at the same time Jean Baptiste, I knew, would be slow in responding to an overture of friendship. His life had been nigh everything that Cassel's had not. Aggressively independent of action and mind, he held tradition and law on sufferance, having more faith in substantial justice wherever found than in all the precedent that could be mustered. And he was not particular as to how justice might be administered or by whom. He was not above seeing to it himself if a matter concerned him or a friend. 'Twas so he had lived for he had come to manhood as an orphan and his character was laid before I knew him for my son. If there was the slightest prejudice in him it lay in the faint contempt he held for the Police. And 'twas but natural since they had harassed him once at the behest of a swine over the time he stole his wife.

"There is a new Constable with us," I told Jean Baptiste when I next saw him.

"Yes," he answered, "I saw a blinding glitter about the bar-

racks and thought it must be that. And is the donkey a part of Police equipment now?"

"Donkey?" I asked for he misled me by his gravity. "What donkey can you mean? The Constable Cassels is a fine cut of a man I can tell you."

"Four times I have heard a donkey braying at the barracks. I am not mistaken though I have not seen the beast," Jean Baptiste replied.

"'Tis a bugle he blows and no donkey at all," I said. "He told me about it yesterday when he called to pay his respects. The Constable was long a soldier before joining the Police; the bugle is but a part of the familiar routine of his life."

"Then he is not ordered to blow it so?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"Not at all," I explained. "He is a sensible man and disciplines himself instead of growing slack as many another has done. The bugle but marks the time of day for him. I can readily understand it."

But Jean Baptiste shook his head. "Why should a sensible man concern himself with the time when 'tis always day in summer and the winters are always night?" My son could always exasperate me when he chose to appear dense.

"You refuse to acknowledge the man's qualities because he is of the Police," I told him sharply. "No harm it would do you to cultivate him and take a lesson of the benefits of such service to a man's character." I had never mentioned it so strongly to him before and I fancied I had made an impression. He stood by the door as if considering the suggestion.

of the Peace left a soft purplish haze along the river. A dog would growl or snarl from his tether among the bushes and from time to time a feeble-witted boy would press through the billowing wall of the women's skirts to lay a grimy hand upon the varnish of the new sewing machine. Invariably he would be slapped for his effrontery and his brief howl would break the quiet. After I had gone to bed I concluded a supper must be in progress among the Indian folk from the sound of it for such a thing would be customary. But a little later I was aroused by a bedlam of angry noises coming from the direction of the river. A woman's scream, loud and angry, rose above the din and there was a sudden report of a shot. The clamor ended instantly.

The Constable Cassels he reached the scene shortly thereafter for a personal investigation. I waited for his return but it was little he could make of it. 'Twas the wife of Jim Tanuk had screamed when the sewing machine was overturned, and there was a girl had got her face slapped.

"But the shot?" I said to him. "Was any one hurt?"

"Apparently not," he said. "There was a blighter with a hole in the leg of his pants and blood running down over his moccasin. But he swore he wasn't touched."

"But what could have started it?" I wondered.

"These!" said the Constable Cassels and something clinked in his hand. "Empty bottles." So there had been whisky in the party and the fight had started over the head of it.

"Now where the devil could this have come from?" I exclaimed.

It was the serious part of the matter, you understand, for all that land was designated as Indian country, and under the law a man dare not bring into it malt, spirituous or vinous liquors. And the Company actively supported the law lest the stuff fall into the Indians' hands and debauch them to the detriment of the fur trade. A white man could of course bring his two gallons twice a year for medicinal purposes under a permit.

"Is there one called Big-Nose?" asked Cassels. I said there was. "I couldn't be sure they were not calling me names," he continued. "'Big-Nose' hisses the young filly when I asked what her trouble was. And 'Big-Nose' the old dame bawled when I lifted the sewing machine off of her. But all that was choked right off when this half-breed, this Jean Baptiste, showed up by the fire."

"What did he do?" I asked, though I felt sure my son had not threatened anyone.

"Nothing," said Cassels. "Nothing I could see. One minute they were gabbling among themselves and testifying promptly when I questioned them. Next minute he was there in the light just behind me and they all had lockjaw. Not a peep would they make after they saw him! Funny business! I found the bottles then and 'Who brought these?' I says. There was a kid blurts out 'Big-Nose' again but something fell on him I think for I heard him squeak and when I went lookin' in the crowd for him I couldn't find him."

"The one that answered you would be the half-wit child," I told Cassels. "Most like he was but parroting the other's answers. 'Twould not do to place too much confidence in him."

"I only mean to look into matters a bit," Cassels assured me. "Can't be having an uprising of the native population in the first quarter I'm here; make me look weak and temporizin'. No hangin' matter if the one that got shot sticks to his story and the sewing machine runs again. No, I shall speak to this Big-Nose and if he doesn't line up smartly I'll haul him over my knee and print the palm on him."

I was relieved to know the Constable was inclined to view the matter tolerantly and I thought it might do the lad Big-Nose no harm to be checked up a bit if he had caused the disturbance. But Cassels did not find him when he went into the Indian settlement next day. He met nothing but a stolid wall of ignorance concerning Big-Nose and his whereabouts.

"Great team work in that crowd," he confessed to me when he returned.

"They are a very discreet race of people," I said to him. And Cassels grinned at me in sound good humor over his failure.

"Funny part is, all this 'ud be child's play to a man in your

position," he told me. "Daresay you'd put your finger on the man in half an hour if you wanted him, and never stir from the place."

Now I am quite insensible to flattery, you understand, but I could not deny the man was right enough.

"You must remember the long time the Company has dealt with the Indians in this country," I reminded him. "'Twas the factors that ruled these people long before there was a Government in this part or a Police establishment was dreamed of."

"I can see it," he interrupted. "But the old tradition still lives, eh? And you could smile at my little problem. Just pass the word, you would, and the lad Big-Nose would show. Plain that a factor had to be a picked man; more to the job than appears."

This Constable was no fool you see. I felt moved to lend a hand to him in his difficulty and an idea had come to me while he had been speaking.

"I could make a suggestion," I told him. "But you would need to be very tactful in carrying it out."

"Let's have it," he urged. "I took first and second prizes once for usin' tact. I'm strong on it. How could I find this lad?"

"You could not unless he wished you to," I said. "But if I wanted him I would ask Jean Baptiste to bring him in."

"Jean Baptiste again!" he exclaimed. "Just what does he rate anyway? Is he a king over 'em or a medicine man of some kind?"

"I can give you no explanations," I said. I was the least bit dubious, you understand, about my son's willingness to have his position discussed.

"This is about it," Cassels declared. "I can ask him and if he wants to show which side he's on it'll give him the chance. If he's wise, he'll see it and act accordingly, won't he?"

"Jean Baptiste will be on his own side," I warned Cassels. "And I cannot be certain he will do anything for you."

"I imagine I'll be able to show him the light," he declared. "No harm in tryin' anyway."

But there was some harm in it as things turned out. Just at the moment Jean Baptiste came in to the post and Cassels began a conversation with him about the affair. He plainly stated his wish to find Big-Nose.

"Are you seeking to arrest him?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"Not at all," Cassels replied. "I want a little talk with him."

"A message could be sent," said Jean Baptiste. "What is it you wish to say?"

Cassels waved the suggestion away.

"Wouldn't do at all. I must have his attention when I talk with him. Can't have sewing machines thrown about and girls slapped and men shot in the leg, you know. And that whisky needs explaining too."

"Was it whisky you found or bottles?"

"Bottles," admitted Cassels. "But they'd had whisky in 'em."

"And where is it now?" asked Jean Baptiste. Cassels, he didn't answer.

"Did any man claim he was shot in the leg?" my son asked next.

"As a matter of fact he claimed he wasn't, but—"

"And as for the sewing machine, it has taken no harm I happen to know," said Jean Baptiste. "The girl was Big-Nose's girl and now he has slapped her she has left off her vexatious ways and loves but him alone. So—"

"So what?"

"So what is it that troubles you?" asked Jean Baptiste of the Constable Cassels. I suspect the Constable was nettled a bit and maybe lost his temper.

"So, my lad!" he barked out. "You're playing lawyer to the little brown brother, eh? Now let me put you straight on something; I came here to ask questions not answer 'em, do you see?"

"What is it you wish to know?" Jean Baptiste asked him shortly.

"This Indian lad, do you know where he is?"

"And is it likely I would tell you if I did know?"

"I am beginning to doubt it," said Cassels. "Strikes me you're trying to put yourself wrong with the law, now aren't you?"

"Not with the law," said Jean Baptiste.

Well, Cassels he stopped for a moment considering that answer as if he had not got the meat of it. "Little missionary work needed here," he said to me. "I see you're confused," he resumed to Jean Baptiste. "Now pay attention while orders are read! I'm the law," he declared tapping himself on the chest. "Me! Don't make any mistake about that."

"You are misinformed," replied Jean Baptiste coldly. "That coat is the law, yes; and the gilt letters on your shoulder. The thick book you read at night it is the law. But you—"

"Yes, what about me?" demanded Cassels.

"You are merely the man who leads the law around," said Jean Baptiste. And in the silence that ensued he left the place. But not before he had given me a look, did he go; a quick indignant flash from his forbidding eyes that flatly accused me of meddling by having prompted Cassels to question him.

"Blam near right he is at that," muttered Cassels gazing through the doorway whence Jean Baptiste had gone. "It 'ud seem I got a proper tip on that lad. A real cagey one, he is! Can't be havin' somebody put me in my place like that! Look temporizin'. I must arrange a bit of discipline for him."

Suddenly something outside attracted his attention. I looked and saw a small Indian boy just passing the post. He carried a piece of rabbit fur in his teeth and at the moment he had stopped to shake it violently from side to side, making horrible growling noises as he did so. I recognized the unfortunate child then as the half-wit who had been so repeatedly cuffed at the sewing machine on the night before. Cassels was observing him closely and presently he said, "Ah," to himself and stepped outside.

"Sic'em, husky!" he cheered, and clapped his hands together. "Tear 'em up!"

Under his encouragement the child fell into his fancied rôle the harder. He growled and snarled in imitation of a fighting dog till the noise of it along with Cassels' shouts was almost convincing. When I reached the door I observed that Jean Baptiste stood outside his cabin watching the thing. My son's place was but a short way from the post and I could see he was growing deadly angry as the boy raised more violence under Cassels' cheering. I was on the point of speaking to the Constable and advising him to leave off when suddenly he seized the boy with both hands. "Drop it!" he ordered. Instinctively the child obeyed and the bit of fur fell from his teeth. Holding the young one firmly before him, Cassels spoke. "Where is Big-Nose?" he asked sharply.

I WAITED, breathless as the Constable, for the answer, for I perceived it to be a very clever trick. The boy might be startled into telling, you understand, assuming of course he knew. But there was no prompt reply as the Constable must have expected. Instead the boy turned his vacant gaze aside moving his head slowly in a wide stare as if seeking an object that might be recognized. When Cassels' grip would let him turn no further he was looking past the big man's legs at Jean Baptiste standing beside his cabin. The boy raised his hand to point as he began to speak. "Big-Nose, he go—" He broke off with a gasp and I glanced up barely in time to see my son draw the edge of his hand swiftly across in front of his throat and drop it to his side. It seemed to paralyze the dull-witted boy for a moment and then he was kicking and clawing at his captor in a terror-stricken effort to escape. When he was released he turned and fled toward his home screaming at the top of his lungs.

Cassels wheeled about to discover the cause of the boy's alarm and he had no trouble in identifying it, for there stood Jean Baptiste quite close, meeting him eye to eye.

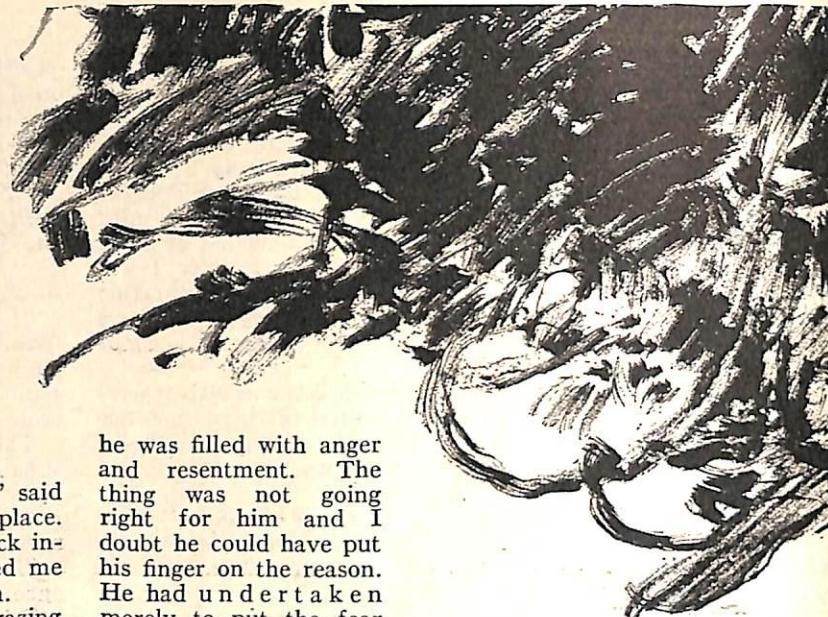
"So!" said Cassels. "It is you again!"

"The boy has beatings enough for his own misdeeds," said Jean Baptiste.

"I'm goin' to bear your part in mind, my lad," said Cassels warily. "And I'll be lookin'—"

"Bah!" Jean Baptiste interrupted him scornfully. Then he turned and walked away.

The Constable glared after him in silence, and I could see



he was filled with anger and resentment. The thing was not going right for him and I doubt he could have put his finger on the reason. He had undertaken merely to put the fear of God in Big-Nose, as he had expressed it, over what was really no serious matter. And it must have seemed to him he was being checkmated at every turn by Jean Baptiste.

I was kept from sleep that night by the anxiety that was on me. I arose when it was barely daylight again, though that comes at a very early hour in the northern summers. Three o'clock it was or a little before when I stepped outside for a breath of fresh air and to enjoy the brief respite from the tormenting buzz of mosquitoes. Smoke was already coming from the chimney of Jean Baptiste and I was surprised at his being awake at that hour. I would go to him I decided and endeavor to find some way by which the matter could be stopped where it was.

He was preparing his breakfast when I entered his place and I saw he was in a better mood.

"You are just in time," he hailed me. "Sit down and try the hot-cakes that I have made. They are not my best of course. I dare not extend myself as a cook in my own home lest my wife be humiliated and drown herself in shame."

Well, his wife murmured "Huh!" very scornfully from the adjoining bedroom and I sat down to breakfast with him feeling certain I had come at a fortunate time. But try as I might I could not turn the conversation in the direction I wanted. He would interrupt to urge more food upon me and insist on my opinion of every mouthful I ate. And I suspected he did not mean to let me speak seriously to him if he could help it.

"You must excuse me now," he said when he had finally finished. "I have an errand to do and I must go."

He took his rifle under his arm and was nearing the door when I intercepted him.

"My son, I must have a word with you before you go. I am your father and I wish—"

"Just a moment." He interrupted me and turned away to the bedroom where his wife was. I waited. But after a few minutes the door opened and instead of Jean Baptiste it was his wife who appeared, fully dressed. She smiled sadly at me and shook her head.

"It is no use," she said. "He climbed through the window and is gone. He did not wish to be spoken to this morning I think."

"He is behaving very foolishly," I told her. "I was minded only to advise him against aggravating the distrust of the Police."

I went away filled with disgust at the stupid Big-Nose and the harm that followed his outrageous conduct. And I resented the depression it cast over me for 'twas out of keeping with the bright morning. I turned toward the river then for it is a grand bit of water, the Peace, and I always took pleasure in watching its broad swift currents bearing away to the rim of the world. There was a place, the edge of a sheer bank above the shore line where I used to go and sit. I had claimed it for my own and put a packing case there to sit upon. Often in the early summer mornings I had sight of a moose or deer taking a final drink along the opposite shore.

But on this morning I could see nothing beyond a few yards



Big-Nose was putting the river between himself and the Constable at remarkable speed. It was the most astonishing work with a paddle even on the part of an Indian.

of the water's edge for a heavy vaporous mist that was floating between the banks like a wearied cloud come to rest. I took my seat and fell to gazing at the fleecy white depths of it.

As I continued gazing before me there was a movement in the thick billows of mist and a shape appeared, vague at first and distorted against the filmy mass behind. It was the somber figure of a boatman. By a stroke of his paddle he drove the boat closer to the shore and turned his head to gaze about him, as he did so.

It was the confounded Big-Nose. He brought his boat to shore and stepped out of it, keeping a careful watch along the river all the while. I felt it was none of my business what he did and I had no intention of revealing myself to him. Very quietly he took up his blankets and some other articles he had with him in the boat and carried them ashore. Then he made another trip, bringing the paddle in one hand and a familiar kind of bottle in the other. I had not my spectacles with me but I made certain 'twas a bottle of liquor by the look of the label. Big-Nose was leaning over to set the thing carefully on the ground, holding it by the neck to steady it. Before he had quite released it I heard the sudden bang of a shot, upriver it was, and the bottle burst into a hundred fragments.

Have you ever startled a wild animal by coming suddenly upon it in some hidden place? Do you mind how surely its first leap is for cover? No flurry of panic or bewilderment; the involuntary start of alarm, and then gone! 'Twas so with Big-Nose. Before I could more than comprehend that there had been a shot and the bottle broken, he was gone. I seriously doubt the pieces of glass had all struck the earth till Big-Nose was in the second bound that landed him, stiff-legged, in the far end of his dugout. The impact of his moccasins swept the grounded end clear and carried them rushing into the current like a ski-jumper striking the incline of a hill. 'Twas all done so suddenly and with such mystery about it that I could have disputed my senses except for the blankets lying there in sight.

But immediately an outbreak of hearty profanity came to my ears and by peeping over the rim of my sheltered nest



I could see the Constable Cassels. He was just emerging from behind a part-buried drift-log that lay just below me. From the protection of its butt and the rubbish lodged there by floods he had observed the whole thing as I had. Cassels he swore at a great many things as he bent over the dunnage Big-Nose had left behind.

And while he was squatted there fingering the pieces of broken glass and muttering to himself, who should come strolling down along the river but Jean Baptiste. He had his rifle tucked under his arm and so softly he stepped among the stones that Cassels was not aware of his presence until he spoke.

"Ah, Constable!" he exclaimed. "You've had an accident with your bottle I see."

Cassels he stood up and frowned at Jean Baptiste. "Don't go jumpin' at conclusions," he growled. "This wasn't my bottle. Was it you shot the thing to pieces?"

"What thing?"
"This bottle! I'm fair certain you did though; you prowlin' out here this early with a rifle. Yes, you were waitin' for that duck same as me and you potted the bottle instead of shoutin' to warn him. Clear enough, that is!"

"It is too clear," said Jean Baptiste. "A fine example the law sets to these people; camped here by the river all night, fairly reeking with the stench of liquor and talking in a way that does not make sense of his ducks being frightened away. Shocking!"

"Hold yourself now!" Cassels ordered in a flare of anger. "These blasted blankets are not mine and damn well you know it." Jean Baptiste shrugged.

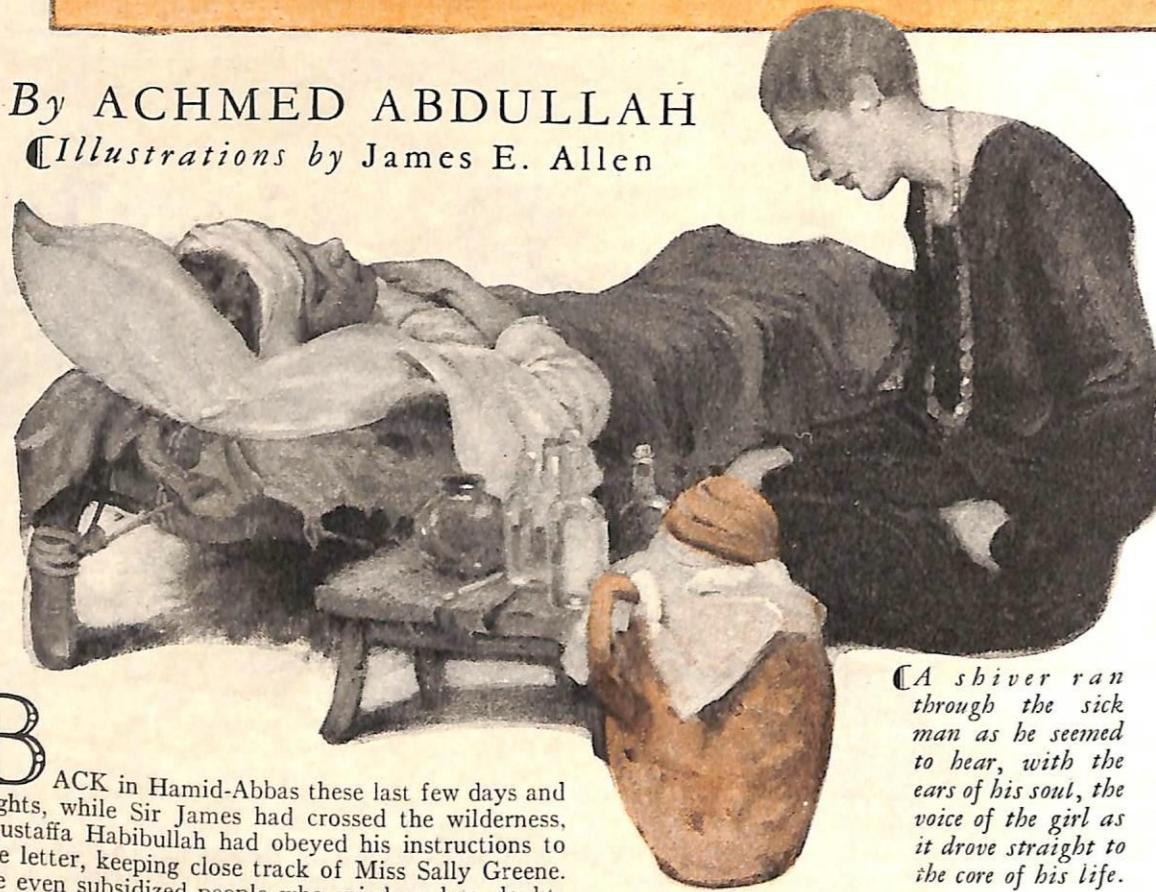
"You'll be saying next there was not whisky in the bottle."

"Certainly there was. Why else would I be down here?"
"The confession does you great credit, Constable," said Jean Baptiste. "You'd best pull yourself together and get to the barracks before anyone sees you." [Continued on page 72]

*The African Drums rumble their
—and the Strangest Adventure*

The MAN in the

By ACHMED ABDULLAH
Illustrations by James E. Allen



A shiver ran through the sick man as he seemed to hear, with the ears of his soul, the voice of the girl as it drove straight to the core of his life.

BACK in Hamid-Abbas these last few days and nights, while Sir James had crossed the wilderness, Mustaffa Habibullah had obeyed his instructions to the letter, keeping close track of Miss Sally Greene. He even subsidized people who spied on her, doubtless imagining they were helping along some spicy intrigue.

At first her own thoughts were similar. Remembering how violently the man had made love to her the morning they had met, she said to herself that this continuous supervision was a vicarious result of the same amorous cause. It tickled her vanity. But presently she understood that the Afghan's emotions were not involved. For not once did he speak to her of love, treated her always with the same coldly impersonal politeness, until, through reasoning—or unreasoning—of strictly feminine perversity, she grew irritated and, finally, curious.

"What's the idea?" she demanded.

"What idea, mem-saheb?"

"Snooping after me all the time!"

"Hookum-hai—it is an order!" came his calm answer.

"Whose order?" And, when again he was silent, again she insisted: "Whose order, eh? Tell me. I want to know."

Deep in her heart she did know, at once. At least she strongly suspected: the Arab—yes—Mustaffa's friend, who had warned her, begged her to leave town; who, though she fought against it, was becoming so tightly enmeshed in her subtle, intimate thoughts and was causing her such an undignified welter of feelings . . . yes, this Arab must have asked Mustaffa to look after her. She knew nothing about the man. Yet he was already spiritually important to her, and there was the danger that, at any moment, he might also grow emotionally important.

And she—was she important to him?

Why—how could she be? They had met, for a few short hours. Out of the nowhere he had come. Into the nowhere he had disappeared, leaving no trace.

Still—the very fact that he had her watched, protected,

your breath, O small mem-saheb!" he finished up.

"Oh—damn!" exclaimed Miss Sally Greene in decidedly unladylike diction and went to her room.

He looked after her.

"Is she really a spy?" he said to himself. "If she were, would she ask so freely about the saheb? And, if she is not a spy, why does she ask about him? I think I know."

And day and night he kept on trudging in her wake, thereby neglecting a number of dancing girls whom, on former visits to town, he had honored with his ribald and spendthrift friendship.

Late one afternoon she managed to slip out of the caravan-serai while his back was turned.

She laughed, very much like a child who is cutting school; did not laugh ten minutes later when, in an odorous, deserted alley, she found herself faced by a large half-breed.

He saw the glitter of a golden chain about her neck, stopped her with hand clutching her shoulder, and demanded:

"Take off the jewel, O my sister. It is wanted by a certain person,"—the "certain person" being himself.

Pluckily, foolishly, she resisted. She twisted herself free and started to run away. A moment later he caught up with her. She felt herself seized under the armpits by a bearlike grip. A sickening smell of hashish, rank tobacco and unwashed flesh rose to her nostrils, while to his nostrils came the warm, sweet scent of her young body.

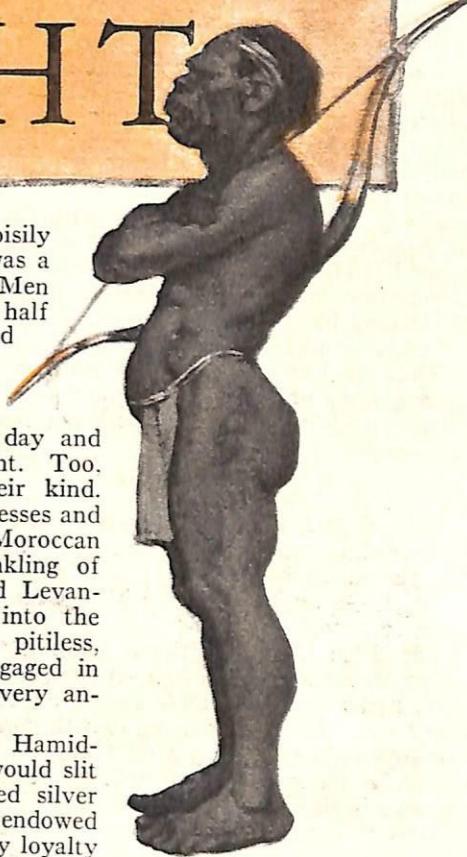
It maddened him; inflamed him. The necklace? What did it matter? It was the woman he wanted—the woman, here, in his arms. He was about to crush her lips with his, and she was on the point of fainting when something like a bearded cyclone rushed into the alley. A large, hairy fist shot neatly be-

proved that he—
She cut off her thoughts in mid-air; turned to the Afghan: "Was it your Arab friend who asked you to be my shadow—to—oh—play nurse-maid to me? Was he worried about me? Tell me! You've got to tell me!"

Mustaffa smiled maddeningly. He mentioned that the Lord Allah had in the past given into his keeping a number of wives and "other females," some as beautiful as the moon on the fourteenth day, some less so, but all endowed with twisting, gliding, nagging tongues when they wished to find out something that was none of their business . . . therefore he knew women—alas! —far too well . . . "therefore waste not

dread news—Sir James at Death's door
of them all reaches its Climax

HALF-LIGHT



tween her own face and her aggressor's, smashing the latter's nose awry.

She heard the Afghan's guttural voice:

"Wah, O uncouth cockroach! Wah, O lousy hyena! What manners be these, O father of seventeen dogs?"

Biff! biff!—the half-breed measured his length in the blue slime of the road, and Mustaffa offered her his arm, saying severely, like a school teacher:

"Let this be a lesson to you, O small mem-saheb!"

"All right," she replied, quite meekly.

From this day on they became friendly enemies—very friendly indeed. She liked the rough mountaineer, and he liked her, more and more convinced that she was not a spy and that, as he had read the secret in the saheb's heart, so he had read a similar secret in the heart of the mem-saheb.

"Allah! How quickly they fell in love!" he confided one night to his water-pipe and brandy bottle. "Hayah—" wiping his glass with a dirty thumb and filling it to the brim—"may she some day bear him as many lusty men-children as there are hairs in my beard!"

It was at this moment that Yar Touati, the owner of the caravan-serai, came in and mentioned what the signal drums had whispered, about the Arab having been taken sick on the shore of Lake Tchad. At once Mustaffa ran to Miss Greene's room and knocked.

"Mem-saheb!" he called. "Oh mem-saheb!"

A few seconds later she appeared on the threshold, sleepy-eyed, wrapped in a kimono.

"What's the matter?" she asked, nervous, rather frightened. He told her. She stood quite still; did not even tremble.

"I must go to him," she said steadily.

"And I."

"Yes. You and I. At once."

"We start within the hour."

"Wait!" She stopped him as he turned to go. "I'll give you money . . ."

"Eh? Money?" he cut in.

"Oh—" she went on quickly, reddening under his stony glance—"you misunderstand. I mean money—to buy things—for the journey . . ."

"By the honor of my mother!" he exclaimed. "Have I not money of my own when a friend is in need? Do I love the saheb any less than you do?"

Swiftly her mind pounced on the word "saheb." So the man was not an Arab—he was . . . oh—she interrupted her thoughts—what did it matter? Arab or English? She loved him. And he was sick—perhaps dying—needed her . . .

"Forgive me, please, Mustaffa," she rejoined, almost humbly; and, smiling through her tears: "Of course you love him—and I—I love him. Don't let's fight about who loves him more." Anxiously she added: "But the journey. Will we get to him in time?"

"There is always a way—to anywhere; and always a quicker way, little mem-saheb, if—" quoting the Afghan proverb—"you know how to twist the camel's tail. I know well how to twist it, better than any great saheb. For sahebs are troubled by foolish scruples. I know, too, how to gild crooked fingers and how to frighten piling souls."

He left the caravan-serai and went to Hydar Nazir's coffee-house. It was a disreputable dive on the outskirts of town, windowless, crowded with candle-lit tables, and across the farther wall a broad fireplace where two huge, half-naked negroes were busy turning a quarter of mutton on a roasting-spit.

Gathered about the tables, some pulling at water-pipes,

others greedily and noisily eating and drinking, was a riff-raff of humanity. Men of all Africa's and half Asia's picaresque and ribald races. Men who, for sound reasons, shunned

the tell-tale light of day and only came out at night. Too, the women after their kind. Unveiled women, negresses and half-breeds, flabby Moroccan Jewesses and a sprinkling of scarecrow Greeks and Levantines, chucked here, into the heart of Africa, by pitiless, sardonic fate, and engaged in no profession but a very ancient one.

The underworld of Hamid-Abbas. People who would slit a throat for a chipped silver piece. Yet people endowed with the strange, steely loyalty of their breed—and here was a man whom they liked: this Afghan, this reckless spender and reckless fighter.

"Here!" A hand indicated a generous bottle of brandy carefully wrapped in moist rags to keep it cool. "Wet your gullet, O son of the world!"

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Mustaffa. "But not tonight! No, no—" as a blowsy, red-haired Moroccan Jewess tried to fling her arms about his neck—"not tonight, O Rebecca, daughter of Jacob! Perhaps some other time I shall kiss your mouth and dally awhile with your charms!"

He was silent. Then he went on:

"Tonight I need neither drink nor kisses. Tonight I need the hand of a friend."

At once a dozen men rose. A dozen weapons flickered. He laughed.

"Not a hand to draw steel," he added, "but a hand to beat a signal drum. Which of you knows the drum talk of the south?"

There stepped forward a large negro with kinky, white hair, a vivid scar running from his left eye to the right corner of his mouth.

"I do, Mustaffa effendi."

"Good, Ayuwa!" The Afghan drew him into a corner.

A few minutes later there could have been seen, on the flat roof-top of the coffee-house, silhouetted black against the dazzling moon-lit sky, a negro squatting on his heels, beating a drum with staccato, scientific rhythm, sending its tone waves sobbing into the south where other, farther drums took up the telling and carried it on.

Two messages he sent.

One warned the negroes of the nearer jungle that a man and a woman were coming to cross their land. They were in a hurry. So, from kraal to kraal, from clearing to clearing, let stout backs bend and taut muscles bunch to the task of broadening the trails with fist and fire and steel. Let even the women and the little children help in the work. For the man who was coming was a Moslem of the farther north, and shining

would be the reward for work well done, cruel the punishment for work shunned.

The second message also crossed the nearer jungle with orders to drone it on to the aborigines of the farther wilderness and tell them to have guides ready and to look well after the sick Arab in the hut by the shores of Lake Tchad. Let not a hair on his head be harmed. Or—by Allah!—from all over the land the carion-kites will fly to the wilderness and feast on your unclean flesh, O monkey-men of the south!

A bluff?

Perhaps.

But Mustaffa was quite convinced that he could carry it out, single-handed. So, evidently, were the negroes and jungly dwarfs. For, roused from their sleep by the pulsing of the signal drums, they listened, sighed, rose, and worked as they had never worked before, while Mustaffa roused an indignant bazaar merchant.

Partly by threats and partly with the help of clinking gold, he persuaded him to open his shop and sell him the goods he needed. Thence he returned to the caravanserai where Miss Greene was waiting, in breeches and leggings, ready to go.

He gave her a light burnoose and a Moslem face veil.

"Guess you're right," she said, putting them on.

They were off into the night which was drowning in a shimmering wave of stars, shot through with a great zodiacal light. Silently they marched; stepped, not many minutes later, into the jungle.

THE drums, as Mustaffa put it in an outburst of Oriental extravagance, had sent his messages "winging through the land like the thrust of a lie."

"A lie—a bluff—" replied Miss Greene—"which the negroes seem to accept as truth."

For these Central Africans knew the northern Moslems of old; remembered how often, in the past, turbaned Asiatic warriors had accompanied the Arabs on foray and raid and had swept over the land, scarring it with cord and sword and torch. So, overnight, by energy of many backs bending until they ached, trails had been broadened, timberfalls cleared away, swamps bridged by felled trees.

Here, once more, was proved the miracle of what a single man of ruthless will can do in Africa. It had been done before, by men like Cecil Rhodes, Sir Henry Stanley, Chakka the Zulu.

Miss Greene commented admiringly, and added: "The British should give you a job as governor in some out-of-the-way spot of their purloined empire."

"The British," replied the other, smiling rather disagreeably, "would not approve of—ah—all my methods."

Indeed, at times, when the work had been slovenly done, he treated the negroes with a chilly, deliberate brutality that caused Miss Greene to shudder—but not to remonstrate since the life of the man she loved was at stake.

On the other hand, when the blacks had done their work well or it happened to suit his purpose, he knew how to roll honeyed words over his tongue, and they would salaam deeply, kiss his feet, and accept gratefully the beads and similar cheap trinkets which he gave them.

Speed was their slogan; and it took all Mustaffa's self-control not to interrupt the trek when, in one of the kraals he saw a glistening heap of ivory tusks.

"Ahee!" he said, clutching Miss Greene's arm and pointing. "What loot! By the crimson pig's bristles—what loot!" He sighed regretfully; went on; "Never mind. I shall return this way some other time and help myself."

She gave a little laugh; thought that, perhaps, it was Mustaffa's prosy Afghan common sense and naive Afghan greed which acted on her like a tonic, steeling her body against the terrible fatigue, her heart and soul against the nervous anxiety.

They crossed the jungle in record time, and reached the farther wilderness that loomed up violet as a summer's night and with an over-glaze like the amber bloom of grapes. There, not far from the river, they made camp; watched silently the misty twilight brush into the darkening velvet of the sky.

Earlier in the day the drums had brought word that the aborigines were sending guides. Waiting for them, they munched their dry, wheaten cakes and leathery apricot paste and drank the tepid, brown-scummed water.

Night had already come with a vaulted, jetty sky and a sickle moon of delicate ivory poised high, when out of the wilderness appeared a number of brown dwarfs, carrying

smoky, acrid-smelling torches that red-painted here a leg or arm, there a grotesque, flat-nosed face grimacing a decidedly tremulous welcome. For the signal drums had whispered word that indeed this Moslem was living up to his reputation. A dozen, nay, a hundred men—thus the drums had exaggerated—had he killed in the northern jungle for the sport of it.

The quicker these strangers crossed their country, the better. Quite as much as civilized people, these savages believed in speeding the parting guest—even the arriving guest, in Mustaffa's case. Therefore here they came: a dozen tiny, muscular aborigines, carrying two hammocks twisted and plaited out of lianas and tough-fibered alfa-grass; and a clicky, guttural invitation to "take your ease and recline, O most excellent ones. We shall carry you—swiftly, swiftly—if permission be granted."

"Permission is granted indeed," replied Mustaffa, as grandiose as any silken-breeched pasha.

He helped Miss Greene into her hammock, dipped generous fingers into his duffle bag, drew out glittering handfuls of beads and cheap knives and mirrors, and distributed them in a lordly manner.

"Splendid, my children!" he said. "Splendid, my darling little monkeys! May the Lord Allah reward you by not permitting you to see your faces!" He stretched himself in the hammock that sagged under his bulk.

At an incredibly rapid pace, carrying the swinging, swaying hammocks, the dwarfs were on their way. Like so many ants they scurried into the trackless jungle—trackless not to them.

So on through the night, the two sleeping in their hammocks comfortably enough. Occasional short rests; and, with relays of bearers taking the places of those who were tired, on through a day, through the gangrened, miasmic fastness, the dwarfs hurrying at a rapid, even pace.

On through an evening that was blurred by a lavender mist, with the tops of the black trees looming out of it. On through a second night until, at last, there rose before them the basalt ridge that bordered the jungle.

By this time night had died. Day broke with the quickness of the tropics. A faint, luminous green nicked with gold, a dash of pink deepening suddenly into rose, paling the next moment into silvery grey, and the sun rolled up over the land with a deep, hot red—showing, beyond a stretch of dry, brittle ground, the waters of Lake Tchad shoaling on banks of palms that swayed there, dreaming their dreams—showing a lonely hut.

Miss Greene did not have to be told.

She knew.

She jumped from her hammock. She ran down the decline, toward the hut.

THERE, where he had been squatting on the threshold, rose a small, ochre-smeared savage with hair trained into the shape of antelopes' horns.

He, too, did not have to be told.

Without a word, but with as much pride in his achievement as any great American doctor, he pointed into the cool shadows of the hut. His handiwork there. The man whom he had nursed and called back from the gates of death with his crude, shrewd jungly craft—Sir James Forsythe, pale, emaciated, but breathing regularly, sleeping calmly.

Momentarily Miss Greene had the wild idea that she wanted to kiss this little savage, hug him to her breast. The Afghan, who had followed her, must have read her mind.

"Mem-saheb," he told her with a shameless wink, "give the sweetness of your lips to those who understand—to me—unless the saheb forbids. But to him?"—pointing at the medicine-man—"wah! what does a monkey know of the taste of ginger? Here!"—as he reached into his inexhaustible duffle bag and brought out a string of beads.

Miss Greene smiled happily.

"Mustaffa," she said, "at times I think there's a drop of Scotch in your Afghan blood. Beads—for saving a man's life!"

"The little monkeys like glistening baubles."

"Very well. A bauble he shall have!"

She drew a diamond ring from one of her fingers and gave it to the medicine-man. The latter grinned with a flash of wolfish, filed teeth. He took her hand in his strong little, black paw, led her into the hut, put her hand on the sleeping man's

"Hai!" he laughed, sharply, abruptly; and was out of the hut, across the barren stretch, and away over the ridge into

the wilderness where the other dwarfs had already disappeared.

Silently, from the outside, Mustaffa closed the door.

She was alone with Sir James. She watched his face.

Peaceful and calm a moment earlier, it sharpened all at once into an expression of pain and fear. It was—he told her afterwards—because there had come to him a terrible, fantastic dream in which he imagined that he was the center of the universe, drifting round and round, swirling past everlasting, red-hot spheres and chased by a black giant fifty cubits high—a black giant who suddenly shrank into a small, venomous spider—a spider who called himself the Man in the Half-Light.

"Please, please—don't!" she whispered. "You frighten me!"

Her hand pressed down a little; and she felt his heart throb, heard the humming of his blood in her own veins, with a steady reverberation, a powerful rhythm and measure.

He, too, felt. Felt in his sleep. Currents of cosmic life seemed to flow from her body into his. His terrible dream disappeared. A shiver ran through him like a network, immensely delicate, as of a million featherly touches, and he seemed to hear, with the ears of his soul, a small voice that drove straight to the core of his life.

"Please, please . . ." said the voice; and he awakened; looked up; saw above him a face—so lovely . . . and his first words were:

"I love you!"

There was a great glamor in the simple words; a greater glamor in his heart when he heard her reply:

"And I love you—oh—so much—so very much, dear!"

He reached up. She leaned down.

His arms were about her. He spoke not another word. Nor did she.

He saw her face close to his. He saw her eyes—soft, darkening, almost like those of an animal—stare at him through half-closed lids.

He felt her lips yield to his.

There was no outside world. There was no jungle, no sky, no sun, no Africa.

There was only he and she.

Only a man and a woman.

Then, after a minute or two—as men count time—that seemed an eternity, she heard her own voice, husky, staccato, quivering with a tremulous laugh:

"And I don't even know your name, dear!"

He told her.

They sat down, side by side.

He told her many things, everything, during the next half hour.

Suddenly, completely, his attack of black-water fever—as is the usual way with it although he, quite unscientifically, claimed that Sally Greene had accomplished a miracle through her kiss—had passed. His cheeks were grey and hollow; his eyes had sunk deeply into the sockets; he had lost pounds; but he felt strong and . . . "You see," he said to her, "I must go . . . today . . . at once. There is—" he spoke without the slightest bravado—"my duty."

"Of course it is your duty."

She said it with a gallant gesture, a brave smile. But the gallant gesture was a sham, the brave little smile a falsehood to hide her despair.

Very suddenly, violently, she blurted out the truth:

"Duty? I hate the word. It is—oh—so inhuman. I found

you—today. Must I lose you—the same day—because of duty? I don't want you to go. You—you must not. I won't let you . . ."

She slurred; stopped, then spoke another strange, feminine truth:

"And yet—if your love for me conquered your duty—your hateful, hateful duty—why—I think I'd despise you. Dear Lord—" she wound up with a sob—"it seems I can only keep you by losing you . . ."

He did not reply. His mind felt crushed and disjointed by an overwhelming, emotional strain which bereft him of consecutive thought.

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

Words finally:

"I love you—I love you so . . ."

"And I love you . . ."

"I am selfish," he went on. "But—you know—if I come back—I would like to find you here, waiting for me. Will you wait—a few days?" She inclined her head. "The drums will tell you—whatever the result." A pause; he added: "If I do not return—there's Mustaffa—he'll look after you—he'll see that you're safe . . ."

She looked at him.

"You are a brave man," she said, so tritely.

"No. I'm not brave at all. I'm afraid—really—" he meant it—"I'm terribly afraid. But what can I do? I must go."

Five days he had lain sick; three days, perhaps a little less, it would take him to reach his goal; nine days before, spreading his orders by the whispering signal drums, the Man in the Half-Light would strike again, sending death to the high officials in the French colonies. Time enough for a dagger thrust to settle the matter, to stop a gigantic, international catastrophe.

There would be a few riots; a local massacre or two. But no more. In the lands of Islam it was always One Man, saint or devil, visionary or criminal, who pulled the strings.

With this One Man eliminated, the whole fantastic card-house would topple over.

It was Mustaffa who, as they were alone for a few minutes, had suggested the dagger in preference to the revolver.

He had taken the Afghan into his confidence. It was the least he could do. Nor had the other been astonished.

"Very well," he said. "I, too, honor the Sirkar, the British government. Was I not once a sergeant in the Sixteenth Pathan Rissala? And now, as to the manner of killing the Man in the Half-Light, speaking—ah—from experience, I would say to use the dagger. It takes time to draw a revolver, dressed as you are, with the folds of your burnoose hindering you. Your gesture in reaching for it may give you away. And then . . .?" He shrugged his shoulders—"the man is armed, doubtless. He will strike—kill—before you can fire."

"You are an expert, aren't you?"

"Am I not still alive—after a thousand and ten thousand brawls? Use the dagger, soul of my soul. This way!" He showed Sir James. "Hilt hidden in the palm of your hand—hand swept back—thus!—as you salaam—leaping swiftly to his heart before he can return your greeting."

Sir James smiled at himself. Here he was, on his way to kill, cold-bloodedly, to murder. Yet, by the token of queer Anglo-Saxon prejudices, he was somehow inclined to prefer the revolver, to consider the dagger a coward's weapon.

Well—he thought—he was wrong, and the other was right; doubly right since, these last few days, his revolver had become rusty, clogged, almost useless.

That same afternoon he left.





"Good-by, dear," he said to the girl, stiffly, meticulously British, as if he were mentioning that he was taking a run up to Scotland for a few days' salmon fishing.

"Good-by," she replied, with a simplicity that matched his own.

She never faltered. She stood there straight and hard and watched the man she loved disappear across the horizon; and she wondered at the curious recoil of her emotional faculties, at her stony tranquillity.

So, as he trekked into the south, did Sir James wonder at his own tranquillity. Perhaps, he said to himself, his feelings had been keyed up too highly. Thus a certain reaction was logical, to be expected.

In a way he was glad of it. He loved her—yes—and she loved him. But already this chapter of his life was ended. Now another chapter was opening before him, poignant and tragic, which he himself must write in the book of his life, in the book of the world's history, without the help of love—and without the hindrance of love. Out there, beyond the signal drums' droning wall of sounds, the fate of empire was awaiting his coming; a more important fate, he forced himself to think, than the kiss of a woman's lips.

He strode on. He felt the heat like a stabbing pain. It seemed to him that Africa, the whole earth, had shrunk to a mote of star dust whirling crazily in the sun's immense, white dazzle.

Night came with a purple rush. He made camp; slept well enough; was off again the next day, through a wedge of desert; then through a stony waste where the rocks lay piled up fantastically, as by a playful giant's hand.

He met few people; once half a dozen negroes trotting like dogs, driving their small, russet cattle before them; another time—on the evening of the second day—a Bedawin encampment, the men and women already in their black felt tents.

Another day, he thought; then the end. His own end. Of course.

Again he thought how quickly the empire would forget him; thought again of former friends, back home at his London club, casually mentioning his name:

"Oh yes. James Forsythe. Dead, eh? Too damned bad!"—and the speaker picking up a sporting paper, printed black on pink, and burying his vinous nose in "Old Etonian's" comments on the county cricket averages.

His own family? So few of them. A couple of spinster aunts. A gouty old colonel of cavalry. A kid cousin at Oxford.

Looked a bit like Dick, did this kid cousin.

Dick. His younger brother. How handsome he had been. And so dashing. So keen.

Dick—who had cheated at cards—had been kicked out of the army in disgrace.

It had been impossible to hush it up. England—the England which mattered—from Aspley House to Lambeth Palace, from the Horse Guards' Tilt-Yard to Rotten Row, from the Oval to Newmarket Heath, had rolled the scandal over its tongue, had licked its chops.

He remembered the last time he had seen Dick. He had offered to help him. Of course. He was fond of him—cheating or no cheating.

"I'm sorry, Dick," he had said. "I fancy you'd better change your name."

"Change my name?"

"Naturally. And you must leave England. Go to Canada—Australia . . . you see—you haven't played the game, old chap."

"Played the game too damned well, you mean?" had come Dick's sardonic rejoinder.

"Oh—you know what I mean. You . . ."

"I cheated at cards! Right-bloody-oh! And so I must change my name and chivvy out of the country, eh? Damned comic—this England of ours. You can deceive your best friend with his wife—and you'll be forgiven. You can corrupt a minor's morals—buy votes at election time—sell worthless shares to the widows and orphans . . . you can—oh—you can kick the whole blessed Decalogue into the discard—and you'll be forgiven. But—to cheat at cards? No—that isn't playing the game. You *can't* be forgiven. Very well. I'm through with England!"

He had turned on his heel and left. He had disappeared. Sir James had not seen him since; nor had he heard from him.

Well—Dick, too, was forgotten.

LATE on the third day he reached the clearing called the Outer Hall of the Gods. Blurred and indistinct it stretched; pinched in between the jungle which emerged in peaked spires of blackish-green foliage flickering with purple and gold to the touch of the westering sun, and the sharp outlines of the Hill of Seven Spears—really a row of mountains, high, saw-toothed, sweeping the horizon with the rush of a wave.

As he approached the clearing he became conscious of a great fear. Not a physical, but a mental, rather a psychic fear. Fear not of his fate, but fear of the personality of the Man in the Half-Light.

He did not know who this man was, of what race and tribe and faith. But there was this fear, whatever its origin.

"Fear of the unknown," he said later on to Sally Greene, the meanest fear in the world. Because—oh—don't you see, dear?—that's the worst of trying to explain—half-thought thoughts, you know. But in the back of my brain was the figure of this man, the Man in the Half-Light, like a symbol of all Africa, its shrewdness, its savagery, its unconquerable

[The drums swept the news from kraal to kraal of the coming of Mustaffa and the girl. In fear and trembling the dwarfs carried them in their hammocks through the jungle, turning them over to other relays of little black figures who were awaiting them.]

mystery. I imagined him to be a sort of African Nero—a reincarnation and concentration of all the African conquerors, Chakka, Lo Bengula, Mohammed Bello—yes—an African Nero with a taint and flavor of Attila the Hun. Well—I was disappointed—in a way. Disappointed straight from the beginning—disappointed even before I saw him. For the place itself, called so grandiosely the Outer Hall of the Gods, was simplicity itself. A little village, neat, clean, proper. Might have been a hamlet in Devonshire, except for the negro slaves loitering about and the white-robed Arabs—dervishes all, of course—sitting in front of their huts on clean mats and sucking at their water-pipes."

Several of the dervishes rose and salaamed as he entered the clearing.

One, a thick-set, mature man with a skin deeply tanned by the sun, introduced himself as Sayyid el-Wahhab, and said:

"We have been expecting your coming."

The drums—of course! thought Sir James. He decided that it was the course of wisdom to speak the truth—within reason.

His words were casual:

"I had two travel companions. An Afghan and his wife. I left them near Lake Tchad."

El-Wahhab's reply was just as casual:

"Yes, yes. So we heard. And your name, O Moslem?"

"Ali el-Andalosi."

"Ah—of the Lodge of the Bi-Sharai? The man who helped with the killing of Forsythe saheb." [Continued on page 68]



Is SPORTS- DECLIN-

Robert Haven
says too many
are following the
every advantage

TILDEN: A good winner
but more important —
a good LOSER

When Bill Tilden, crippled as he was with a wrenched knee, lost the world's championship last fall, he gamely ran off the courts without limping or offering his injury as an excuse.

Wide World

W HEN Big Bill Tilden, crippled as he was, lost the world's championship last fall, and gamely ran off the courts without limping or offering his wrenched knee as an excuse, he was stopped by a hand on his shoulder. He swung around to confront Franklin P. Adams. "Bill," said F. P. A., "let me just thank you for running off that court! We are all proud of you!"

The columnist spoke the truth. We were proud of Big Bill for his sportsmanship. In defeat he suddenly grew vastly more popular with us than ever he had been in victory.

He will be more popular still when the whole truth is known. A close friend of Big Bill's assures me that his injury was a more serious handicap than is realized. He beheld the famous knee the day after the match, and it was the worst looking one he had ever seen. As a matter of fact, our champion was favoring this weak and painful member most of the tournament, in order to finish at all, win or lose. And it seriously handicapped his speed and foot-form.

One of the canons of sportsmanship runs that the only permissible explanation for defeat is: "The best man won." By saying this, in the circumstances, Tilden made a profound impression. He did more for America than he would have done in keeping the championship. For he thereby drove a nail into the rickety ladder of our sportsmanship.

Now, when one stops to think, Big Bill did no more than should be expected, as a matter of course, of every athlete. He simply observed one of the five commandments of sportsmanship. There is something almost ominous in the enthusiasm of our national response to this action. It should set us thinking about the trend of our standards.

Why should obeying the code be considered such a striking act of quixotism on the part of the ex-champion of the most chivalrous of all games, in a nation that plumes itself on its exalted sportsmanship?

The answer is that our sporting spirit has, for some time past, been on glare ice. It has been placed upon the down-

ward slope by the three P's. Professionalism, the Press and Prohibition—ably assisted by the Great War.

The five commandments of sportsmanship are:

- (1) Be a good loser.
- (2) Be a good winner.
- (3) Play fair.
- (4) Never say die!
- (5) Sink in the team.

By the inducements it offers to win games and personal glory at almost any cost, professionalism tempts athletes to be bad losers, unfair performers, and to feature themselves at the expense of the team.

The Press, with its passion for giving even the most friendly contest a fighting twist, and for featuring star play, works against all but the fourth commandment.

Prohibition, by undermining respect for law, impartially undermines respect for all five.

It is needless to mention here the effect of the War.

Consider this business of being a good loser. When Molla Mallory (then Molla Björstedt) first won our national singles title, she was as thorough-going a sportsman as any one could wish. She kept on being one as late as 1921, even under the provocation of seeing that autocratic prima donna Suzanne walk off the court after having lost a set to her.

But by the following year the fighting twist of the Press had so worked upon our champion that she suddenly became a poor loser.

We were startled to read of her attributing her defeat to various traditional pretexts of the poor loser.

This statement was met by protests from all parts of America. But supposing some such incident were to occur today. Would not the temperature of the protest be noticeably cooler? The three P's and the War make up a formidable team.

Kelly pool is an eloquent barometer of sportsmanship. It takes not a little character to lose a pot gracefully, on a foul of your own or a fluke of your opponent. And more and more often, since the War, one hears the loser remark bitterly as he

MANSHIP ING?

SCHAUFFLER
of our athletes
slogan: "Take
Fair or Foul"

PRINCETON vs HARVARD:
A climax in football
sportsmanship

Bad feeling has been running high between these two universities for some time, and it culminated when Harvard expressed resentment in an article which appeared in its college paper, the *Lampoon*.



Wide World

slams his cue into the rack: "You ought to take this game up as a profession!"

The late Harvard-Princeton affray is only one of many signs whether our sportsmanship is on the down-grade. I do not know whether Harvard was right or not in claiming that Princeton played unfairly rough football. What is surely known is that the Harvard stands booted the Princeton players, and that the Princeton stands rendered boo for boo. There is a presumption against 100% spotlessness for Princeton sportsmanship, as long as she chants, in every game against the Elis, a sentiment like this:

"Yale, Yale, you can't play ball!
What the hell do we care, Yale?"

For neither a good loser nor a good winner will deny the ability of an opponent. Both will care a lot that he should play his best. Otherwise there can be no genuine sporting satisfaction in the game.

As for Harvard, she advertised to all the world, in an amazing issue of the *Lampoon*, that she was not above abusing her conqueror of recent years. It is a startling development for a leading university to lose as ungracefully as almost any crowd of baseball fans.

For one must admit that losing gracefully has little in common with the official sport of this supposedly sporting land. The popularity of that infectious slogan "Kill the umpire!" is an eloquent commentary on our athletic ethics. Especially when we recall that it originated and continues as a by-product of the all-American game.

A keen zest in the pleasure of sport for its own sake is a safeguard and stimulant of sportsmanship in all its phases. Most of all, in this matter of losing well.

Enjoyment of the play as you go along, helps atone for defeat. One reason why the incoming tide of professionalism threatens to engulf sportsmanship is that it takes the pleasure out of games for the participants.

For play is what you don't have to do. It bears the same relation to work that beauty does to utility. It makes it too hard to live up to sport ethics if one follows Walter Hagen's

arrogant advice to the conquered British golfers, and go after the game "just the same as work."

Professionalism is meeting with rapid success in industrializing sport. Look at tennis. Look at football. Look at even hockey and basketball.

In killing the joie de jouer, professionalism kills a thing that compensates for defeat, that is sweeter than victory, and therefore helps keep a man modest and fair; a thing that stimulates cool doggedness, and helps atone for the self-sacrifice of teamwork. The Cobb-Speaker scandal once more underlines the fact that, even if you are a national idol, professionalism makes sportsmanship difficult.

If you doubt this, the next time you play tennis, try a small experiment in autosuggestion. Before every point tell yourself to concentrate on enjoying the game. Make up some personal formula of a syllable or so, which you can gabble easily under your breath, and which will mean to your unconscious mind the joie de jouer.

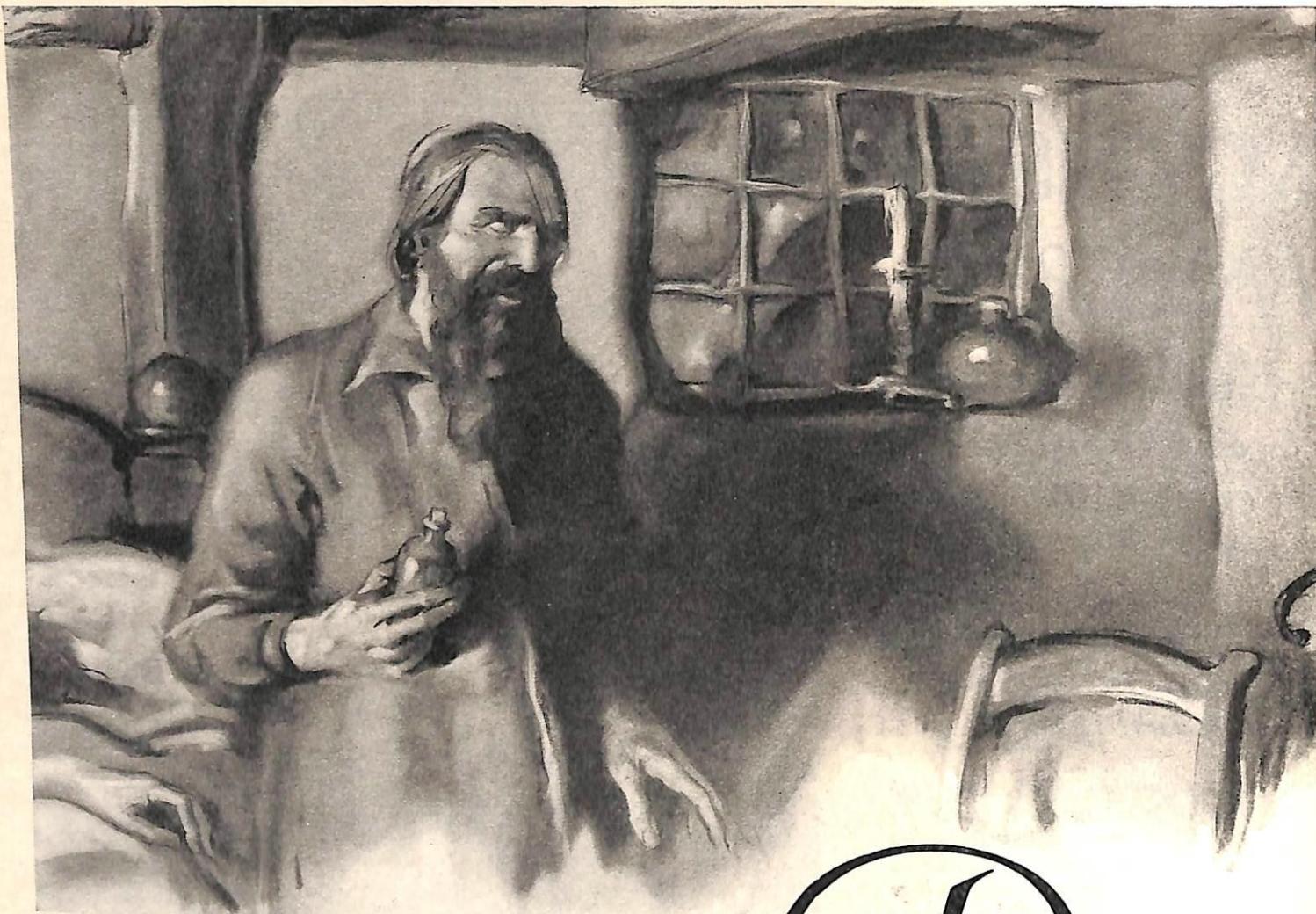
If you have the energy to carry this experiment through, you will find yourself playing not only with half again as much enjoyment, but with noticeably finer sportsmanship. And you will find your opponent improving along the same lines, by a sort of psychic contagion.

By observing most of the rules of sportsmanship, you acknowledge the rights of your opponent. By maintaining the joie de jouer, like a bright pennon at the top of your mast, you acknowledge the right of sport itself to give pleasure.

Sportsmanship is unalterably opposed to crowing over, or lecturing a defeated opponent. He is no sport who is so exhilarated by victory that he throws out his chest and strolls over the features of the down and out.

At Wimbledon in 1926, Miss Mary Browne gained an enviable reputation by her chivalrous bearing on the courts. But she lost part of this reputation after her doubles victory. Though with more attention to the niceties of grammar, she anticipated the sentiments that Walter Hagen was to emit on the occasion of the American walkover in the Open Golf Championship at St. Anne's.

[Continued on page 83]



A DARK PLACE

IT WAS a strange house to be standing in that corner of the world. In a city it might be passed by as merely another ugly relic of some rich but forgotten old man's eccentricity; but when one came into view of its starkness of stone and sullenness of slate, its feudal turrets and embrasures, in the thicketed and forested depths of that almost uninhabited dune country, it was a grim and cruel surprise.

Its site belonged to the flutter of birds, the seething of wind through the trees, the distant ruffle of surf upon the long white strand; and it was an alien thing among them. To find it there was like discovering in clean, new country the deserted temples of primitive and sinister gods, or like stumbling upon a wizard's castle in the enchanted wood of a fairy tale.

It was a challenge to the imagination, that house. One wondered why it had been built there, and to what uses it had been put. One guessed vainly at the abnormalities of a long family history.

There were traditions about it, of course, among the villages and fruit farms of the fertile plains behind the shaggy ridges of the high, wooded dunes. It had been built three generations ago by a stubborn and irrational lumber baron whose senility

had developed a hobby for isolation and Norman architecture. He had taken pride in achieving a hermitage of granite in fifty rooms that bore a marked resemblance to a penitentiary, and there he had caged himself, summer and winter, with a retinue of bored and gloomy servants, until he died. Then it was abandoned to the owl, the bat, the spider and the wood-mouse until a group of flashy men, wasters of the night-boats from Chicago, had re-opened it as a summer club and given it a bad name. But the sheriff of the county had arisen in pious

indignation and had abolished the resort.

Having had its taste of the gaudiness of life, the forbidding mansion once more surrendered itself to the loneliness of the forest which with the relentless power of growth was trying to absorb it. The shadows deepened about it. The natives of the region called it The Dungeon, and of course they said it was haunted.

Finally the Prophet came to plant his colony there, and The Dungeon began another chapter in its curious history. Out of

the city he came, leading a little flock of meek ineffectuals, most of them women, all of them cases of maladjustment to life, of fogged ideals and feeble dreams; out of the city to the Dungeon of the dunes, almost as remote as if it were in the heart of a jungle, seeking, he said, freedom for full communion with nature in a new social experiment. The natives, familiar as most rural Americans are with the vagaries of religious cults, gave him the name of the Prophet. But his own people called him the Teacher and studied with devout bewilderment certain books of esoteric philosophy that he had compiled and published.

But whether Prophet or Teacher, he did not trouble the land. The dunes and the Dungeon swallowed up leader and disciples, and gave them almost total immunity from contacts with the outside world. They tilled little garden patches in clearings where rich forest humus overlaid the sand. They worked at weaving and basket-making. They spelled out long, hard words in nonsensical books and listened to the Teacher lecture upon cultural and mystical topics every afternoon from four to six o'clock. They were self-supporting and almost self-sufficient.

The shop-keepers in the village a few miles away got little



Illustrated by
Will Perrin

In The DUNES

By Charles
COLLINS

trade from them, and they saw only the Prophet, who held the purse-strings of the community. He did his marketing alone, driving a moth-eaten mule to a rickety farm wagon. Only an occasional schoolboy or loafing villager, invading the dunes hunting for rabbits or bee-trees would come upon the colonists in their peasant smocks, huddled about their feudal keep like a strange tribe of forest savages.

Fifteen miles east of the coastal dunes where the Prophet and his faithful experimented with back-to-nature communism stood the town of Little Rapids. It was the Dungeon's nearest railway station, although it had much better reasons for existence.

One late afternoon in June the north-bound train dropped off at Little Rapids a young man, cheaply dressed in ill-fitting clothes, who handled his battered suitcase nervously, and looked about with indecision, as if uncertain what to do next. Seth Peters, seated at the wheel of his car in aimless conversation with his last fare, who was waiting for the south-bound train due fifteen minutes later, observed this addition to the floating population of Little Rapids and immediately adopted his professional manner.

"Taxi for the Commercial House right here," he called out.

The young man rose to the lure and approached Seth briskly.

"How far is it to the place run by a kind of a preacher or teacher who calls himself Havrah Martin?"

Seth and his recent passenger, who was still standing by the car, exchanged quick, knowing glances at the question.

"You mean the Prophet, I guess," observed Seth. "That's what we call him. We don't use his post-office name around here. Well, it's quite a ways. Want to go there?"

The strange Story
of a
Young Girl's Dilemma
and a "Prophet"
who was a
Law unto himself

The prophet's plan had worked; Lucy had been the innocent tool and had murdered the woman—with poison! The prophet explained to her the conditions of his silence.

The young man nodded. "Yes," he said. "Can you take me?" "There and back for me means more'n an hour," said Seth. "I'll maybe miss my supper if we start now. I'll have to charge ye five dollars."

"Let's go," said the young man, and tossed his suitcase into the tonneau.

Then Seth's last passenger, a quiet, gray little man of middle age, took the Prophet's new disciple persuasively by the arm.

"Just a minute, brother, before you start," he said softly. "I'd like to have a talk with you. Are you going to join the Prophet's colony?"

"Maybe."

"Know anything about the place?"

"Not much. I read about it in a paper."

"It's odd—an upstanding young fellow like you wanting to bury himself for life in that wilderness."

"Not for life, stranger. I'm a student, from down in Texas. He teaches things. I thought his place might give me a cool summer in the woods with some learning thrown in. Any more questions?"

The quiet little man moved away enticingly.

"Come over here in the shade of the station house, son," he wheeled.

"Now then. I'm going to shoot the works and do it fast because my train will be in sight soon. You're going in there to the Prophet's place—a bright, God-fearing young American citizen who doesn't look as if he would swallow all the bunk the Prophet hands out. Good. I want a man in there who can keep his eyes open and his ears listening. If there is anything wrong about that Prophet, I want to know it. Here's

my business card. And here's a hundred dollars. There will be another hundred if I get satisfactory reports from you. I want all the facts, good or bad, that an intelligent man can pick up about that fellow. But you are not to let him know that you are tipping me off. Is it a bargain?"

The young man looked at the card.

"Life insurance," he mused. "But you sound like a detective."

"I don't write policies," the quiet little man said with a smile. "You're right. I'm an investigator."

"Why not do your own investigating?"

"Do I look like a disciple? Besides, the Prophet knows who I am. I've been up there, talking to him. I've been hanging around the village and the Dungeon for a week, checking up the records. It looks like a plain case of suicide, but I'm not yet satisfied. If you make good this will mean a nice connection for you whenever you get tired of going to school."

"You say it is a case of suicide. Give me the details."

"Certainly. Three weeks ago the Prophet's wife, or a woman whom he called his wife, although they were married only according to the rules of his cult, was found dead. Apparently she had killed herself. She left a letter stating that intention—a real, old-fashioned, now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep suicide letter. There was an inquest and a medical examination. Everything was regular. The Prophet called in the county officials. Nobody saw anything suspicious. The Prophet himself was in the village, three miles away, doing his shopping, the night that misguided woman went into her last sleep. He established a perfect alibi. The only thing obviously irregular was a cremation, in the woods on a funeral pyre, instead of a burial. There is nothing to prove that it wasn't a suicide. Nevertheless, there is a chance, one chance in a thousand, that she might have been murdered by her beneficiary."

"What makes you think she might have been murdered?"

"It's just a hunch. The outlandishness of the whole layout over there, the morbidity of that grubby kind of life, makes me suspicious. Then the kind of poison used was peculiar for a back-woods suicide. The stuff is not sold in any drug store to be found in this region. It's hard to get in the pure form even in a big city—and incidentally the Prophet went to Chicago for a little visit about two months ago. She used pure hydrocyanic acid in the latest model of nose-and-throat atomizer. One whiff down her throat, and good night. A clean, quick, pretty way to do it. I have made a close study of suicide technique, and never before have I known of a woman putting herself out of the world in that way. Usually they swallow messy, corrosive, slow-working poisons—the sort of thing that can be picked out of any family medicine cabinet. No, the kind of a woman who would live with the Prophet as his wife wouldn't do it like that. This suicide is too artistic to be plausible."

"But she left a note," remarked the young man, who had been listening with awed interest.

"Yes. Typewritten. Another odd point. But signed in her own hand-writing. The typing was done on the Prophet's machine, and there are little inaccuracies which correspond to his own typewritten manuscript. But she worked as his secretary. I got nowhere along that line. Still, there are irregularities here. The note was an old one. It might have been written months or years ago. I'll have to work that out with experts in the paper industry. Yet even with their dope on water marks and age-stains, it will not get us anywhere. We have nothing to justify us in delaying payment of the life insurance policy that this poor woman had generously taken out in his favor. It's a small policy, and we aren't worrying about it. But the company is standing by my hunch, on principle. Please note, also, that the Prophet waited two weeks before he presented his claim as beneficiary. Not that he doesn't need the money, either. Heathenish cremation. Two weeks' delay. General fishiness of the whole layout. How about it, son? Yes or no? I think that's my train whistling a few miles down the track."

"Have you got a copy of the letter she left? I'd like to read it."

"Certainly. Here it is. A perfect specimen of how to write a suicide letter without blaming anybody—Finished with it?"

Well, what's the answer, boy?"

The young man gave him a hand-shake so hard that his fountain pens rattled.

"I'll take this job," he said grimly. "But I don't want your money now. Put it back in your pocket-book. We can settle that some other time. If the Prophet is on the square, I don't want to feel that I've been a paid spy on him. Sure enough, there's your train coming . . . My name? Oh, for the present, I'm calling myself Bill Brown. I'll write you at the address on your card once a week. If you want to send me any instructions, general delivery in this town will do. I'll arrange with the taxi man to bring any messages in to me promptly. Good-by."

Seth Peters turned his car off

the paved road into a sandy wagon track cut through thick second growth timber, so narrow that the underbrush on either side scraped and crackled against his fenders. They soon came into the deep shadow of the inner range of dunes.

"I'll have to stop here," said Seth.

"It's uphill through soft sand from now on. Even the lightest cars can't make it. You'll have to hike. It's about a mile farther on. Too bad you didn't write the Prophet to meet you with his wagon. Shall I go along and help you lug the bag?"

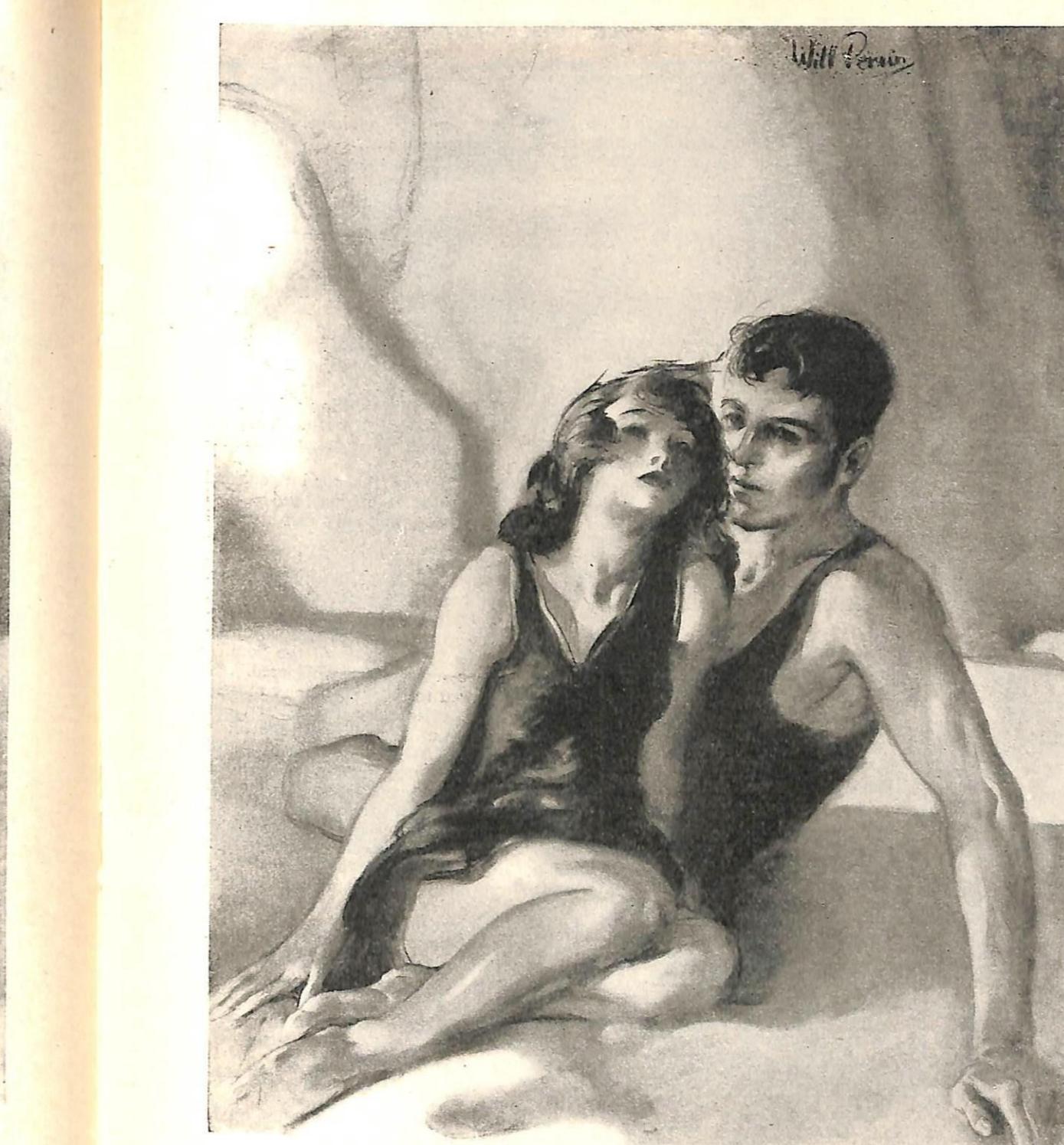
"No thanks," the young man who called himself Brown for the time being answered. "It isn't much of a load. Do I turn off the road anywhere?"

"Nope. Just follow the tracks. Well, so long, young fellow. If anything comes for you at the post-office, I'll telephone to the village. It's two miles north of where we turned off the hard road. You can 'phone me from the grocery store there any time you need me."

The thin road, like a tunnel cut through walls of leafage, trailed slowly upward along the shoulder of the ridge, crossed it at last by a little sandy pass through which a steady current of cool breeze was flowing, dipped down into a still, shallow ravine, and swooped steeply up another, lower hill. From that crest Brown caught his first glimpse of the somber, castellated block of masonry which was the lair of the Prophet. Its flanks and rear were embraced by the forest; its bleak face was turned toward barren moorlands, patched with dwarf juniper. Beyond was an endless yellow ribbon of beach, long white lace lines of surf, the shimmering blue of a great lake.

"Have you got a copy of the letter she left? I'd like to read it."

"Certainly. Here it is. A perfect specimen of how to write a suicide letter without blaming anybody—Finished with it?"



Will Eisner

"There's a whole big world out there back of the dunes waiting to make you welcome, my pretty," Brown whispered to Lucy, "and I'll be standing right alongside you to introduce you to it. Would you like to go with me?"

been carrying in her hand, and then approached him timidly.

"You know, they all go into silent meditation after the Teacher's lecture, and nobody should make a racket."

Black hair that curled even though it was wet. Brows to match, ebony arches over moss-agate eyes. Lips like fruit ready to be plucked. The voice of unawakened girlhood. The scratched, tanned legs of a barefoot boy. The figure, under the wrapper clutched about her, of a young nymph who tomorrow might meet her first satyr.

He stared at her eagerly, welcoming this free and natural beauty just as, a little while before, he had gazed from the crest of the dune out toward the horizon.

"Do you belong here?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I thought they were all old folks."

"All except me. Do you want to see the Teacher?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to join us?"

"For a while."

"I'll go around the back way and tell him you're waiting."

She darted away with a whisk of her head to shake out her hair that reminded him of a spirited pony tossing its mane. It occurred to him that he had never before seen a girl with hair flowing below her shoulders like that. It stirred in him a tenderness which antedated the age of bobbed heads.

A few minutes later he met the Teacher and his induction into the colony that inhabited the Dungeon began.

Havrah Martin, called the Teacher, alias the Prophet, was a shaggy, powerful middle-aged man with wild blue eyes, a frosted Tolstoyan beard and an oily, oratorical voice. Approaching baldness had distinguished him with a scholar's forehead; the manual labors of his colony had given him a wood-chopper's hands that were always clutching at something, occasionally at his own throat in an unconscious gesture. His skin did not suggest that he went very often to the swimming beach.

He was suspicious and reserved with the young man temporarily named Brown at first, but as their interview progressed, he became more cordial and communistic. He listened to Brown's account of his zeal for the higher learning indulgently.

"You are very young, Brother William," he boomed, with a

friendly air of patronage. "A mere college boy. The adult mind is required for a proper grasp of the principles of our social experiment. But no doubt, as you listen to my lectures and pronouncements, you will soon rise to a loftier plane of thought."

"How much will it cost?"

"I was just coming to that. It is not customary for the brothers and sisters here to have any money. We hold everything in common. How much money did you bring with you?"

"About a hundred dollars."

"That will be enough to cover the expenses of your probation. Give it to me, and I will take it to the village bank tomorrow, to be deposited in the funds of the colony. Perhaps you will wish to make a few purchases in the village now and then. We have our own currency which the shopkeepers there recognize and accept as valid charges against my account at the bank. Cowrie shells. The primitive money of the innocent and happy Polynesians. Pleasing idea, isn't it?"

He reached into his desk and drew out a small cloth bag.

"Your hundred dollars, please. Yes, that is exactly the amount. Now here is your first draft on your treasury. Ten dollars in cowrie shells. The small ones are worth ten cents, the middle-sized ones twenty-five cents, and the large, handsome ones one dollar. And now the housekeeper—that deaf old woman who is hovering about in the corridor—will show you to your room and give you the smock that is our uniform of service."

Grubbing in the garden patches and tinkering at odd jobs around the domain proved to be an agreeable occupation for Brother William, as his blue smock now gave him the right to be called. It brought him into frequent view of and occasional conversation with Sister Lucy, the girl whose wild, shy loveliness, encountered at the threshold of the Dungeon, had erased from his mind all memories of civilized flappers and cultured co-eds.

But their talks were frequently interrupted. The Teacher's voice would come booming out, "Sister Lucy, I need you." At meals she sat at the Teacher's table. During the afternoon lectures she wandered down to the beach by herself, in her bathing suit.

"You seem to be the Teacher's pet," Brother William said to her lightly, the third morning after his arrival. But the smile that he had expected to answer his little jest did not caress those luscious young lips so provocative, for him, of imagined kisses. She locked frightened and became silent.

"How about us going swimming together this afternoon?" he suggested.

"Oh, no, you can't," she answered timidly. "You've got to hear the lecture."

"I've heard enough of the Teacher's bunk for one week."

"He will scold."

"If he does I'll tell him he owes me ninety dollars' worth of cowrie shells," Brother William declared sturdily. "I'll meet you in front of the place at three o'clock."

That afternoon, by insistent questions, he learned the odd, uneventful history of Lucy Williams. Her father had died when she was a child. Her mother, a naive and credulous creature, joined the Teacher's cult in Chicago, and had been one of the founders of this colony, by the sacrifice of her nest-egg of insurance money. Lucy had lived at the Dungeon, when she was ten years old. She was now eighteen. Her mother had died four years ago, and she had no other kin. She was amazingly ignorant of life. She could read and write, but her education had stopped when she had been taken out of the public schools. Her ideas were a childish welter of the Teacher's confused philosophies.

"He is so wise," she said.

Bill Brown took and held her tanned little hand caressingly, while he poured sand down her neck to assure her that his attentions were fraternal.

"Lucy," he asserted solemnly, "It's time that your real education began. The Teacher is nothing but a great wind-bag."

What is Your Greatest Homemaking Problem?

We are aiming to make our Shrine Service Departments, which began last month, of such value that our Shrine readers will come to us for guidance in everything that makes for an ideal home. Mrs. Christine Frederick, the well-known Domestic Science expert, has placed her Home Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for the testing of all household devices and appliances, as well as food products. Watch for her articles on Special Cookery Technique, Tested Recipes, Recipe Contests, etc. Write and tell Mrs. Frederick what you would like to see discussed in these Shrine Service pages.

Again she said she was afraid. He quietly took her up in his arms and carried her back to the sun-drowsy sands.

"Now then, what are you afraid of?"

"Of him. He will put me in jail if I don't obey him."

"In jail! Nonsense!"

"He has seen how I like you. So I will have to marry him next Sunday."

"Marry that measly fanatic! Good Lord, child, is that what is going on?"

"It has been arranged ever since that other woman died," she said. "I said I would, when summer was over. Now he wants to hurry it, because you are here."

"Do you want to marry him?"

"I thought I wouldn't mind it very much—until you came."

"But what's this talk about his putting you in jail?"

"It's on account of the Teacher's wife."

"Oh, I wanted to ask you about her. In fact, I came to this place to find out about her, if I could."

"She died."

"Yes. Committed suicide, didn't she?"

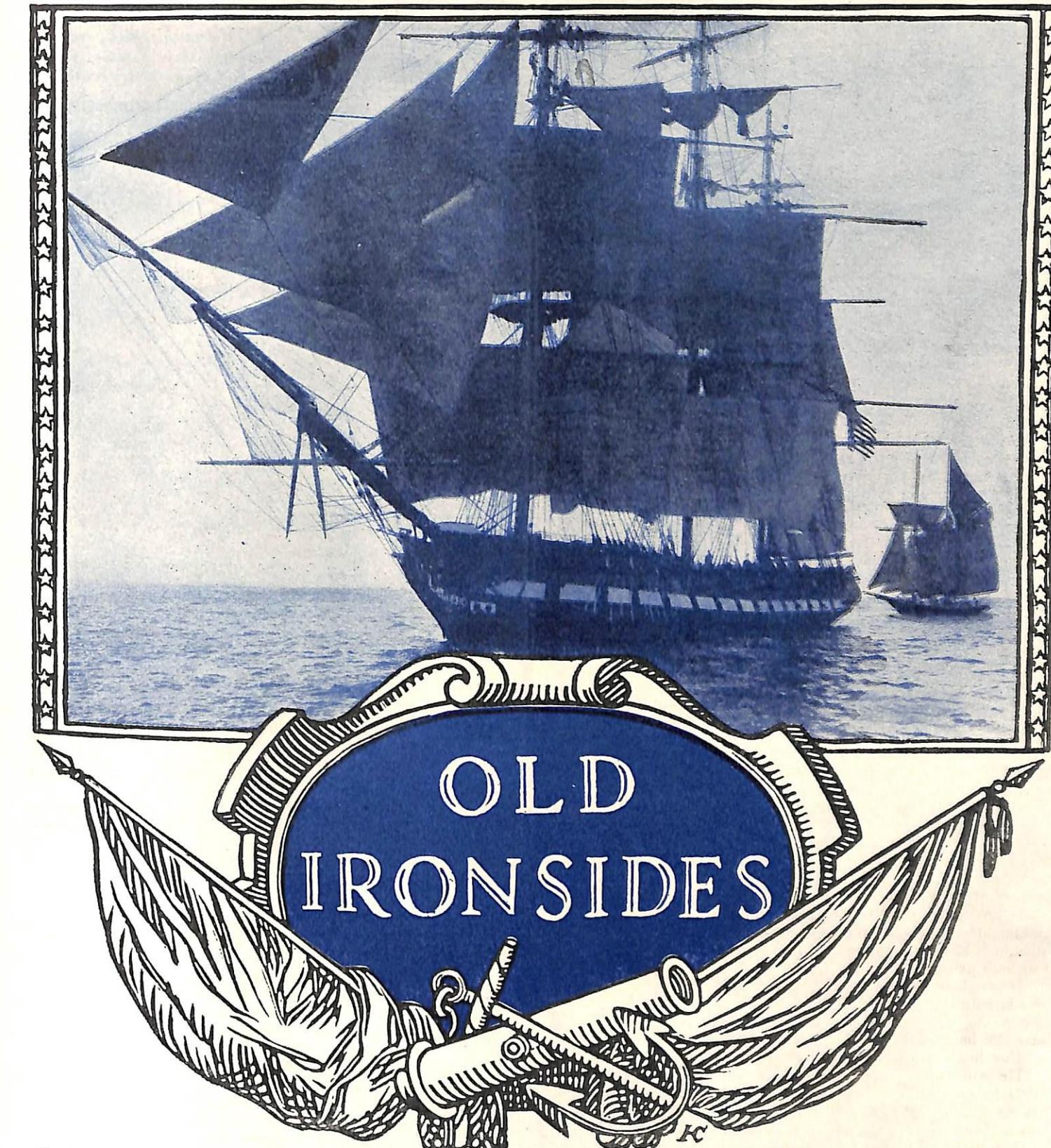
"No."

"Then did he—did he kill her?"

"No. I killed her."

He turned incredulous eyes upon her, saw that her face was blank with terror, and drew her wet, trembling body closer to him.

"You won't tell on me, will you?" [Continued on page 70]



A Glorification of the Ship that cleared the Seas of Barbary Pirates

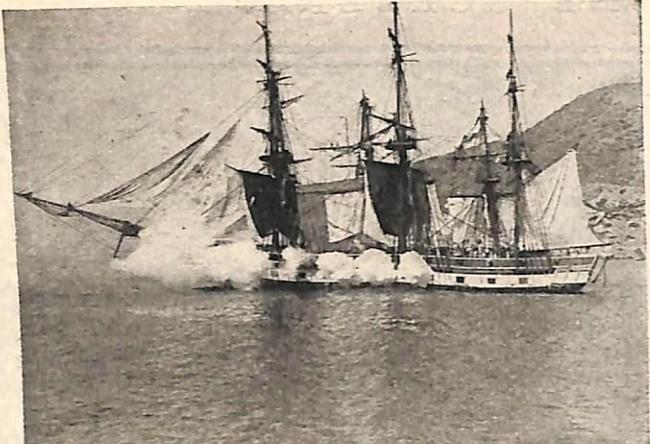
By Paul Thompson

Decorations by Harry Cimino

MORE and more is the moving picture screen serving a valuable purpose entirely apart from its avowed one of providing entertainment and thereby making money. This is in being educational, not in the obvious school-room manner, but indirectly, after all the most effective if most insidious way. Presented purely under the guise of amusement the lesson is much more apt to be lasting than one learned from compulsory school or university attendance with pedagogical insistence upon the attendants learning and memorizing data and historical dates that mean little at the time and even less with the passage of the years.

So with the historical phase of the motion picture "Old

I personally learned more from the Famous Players-Lasky picture about the birth of our navy, our war with the Barbary pirates, just who and what Decatur, Wainwright, O'Bannon, and Preble were and did than I had ever gotten from my fragmentary classroom study of American history. It was the same experience which I had in learning about the reconstruction days in the south after the Civil War from "The Birth of a Nation." These two pictures belong in a constantly increasing list that included "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham



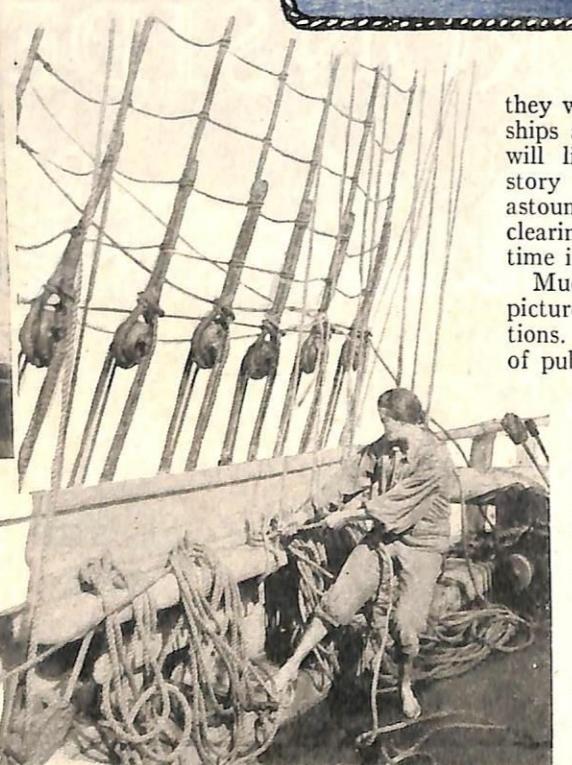
The Barbary Pirate frigate "Castle" firing a salvo at the U. S. S. Constitution (Old Ironsides).

"Lincoln," probably the forthcoming "Rough Riders" dealing with Theodore Roosevelt's life, etc. Their value is inestimable, and no matter what the motive that prompts their production they represent one of the most encouraging and finest cultural advances made by this much-maligned industry.

As is true of the two pictures already dealt with in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, "What Price Glory," and "The Fire Brigade," the story of the picture is negligible. It is the theme and the treatment that count and make all three pictures outstanding among their contemporaries. For the success of "Old Ironsides" credit, then, goes only partly to Lawrence Stallings, author of the story. James Cruze, the director, best remembered for his epic of the western migration, "The Covered Wagon," is entitled to more than the lion's share of glory. Thus can one partly understand the reported rift between the two men that resulted in Stallings, the ex-marine, with three moving picture "specials" on Broadway at the same time, packing up and leaving Catalina Island in dudgeon because of his inability to dwell in continued amity with Cruze.



The Gunner
(GEORGE BANCROFT)



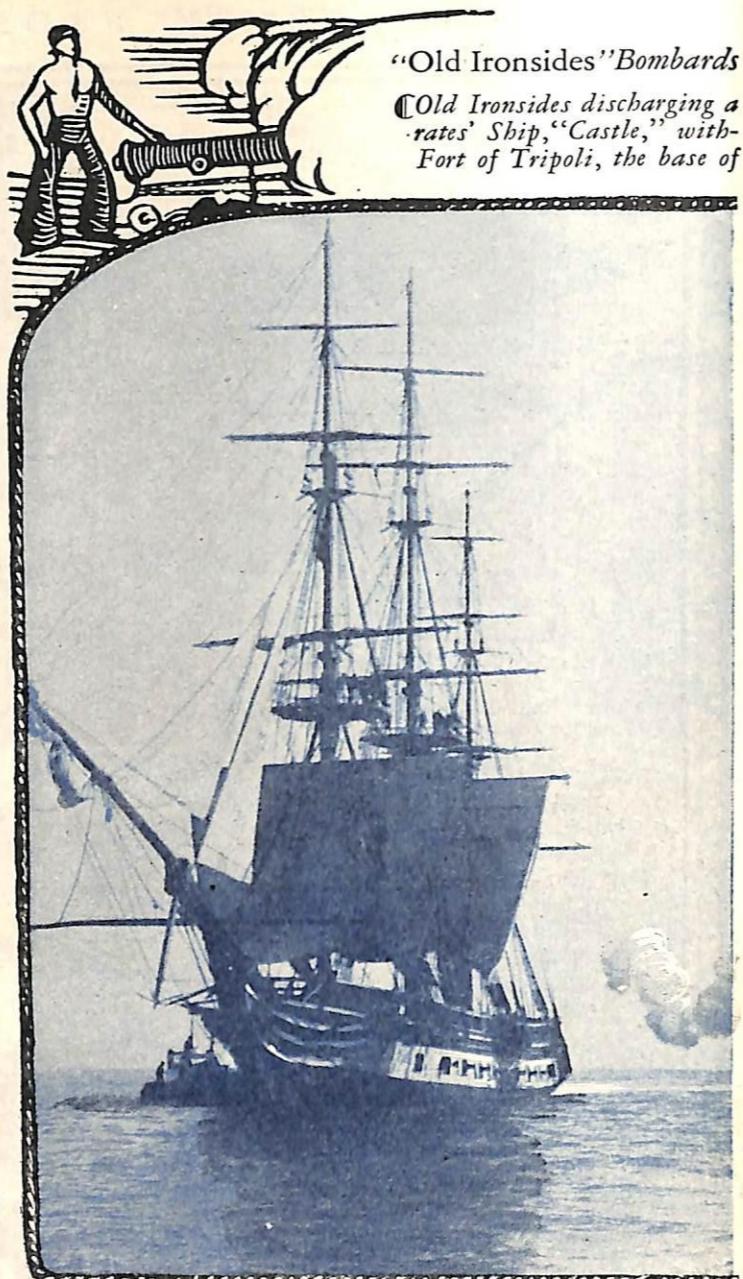
The Boy (CHARLES FARRELL)
—landlubber, winning his
spurs aboard the "Esther."

while "Old Ironsides" was being finished. Quite probably Stallings' work had been done, anyway, and he was no longer needed.

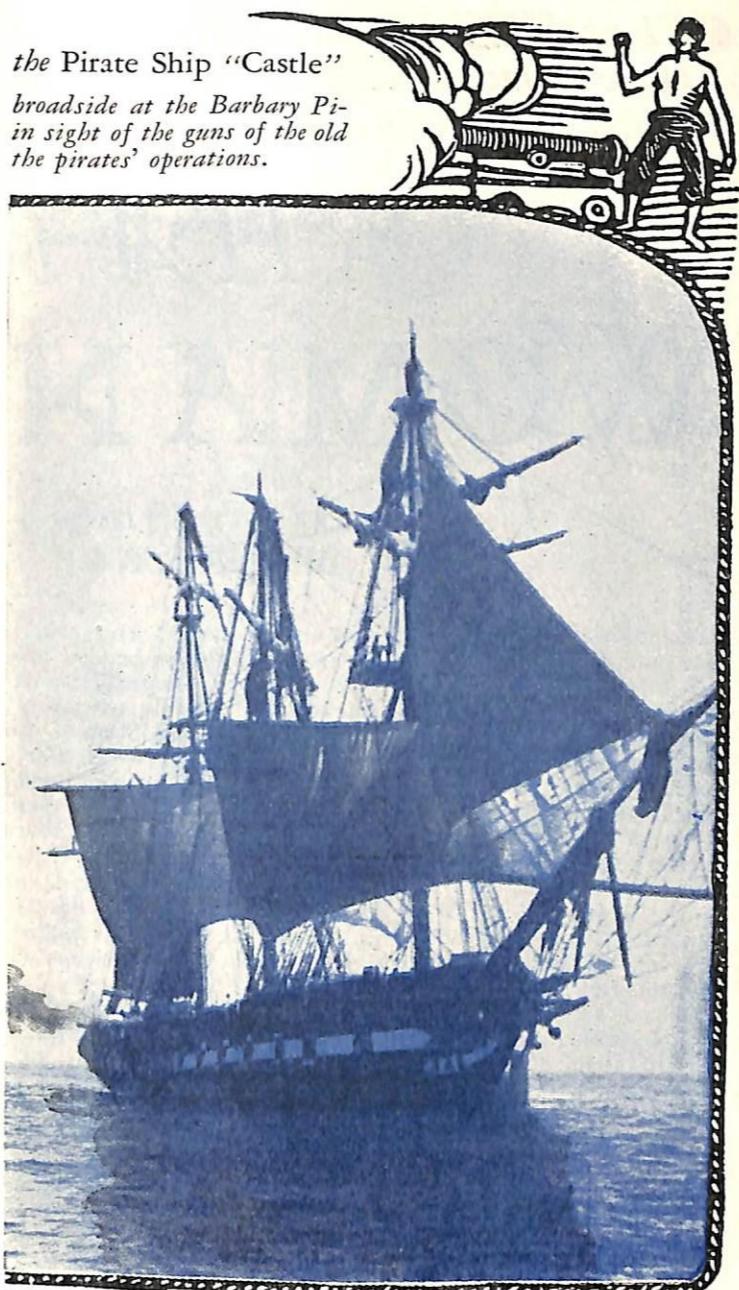
However that may be, the director more than succeeded in his purpose. He has given to the world a graphic, at-all-times convincing picture of the birth of "The Constitution" and her time. How she was decided upon, built, met and defeated all comers, the men who manned her and her sister ships, what manner of men

they were and how that era produced such ships and such men to create history that will live forever because it records the story of the new republic with the most astounding and unheard of impudence clearing the high seas of piracy for the first time in civilization.

Much talk there always is in the moving picture world of "million dollar" productions. Usually this is the care-free attitude of publicity and exploitation men in handing ciphers on their typewriters. But in this instance it happens to be true because those in the know say that "Old Ironsides" represents a cost of two million dollars. This is not represented entirely in the picture which you see on the screen but is partly due to the unusual and unprecedented number of re-takes which were made. If one considers these incidental items an idea can be had of what the total cost must have been. The amount of sand and concrete and board going into the making of two harbors for Tripoli and old Salem. And what do you think the construction of an exact replica of The Constitution stood for on the ledgers? Two thousand men



"Old Ironsides" Bombs
Old Ironsides discharging a broadside at the Barbary Pirates' Ship, "Castle," with Fort of Tripoli, the base of the pirates' operations.



the Pirate Ship "Castle"
broadside at the Barbary Pirates' Ship, "Castle," with Fort of Tripoli, the base of the pirates' operations.



The Boatswain (WALLACE BEERY) helps Old Ironsides' gunner fire his last shot at the pirates.

files of the Navy Department library at Washington. He, Cruze, and Messrs. Carr and Woods, visited Tripoli, the scene of the most spectacular if not the greatest triumph of "Old Ironsides" and the climax of the picture. Then Catalina Island, so recently in the news as the scene of the California marathon swim, where most of the scenes in the picture were filmed. The amount of work done by everyone connected with the production, from Stallings' research work and actual writing of the script to Cruze's directing, is almost incredible. To both Stallings and Cruze have come enhanced reputations as a result.

STALLINGS had already tasted fame with "What Price Glory," the war-time play, which he wrote in collaboration with Maxwell Anderson, a fellow worker on the New York World. "The Big Parade" then brought him money and fame in the movies. As though this were not enough his screen fame was clinched with "What Price Glory," as a picture. And then following on the heels of this came "Old Ironsides." All these things are some slight compensation for the loss of a leg while serving as



Stephen Decatur
(JOHNNY
WALKER)—
The world famous
youth, whose
valor and bravery
helped clear the
seas of pirates.



The Boy (CHARLES FARRELL) and the Girl (ESTHER RALSTON) in the galley of the "Esther."

a captain of Marines in France during the World War.

There is little doubt that Stallings' world-war experiences provided him not only with material but also with the directness and sincerity which are characteristics of his writing for the stage and the screen.

Some charges of anachronism have been brought against him and Cruze in connection with the story of [Continued on page 55]



¶That Winsomest of Comedies
shows how charming a Woman
what a funny animal is a

WHAT WOMAN

By Sir James
M. BARRIE

THE world owes John Shand an education. Here he is, twenty-one stern, studious years of age, and has had to give up his college courses and become a porter on a little Scotch railway—all because he is penniless. A fine state of affairs! And here are those impossible Wylies (*Wylie and Sons* of the local granite quarry who live in the same town of Galashiels with him, and who are simply *reeking* with books. Books bought for social prestige only, for the creatures never read. Books, if you will believe it, that are kept behind glass doors to prevent anyone getting at them.

But John gets at them. He wouldn't so lower himself as to enter the door of the *Wylie* house, but a persistent scholar like himself can easily sneak in through the window of nights, help himself to the books while the *Wylie* family sleeps on in ignorance, and study his head off.

On one of the nocturnal visits *Wylie and Sons* catch him—at a psychological moment, too, for just now they are much worried about their *Maggie*—a little brown hen of a girl, somewhere in her late twenties, who has never been able to make the grade with the gentlemen of Galashiels. She is, heaven help her, destitute of charm, that thing of which she herself says:

" . . . it's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have . . . "

James and *David Wylie*, her stiff but adoring brothers, would turn the universe upside down for a husband for *Maggie*. It is so pitiful for her to be left out in the cold this way. And she so sweet, at that! Then they find *John Shand* at his strange thievery.

John Shand, now! A remarkable proposition is put to him. The ambitious boy must have his chance—*Maggie* must have a man!

David—. . . Mr. Shand, we're willing, the three of us, to lay out three hundred pounds on your education if—

John—Take care.
David—On condition that five years from now, *Maggie Wylie*, if still unmarried, can claim to marry you, should such be her wish; the thing to be perfectly open on her side, but you to be strictly tied down . . . It's a good arrangement for you, Mr. Shand. The chances are you'll never have to go on with it, for in all probability she'll marry soon.

James—She's tremendous run after.
John—Even if it's true, it's just keeping me in reserve in case she misses doing better . . . Another thing. Supposing I was to get fond of her?

Alick (Wylie père)—It's very likely . . .
John—Or take it the other way. Supposing as I got to know her I could not endure her?

James—What you need, *John Shand*, is a clout on the head. But even without the clout the seed has been sown. A young Scotsman of his ability—let loose in the world with three hundred pounds! The future dances before him. He looks at *Maggie*, knitting beside the fire.

John—What's her age?
David—She's one of those women who is eternally young.
John—I can't take that for an answer.
David—She's twenty-five.
John—I'm just twenty-one.

Maggie Wylie (HELEN HAYES) that little brown hen of a woman who, heaven help her, is without charm, believes that long steel needles are unfailing for knitting a man's love up with a woman's.

in which the great English Playwright with no charm can be, and man with no humor at all

EVERY KNOWS

¶A Story from
the STAGE

Maggie has been pretty high-hat about the whole thing, and the boy is, of course, as proud as Lucifer. But in the end a stern agreement is made and *Miss Wylie* relents a little.

Maggie—David said I'm twenty-five, I'm twenty-six.

Oo-o-o! *Maggie Wylie*!

Now that the bargain is sealed, she assumes the rôle of a woman pledged, ties her *John's* muffler snugly about his neck and conducts him to a proper exit—the door, this time.

David . . . You'll be the making of him . . . Are you taking the books to your bed, *Maggie*?

Maggie—Yes, I don't want him to know things I don't know myself.

You see the plot thickening, don't you? After her departure up-stairs the three *Wylies* look at each other.

James . . . It was very noble of her to tell him she's twenty-six. But I thought she was twenty-seven.

Oo-o-o! *Maggie Wylie*!

SIX years elapse. Now they are in London; *Maggie* reigning quaintly over the household of *John Shand*, Member of Parliament. If *John* has progressed, what of the little brown hen! She has eaten up the *Wylie* library; has learned to speak French; has developed a sparkling humor. Cabinet Ministers find her delicious, and she is particularly appreciated by the *Comtesse de la Brière*, aunt of young *Lady Sybil Tenderden*. Meanwhile—*Maggie* types *John's* speeches, putting in (on her own) those flashing little touches which come to be known in the House as "Shandisms." *John* thinks that these gleaming words are his own, and that he is abnormally clever. Well, she's older than he is, thinks *Maggie*, and she has no charm. She has to make up somehow!

It is, however, one thing to put wit in a man's mouth and another to put fire in his heart.

The race is between *Maggie* and the *Lady Sybil*. The little world in tatters. If this defection of *John's* comes out, if he bolts with the *Lady Sybil*, his career may be smashed. Careers are touchy things. Who will put the saving humor into his dreary speeches? It is all particularly terrible at this moment when he is to be tried by the Government for a high office. The test is to be a speech at Leeds. Oh, h: must not fail!

At *Maggie's* instigation the *Comtesse* invites *John* down to the country and she makes her promise to have *Sybil* bird-brain like *Sybil's* can prove to be an unmitigated bore. Very soon *John* has had his dose of her—but he won't own up to it. And then there's his speech, finished now, which he gives to *Mr. Venables*, who is in the Cabinet, to read. The speech is a plain flop.

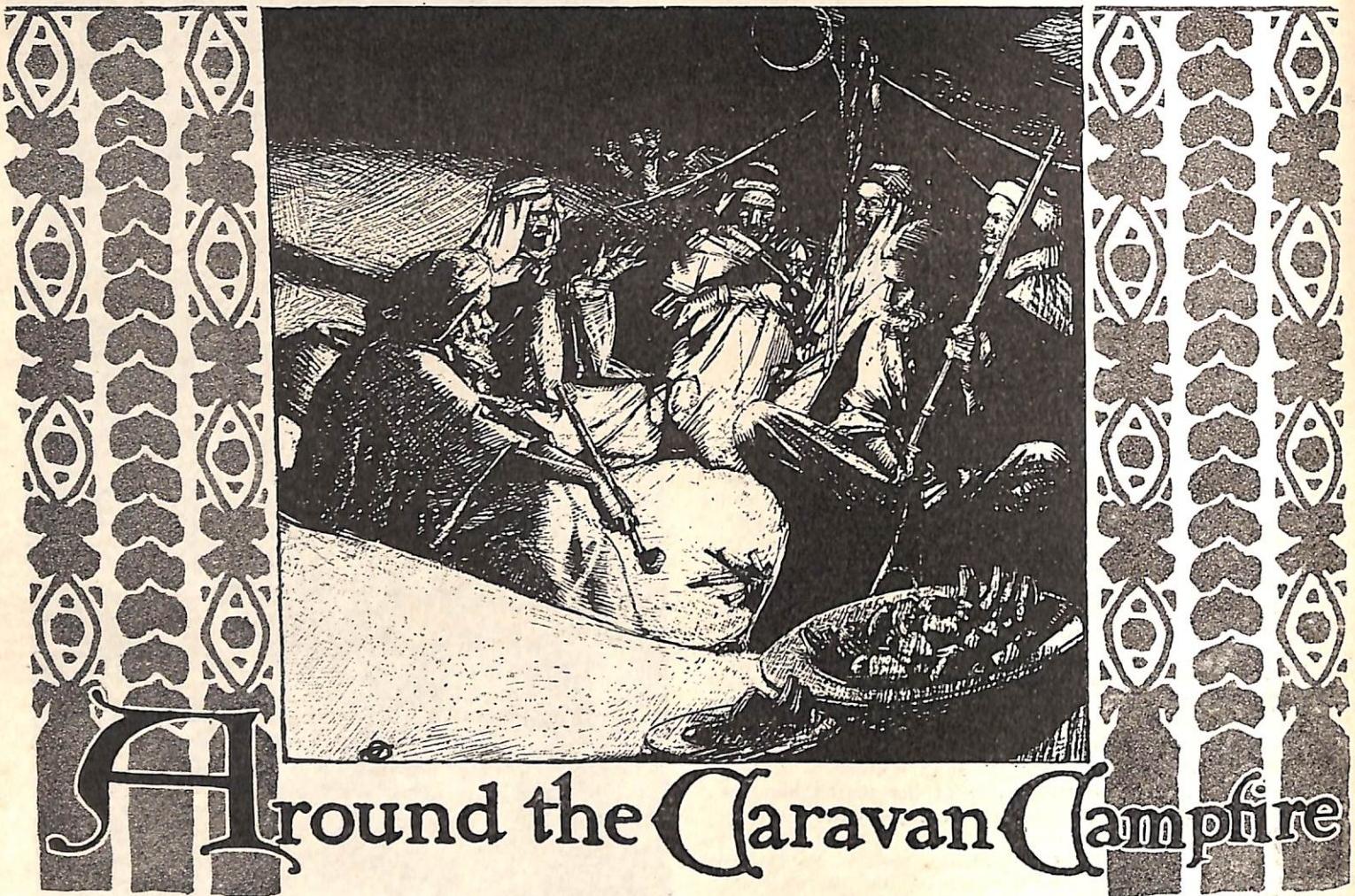
Venables (to *Maggie* who after a week has joined the house-party)—It is a powerful, well-thought-out piece of work . . . but it has no special quality of its own—none of the little touches that used to make an old stager like myself want to pat *Shand* on the shoulder.

Left alone with the *Comtesse* the redoubtable *Maggie* extracts a roll of typewritten papers from her bag.

Comtesse—What precisely is that? [Continued on page 67]



John Shand (KENNETH MacKENNA) who, starving for knowledge, is about to make one of his illicit raids upon the library of the *Wylies*, who keep books behind glass doors to prevent anyone getting at them.



By Roe Fulkerson

HAVE three pet peeves. Alarm clocks head the list. I never heard one explode with any degree of pleasure. Calendars come second. They always remind me of some unpleasant duty like paying a bill or going where I do not want to go. The third is window envelopes. I never received any good news in an oiled paper open front envelope. Nothing ever comes in them but bills and notices that it is time to try to induce the cashier to renew that note.

The little tin rat, tat, tat, tat on the bedside table this morning woke me as usual. I was sleepy as I went to the bathroom to do what I could to fight the ravages of time on my unpretty face. After I had squeezed the shaving soap on to the brush I picked up a toothbrush and mistaking the shaving soap tube for the dental cream I covered it with soap!

Have you ever tasted shaving soap? Have you ever vigorously rubbed your gums till your mouth was full of soap suds? If not, take it from me, Noble, you haven't missed much! I sputtered soap bubbles into a bathroom of a deep cerealian hue till I got that stuff washed out of my mouth.

When I said to my wife "Do you know what happened to me? I washed my teeth with shaving soap!" she gave me one high hat look and in a cold Ritz voice which can shrivel up a husband like a worm on a red hot stove, replied, "I think you had better go back to the bathroom and wash your mouth out with soap again. I hate to hear a man so common!" She turned away, the matter settled. Really, there wasn't much more for me to say. I had voiced a lot of profanity and was ashamed.

The only time I ever passed up a Shriner was when I walked into a crowded smoking compartment on a train from New Orleans. Two Nobles were in conversation. As the rattle of the train interfered they talked loud. In less than five minutes I tossed my half smoked cigarette into a receptacle and left

the room, for fear they might notice my Shrine pin and include me in the conversation. Almost every other word was an oath from each of them. They used profanity, as a printer uses periods, to end a sentence.

I am no Sunday School Superintendent. I am no reformer. I am not over religious. But to me profuse profanity evidences a lack of breeding, lack of education, lack of culture. I do not like to advertise my deficiencies by my speech. I wanted to take the Shrine buttons off these two careless Nobles lest others think bad language characteristic of Shriners. I know Nobles are not roughnecks, but I am afraid others don't and might judge the organization by these two specimens.

Words are queer things. One of Emerson's essays says that if you stick a knife into Montaigne's words they bleed, so vital are they. No editor could omit a single word of Lincoln's Gettysburg address without injuring it.

When a man opens his mouth he gives his hearers a peep into his brain. Whether that advertisement stamps him as a man of culture or a chap of low tastes is strictly up to him. Profanity is one of the first evidences of a low order of intelligence.

In the heart of every man are one or two singing words. When you have found his singing word you see his heart.

To some the singing word is "Home". Around this one word his whole life is centered. To it he responds as the hunting hounds respond to the horn. To it his every heart fibre tingles and sings. All day he works at his factory, shop or office to get money, not for money's sake but that the home may be paid for, be better furnished, the wife may have nicer clothes and greater comforts, the children a good education and nice surroundings.

To another man "Money" is the singing word. Hypnotized by the power of wealth he leaves love, friendship, happiness and other worth-while things out of his scheme of life, to hoard wealth only to find that in [Continued on page 55]



[The Shriners Hospital in far western Canada.]

By
Alfred E.
McGinley

WINNIPEG Mobile Unit

Western Canada is proud of its Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children

I HAVE just returned from witnessing a wonderful demonstration of real charity.

I have found an institution free as the air, recognizing no limitations of color, race or creed, requiring only that its beneficiaries shall be no more than fourteen years of age, mentally sound, and not physically incurable—an institution doing a noble work for unfortunate little ones who have no private or family means of obtaining the care and attention necessary to transform them from saddened, pain-racked wrecks to healthy normal humans.

I have seen a garden of children's smiles, a temple of love and tenderness. I have visited the Winnipeg Unit of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children—and I am a better man for the experience.

They call it a mobile unit, this wonderful addition to Winnipeg's institutions. In the classification adopted by the founders of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children, a unit becomes mobile when it is not housed in a special building of its own. The original intention, I understand, was that such units would be established for service in sparsely settled districts of large area, that they should be moved from place to place as their mission called for it—the hospitals were brought to the patients, as it were—and thus the scope of their usefulness correspondingly increased. But so far as Western Canada is concerned, the mobile has taken on immobility—the Winnipeg unit cannot be moved. Established March 15th, 1925, it has already made such a record for service that any suggestion that it should be located elsewhere would meet with high disfavor in this city, and it is safe assumption that this Unit of the Shriners Hospitals will be a fixture in its present location.

But although Winnipeg is immensely proud of it, it is by no means a mere local institution. Its field of work is as wide, and as comprehensive, as the noble spirit which prompted its founding. It draws its clients from a territory—literally an Empire in extent—from the North to the South, from the East to the

West, and from the thousands of square miles between.

Thus it is that on my recent visit, I saw a lad from the icy regions of Hudson Bay in the North, and a girl from the United States, a patient from Fort McMurray in British Columbia, and another from the Eastern part of Manitoba.

True, it has not a building of its own. But it might as well have for it is commodiously and adequately housed in a wing of the Winnipeg Children's Hospital, an admirable building for the purpose, is distinct and separate from the other parts of that institution and possesses ample facilities for its work. In the north end of the city, convenient of access and yet in a delightful location, not hemmed in by other buildings, but permitting full benefit of fresh air and sunshine, one might search the whole western country without finding a better primary condition for the successful accomplishment of the hospital's work.

The day selected for my visit to the Hospital could not have been more appropriate if specially made for the occasion. The sun, the sky, the air, all radiated cheerfulness and happiness, and cheerfulness was the note I found dominating this eye-opening institution from end to end.

It has been my fortune, or misfortune, to have become fairly well acquainted with hospitals, both as patient and visitor. Quite early in life, I learned to associate them with the thought of sorrow and suffering. Later, when the whole world was over-run by the gory tide of war, they took on another and a horrid meaning; they held the consequence of the purposeful infliction of pain and injury. Then I hated hospitals, but little less than the circumstances that made them necessary. But the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, brought me a new and added emotion, a sorrow that there should be a need for it, blotted out in a great gladness that the need had been so well met.

For this did not seem like a hospital, this substantial home-like looking building with nothing of the institutional appearance about it. It was not sad and smelly, but cheerful and sweet; it wasn't gloomy and forbidding, but bright and



[Two views of the same little patient before and after treatment at Winnipeg Mobile Unit.]



SHRINE HOSPITAL NEWS



colorful and inviting; the faces I saw were not strained and pain-racked and tense, but hopeful and happy—and they smiled, and the sound of light childish prattle and laughter could be heard like the benison it was—a blessing on those who had made possible this noble work, a lasting benediction on this temple of children's smiles.

A smiling, white-robed attendant answered my knock and graciously bade me enter. The reception hall was warm and comfortable, so different from most institutions whose very chilliness seems to frown on closer acquaintance, the business and administrative offices again lacked the institutional aspect; actually there were pictures on the walls, and an air of hominess. A door half open gave a glimpse of white beds and white walls, but not the dead bare walls one associates with such places. There were little chairs and tables, toys and even dolls, while tired little eyes could be lulled to slumber by the sight of the pictured characters from Mother Goose, Wizard of Oz, chickens and kittens and fat little rabbits, yes and fairies too, the whole making just the sort of room a child would delight in.

The retention room was first visited. Here it is that the children are taken when first admitted, and here they remain until observation and examination reveal that they are free from contagious disease. Two weeks suffice for this, and, at the end of that period, the child is taken to the regular hospital ward and treatment commences.

The retention room had one occupant when I visited it. He was a little Indian youngster from York Factory—away up where the North begins in the great hinterland of Manitoba. Arthur, he was called, and he is a full-blood—a direct descendant of the noble aborigines who once ranged this Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and vigorously disputed every foot of the way with their white conquerors. But there wasn't anything especially noble or inspiring about the circumstances in which he lived before he was brought to the attention of the Shriners. In squalor and misery, dirty and emaciated, they found him bearing scant resemblance to the gravely smiling immaculate little figure I saw nestling among his pillows. He had been in the hospital a week, and soon would join the other children to undergo treatment for the spinal affliction that made him a patient. His case, I was told, was serious but not hopeless—hopeless cases are not admitted—and it was believed that on the completion of his stay he would be so materially improved that he could go out with the hope to take his place in the world, a happy, grateful witness to the efficiency of the work that is being done by Shriners.

A pretty child walked to meet us as we entered the girls' ward. "This is Alice from Medicine Hat," said my guide. "When she came to us, she was almost a helpless cripple, suffering from hip disease, but you would hardly think it now." And, as Alice came shyly forward, it was noticed that she walked with a bare suggestion of a limp—and, as the treatment

goes on, even that suggestion will probably disappear entirely. There was another Alice, this one from North Dakota. When she entered the hospital, she was unable to stand erect or walk, her only method of progress being a painful and ugly sort of jerky crawl. Her case required five months of patient care and treatment, but she left with her little limbs straight, her powers of locomotion restored, and the prospect that she will grow into a healthy, strong and normal woman.

"How do the children act when they first come in?" I asked my guide. "Are they not timid about their operations?" "Well, for the first day or two they naturally are homesick, but they soon learn to trust the doctor and the nurses, and come to love them."

Space will not permit to tell of all the cases which have passed through this hospital in the nineteen months of its existence. It suffices merely to say that the hospital was opened on March 15, 1925, and since that time, up to the time of my visit, more than 150 children have passed through it and have been discharged, completely cured, or materially benefited.

The Winnipeg Unit has accommodation for 24 children and when I visited it every bed was in use, while the waiting list contained the names of 90 suffering little ones in whose behalf application had been made to share in its benefits. When the seriousness of the majority of the cases brought to the hospital is considered, it might reasonably be supposed that to reach a condition of cure, or even material improvement, months and months of treatment would be required, and it is therefore all the more surprising to learn that the average length of stay per patient is but 72 days.

And after they leave the hospital the children are not dropped, or forgotten. The same loving attention and care, characteristic of the whole movement, is continued; reports as to their condition are received regularly, and, where necessary, they are brought into the institution for examination or further treatment.

They require to bring no clothing; everything in this line is provided for them while in the institution, or at their discharge, this work being undertaken by the Women's Auxiliary. A glimpse into the commodious room, stocked from floor to ceiling with all sorts of hospital requisites in the way of bed linen, little nighties, towels, bandages, etc., showed how well supplied the Institution is in this regard, while photographs of patients discharged indicate that the ladies bring to their self-appointed task their usual devoted and intelligently directed energy.

Like the stationary hospitals and the other mobile units, all the phases of the work are under the supervision of a local Board of Governors. This Board is composed of Noble Arthur W. Chapman, Chairman; William A. McKay, Vice-Chairman and Secretary; Alex McIntyre, Clarence C. Fields, David Drehmer, James Mackie, W. F. Taylor, D. D. S., and H. T. Hazelton, all of Khartum Temple of Winnipeg, and ex-officio, the Potentates of Khartum, Winnipeg, [Continued on page 78]

THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS



A. W. Chapman
Chairman



C. R. MacLean
Potentate, Khartum



W. A. McKay
Vice-Chairman



Alex McIntyre



Dr. W. F. Taylor



David Drehmer



H. T. Hazelton



James Mackie



Clarence C. Fields

WITHIN THE SHRINE



THE SHRINE EDITORIALS

YOU HAVE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS EACH YEAR TO MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

T'S A lot of fun just to be alive. The great majority of people are dead. Some still walking around are dead and not aware of it.

Every one enjoys taking long chances and cards and make a flush than to make it on a one card draw.

Look at your calendar. There are three hundred and sixty-five days on it. The chances are only three hundred and sixty-five to one that you will have more fun today than you have had for a whole year.

The chances are only three hundred and sixty-five to one today you will make the best friend you ever had. It is worth while to watch carefully and treat nicely all the people you meet today.

Today is one of three hundred and sixty-five chances you have to live, laugh and love in a world that is as full of life, of lifting laughter and of love as an egg is full of meat. It's foolish to miss any of them!

Today is one of three hundred and sixty-five chances we have each year to make some other person as happy as a Shriner always is, to teach one other person the philosophy of the Shrine, which is to smile no matter how tough the going.

It is wonderful how many times you can beat that three hundred and sixty-five to one bet if you really try. Any day you may see a laughing baby in a perambulator, a traffic cop get bumped by a flivver, a fat man have his hat blown off in a busy street, a potentate sit down in the wrong chair during the second section, a short-skirted painted flapper helping an old lady across a busy corner or have some fellow tell you a really new story.

It's a wonderful world to live in and a great game to beat.

A HEAVY BURDEN OF RESPONSIBILITY IS PLACED ON THE TEMPLE IN ADMITTING NEW MEMBERS



ORE and more every day membership in the Mystic Shrine is becoming desirable. More and more every day a Shrine card is becoming a guarantee of standing in every community. More and more every day on this continent a little Shrine pin in mark on a piece of silver. More and more every day membership in the Shrine is becoming a guarantee of a man's business and social standing in the city in which he lives.

More and more therefore is a burden of responsibility placed on every Temple, to be careful of the men admitted to the organization. Greater and greater must be the care with which we scrutinize every applicant for Nobility.

When we place a Shrine pin on a man's coat lapel we put him in a position where six hundred thousand of the best

men on this continent will trust him, will take his word as his bond, will assist him in any business proposition, will follow his lead in any enterprise where square dealing and absolute honesty are required.

There is a practical side to the Shrine which cannot be ignored. No man with a Shrine card has difficulty in obtaining employment in places of trust. No man with a Shrine card has difficulty in getting a check cashed if he applies to the Recorder of a Shrine Temple and shows that he is in good standing. Your Temple guarantees its membership to the world.

Bear these facts in mind when taking a petition into your Temple. The Temple should think of these things when acting on that petition.

The Shrine has quantity enough. What it needs in future membership as in the past, is quality. Allah be thanked, the sifting process in the Masonic bodies which are prerequisite to Shrine membership, makes the possibility of error remote. Our mistakes have been few. But these are additional reasons for great caution, that the present high standard be maintained, that the Masonic and profane world may continue to hold the Shrine and Nobles in that same high regard with which they have always been held.

ALL MASONIC BODIES INculcate LOVE OF COUNTRY AND RESPECT FOR THE FLAG

FROM the first hesitant footstep of the young Entered Apprentice to the Shrine itself, all Masonry inculcates love of country and respect for the flag.

Woven into the fabric of every degree postulants is the woof of patriotism and loyalty.

That these lessons are not wasted is proved by the wonderful showing made by Masons in the late war and by the Legion Units of our Temples in the United States and the equivalent in the Temples of Canada.

The Shrine is not a national but an international organization. It teaches love of country and love of the flag of the country in which we live.

No meeting of a Temple of the Mystic Shrine in Canada should be held without the British flag prominently displayed, nor should any meeting of the Mystic Shrine in the United States be held without the Stars and Stripes in evidence.

It is unthinkable that Temples should omit this intentionally but in the rush of the many details of ceremonials this important matter has been neglected on a few occasions.

It should be the duty of some one man, legionnaire or patrolman, to see that the flag is ever in evidence at ceremonials, just as Nobles were in evidence when the two flags we follow waved over the same battlefields in a common cause.

The Shrine is a joyous organization, but no meeting was ever made sad by honest sentiment. There is no greater appeal to the sentiment in any good citizen than to see the flag he loves waving over the people he also loves.

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE W. H. ABBOTT
Mocha Temple
London, Ont., Can.

Most of his acquaintances, seemingly, never knew it, but Recorder W. H. Abbott, of Mocha Temple, London, Ontario, had to give up a lot of time for about forty years to the business of manufacturing wagons and carriages. They will be glad to hear that he has now decided not to let business interfere any longer with pleasure, and will be free to give all his time to the affairs of Masonic bodies to which he belongs.

Mocha Temple and other Masonic bodies to which he belongs. Mocha has sent him twelve times as a Representative to the Imperial Council, and has kept him as its Recorder since 1908. Speaking only on rare occasions, and those far apart, Noble Abbott is a tireless and efficient worker, and usually succeeds in getting his way when his mind and heart are set on doing so.



NOBLE GEORGE W. P. HUNT
El Zaribah Temple
Phoenix, Ariz.

Noble George W. P. Hunt, of Phoenix—and El Zaribah—is governor of Arizona, and a fighting man of the true Roosevelt type. He has fought tooth and nail for irrigation projects in his state, and has had much to do with the way what-used-to-be-the-desert has bloomed there in these latter years. Governor Hunt is an enthusiast for good roads, as well as for irrigation,

and motorists who stop off in Arizona are likely to be surprised by the general excellence of the state's highways. It has 2000 miles of surfaced roads—and many an older and more thickly populated and richer state cannot boast as much, in proportion to its resources.



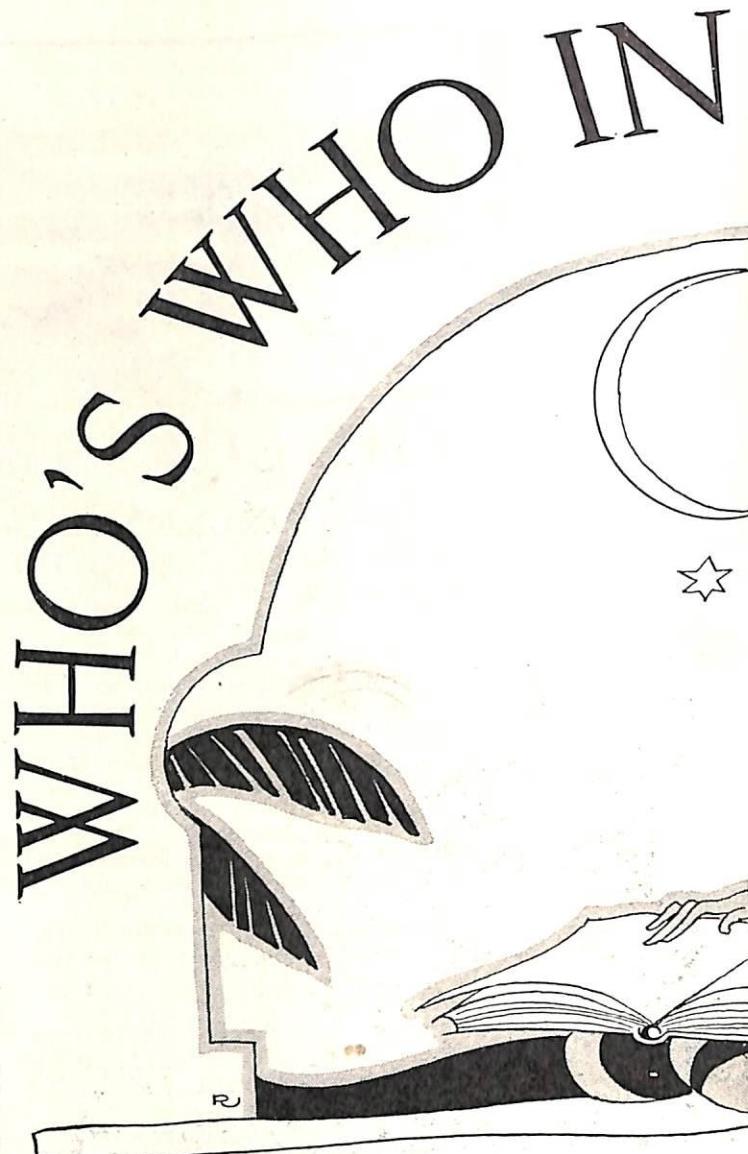
NOBLE ELTON WATKINS
Al Kader Temple
Portland, Ore.

Noble Elton Watkins, of Al Kader, Portland, Oregon, is not one to trim his sails according to the prevailing wind. He lives in what has always been regarded as a Republican stronghold, but he is a Democrat, and when he decided to go into politics he stuck to his guns. Nor has he ever let expediency or a desire to achieve a quick and easy popularity influence him. His first political reward was an appointment in the Department of Justice.

Later he was prosecutor for the Oregon Bar Association, and he made himself a terror to Oregon lawyers who were not above the sharp practices that shysters love. In one year he saw to it that sixteen of these gentry were disbarred, and the would-be crooked lawyer in Oregon has done a lot of thinking ever since before trying to victimize a client.

In 1919 Noble Watkins was United States Attorney, and in 1920 he was a Presidential Elector and the Oregon member of the committee that notified James M. Cox that he had been chosen to run against Warren G. Harding. He is now a member of Congress, and is the first Democrat the Third District ever sent to Washington.

They say a good many of his friends were worried, during his campaign, because he was so uncompromising a supporter of the Volstead Act and the 18th Amendment. They couldn't do



a thing with him, and they went to some of those engaged, in a big way, in bootlegging.

"Look here," they said. "Watkins is a dry, and all, but he's the best man for the job, and we want you boys to vote for him, even if he is on the other side of the fence from you."

"Sure we'll vote for him!" said one of the bootleggers. And he went on, earnestly: "Listen—do you think we'd vote for a guy that wanted to repeal the Volstead act and spoil our business? Not a chance!"



JOSEPH SEINSHEIMER
El Mina Temple
Galveston, Tex.

Past Potentate Joseph Seinsheimer, of El Mina Temple, Galveston, has nearly completed fifty years of Masonic membership and activity; his membership goes back to April 1877. He is justly proud of the fact that General Albert Pike, whose fame endures in Pike's Peak, conferred the 30th, 31st and 32nd degrees upon him. He is an Honorary 33rd and a member of the Royal Jesters. Originally, in the Shrine, Order of Scotland and the Knights of Pythias, he became a charter applicant for El Mina, of which temple he was Potentate from 1902 to 1909. He is an Emeritus Member of the Imperial Council. Noble Seinsheimer is an important figure in the Council. Noble Seinsheimer is an important figure in the Council.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

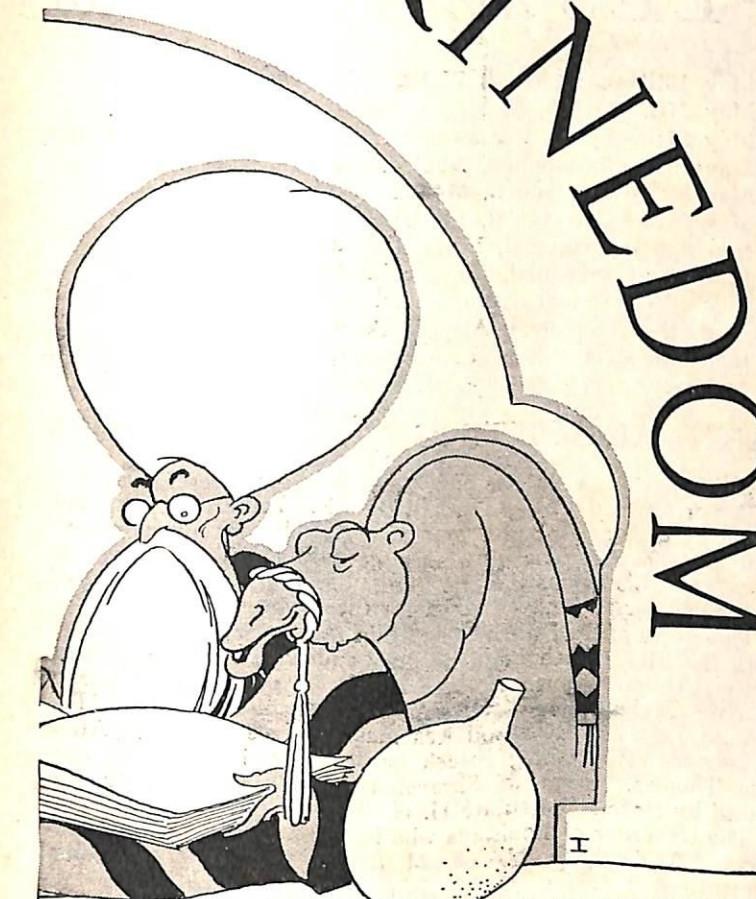


NOBLE PETER KOOI
Kalif Temple
Sheridan, Wyo.

Past Potentate Peter Kooi, of Kalif Temple, Sheridan, Wyoming, used to own most of the coal mines in Wyoming. He has sold them now, and has leisure to enjoy life. But he keeps pretty busy. He still spends some time in Wyoming, and is a Permanent Representative from Kalif. It was he who really started Kalif—he was the man who made the fight for its dispensation. He also maintains membership in his other Masonic bodies in Chicago.

Noble Kooi is probably prouder of his daughter than of anything or anyone else in the world—and with some reason. He probably wouldn't be in a position now to be proud of anything except for her. One day she saw a car, loaded with dynamite, start rolling gently down a grade. She knew the tracks—knew just where that car was going, unless someone stopped it. First she tried the telephone, but without success. And then she jumped into her car and started to race that car of dynamite. Because it was headed straight for a private car, sidetracked three miles away, in which, at the moment, her father was talking business to Eastern capitalists.

She was making good time when she blew a tire. But she didn't stop. A Ford was near, and she took it, kept on, and reached the station in time to have a switch thrown and prevent a collision that would have scattered her father and his friends over half a Wyoming county.



NOBLE S. A. BURNHAM
Medinah Temple
Chicago, Ills.



In almost every Temple of the Shrine you will find some Noble who can never be persuaded to accept office, and is yet among the most prominent and best known of its Nobility. Noble Sanford A. Burnham, of Medinah, Chicago, comes in this category. You may not have heard of him—and yet there can be no doubt that you have, unconsciously, paid tribute to him more than once. Have you ever, in some country railway station, boresomely waiting for a train, seen a stand which, for a penny, offers you chewing gum, or your weight, or something? Well, Noble Burnham probably put it there; he has had concessions of this sort all over the United States. And he has made a lot of money out of the enterprise.

But no one who knows how he loves to spend it grudges him the money he has made. He has appointed himself chairman and sole member of a sort of unofficial Committee of Welcome for Medinah. No visitor to the Oasis of Chicago can fail to attract Noble Burnham's attention—and no one who has ever enjoyed his hospitality ever forgets it. He does the thing in the grand manner. There is no limit to his resourcefulness, and the stories the visitors take home of Noble Burnham and his ways of making them happy have spread his fame far and wide.



NOBLE E. F. MORGAN
Osiris Temple
Wheeling, W. Va.

Time was when the profession of teaching school introduced a good many men into public life. But of late for a man to become a school teacher has seemed to be a sentence to continuance of such work for the term of his natural life.

Noble Ephraim F. Morgan, of Osiris Temple, Wheeling, West Virginia, however, refused to accept the sentence. After working his way through his state university and the Fairmont State Normal School he taught school himself for nine years, but then he made it plain that he was through, and took up the practice of law. His first political preferment made him City Attorney. Then he became a county judge and resigned that office to accept a designation as a Public Service Commissioner, resigning that place, in turn, to run for governor of West Virginia—which office he held from 1921 to 1925.



DR. HARRY E. SHARRER
Orak Temple
Hammond, Ind.

Dr. Harry E. Sharrer, Past Potentate (the first) of Orak Temple, Hammond, Indiana, is so full of energy that his friends find it hopeless to keep up with him. As an example—he organized a uniformed patrol the day Orak got its dispensation, and entered it in a competition at Fort Wayne within a month. And it won a prize! He served Orak as Potentate for six years and has been its Representative to the Imperial Council since its organization. He is active through all phases of Masonry.

APRIL, 1927

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE TEMPLES and Other News

COMING EVENTS

April—Every Friday night, dance, Moslem Temple, Detroit, Michigan.
 April 1st—Ceremonial, Mohammed, Peoria, Ills.
 April 1st—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 April 3rd—Reception and dance to Imperial Potentate, Alhamra, Chattanooga
 April 4th—Ceremonial, Tripoli, Milwaukee
 April 4th—Annual Concert, El Zagal Chanters, Fargo, No. Dakota
 April 5th—Mahi, Miami, host at Cinderella Ball to Blue Lodges, Scottish Rite, York Rite and Grotto members
 April 8th—Dedication and Ceremonial, Midian, Wichita
 April 9th—Ceremonial, Nile, Seattle
 April 10th—Concert, El Zagal String Quartette, Fargo, N. D.
 April 11th—Ceremonial, Palestine, Providence
 April 14th—Stag night under auspices Crescent Patrol, Trenton, New Jersey
 April 16th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 April 18th—Charity ball, Kalurah, Binghamton
 April 19th—Dance, Mohammed, Peoria, Ills.
 April 21st—Ceremonial of Al Amin, Little Rock at El Dorado, Ark.
 April 22nd—Ceremonial, Ainad, E. St. Louis, Ills.
 April 22nd—Ceremonial, Hadi, Evansville
 April 24th—Cornerstone laying of Mosque and S. R. Cathedral, Palestine, Providence
 April 24-30th—Visit of Egypt, Tampa, to Havana. Ceremonial
 April 25th—Ball, El Zagal, Fargo
 April 25th—Ceremonial, Tadmor, Akron
 April 26th—Ceremonial, Medinah, Chicago
 April 27th—Ceremonial, Damascus, Rochester
 April 29th—Ceremonial, Mizpah, Ft. Wayne
 April 30th—Golden Anniversary Ceremonial and Imperial visit, Cyprus, Albany, N. Y.
 May 2d—Stag night, Mohammed, Peoria, Ills.
 May—Third Wednesday, Spring Ceremonial, Yaarab, Atlanta
 May 4th—Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
 May 4th—Ceremonial, Hagerstown by Ali Ghan, Cumberland
 May 4th—Ceremonial, Syria, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
 May 6th—Ceremonial, Ararat, Kansas City, Missouri
 May 6th—Ceremonial, Zenobia, Toledo
 May 7th—Ceremonial, Moslah, Ft. Worth, Texas
 May 8th—Mothers' Day Celebration, Islam, San Francisco
 May 8th—Concert, El Zagal Orchestra, Fargo, North Dakota
 May 11th—Ceremonial, Alcazar, Montgomery, Ala.
 May 12th—Ceremonial, Zamora, Birmingham, Ala.
 May 13th—Official visit Imperial Potentate to Alcazar, Montgomery
 May 14th—Ceremonial, Arabia, Houston
 May 15th—Opening Redwood Grove, Islam, San Francisco
 May 16th—Official visit Imperial Potentate to Zamora, Birmingham
 May 17th—Ceremonial, El Riad, Sioux Falls, So. Dak.
 May 19th—Dance, Mohammed, Peoria, Illinois
 May 19th—Dancing and entertainment of Crescent Band, Trenton, to ladies and Nobles



Percy E. Hoak, President of the Shrine Directors Association.

May 19th—Ceremonial, Wahabi, Jackson, Miss.
 May 27th—Dance, El Kalah, Salt Lake City
 May 27th—Spring Ceremonial and Pageant, El Zagal, Fargo
 May 27th—Ceremonial, Ahmed, Marquette, Mich.
 May 28th—Ceremonial, Moolah, St. Louis, Mo.
 May 29th—Ceremonial, El Zagal, Fargo
 June 1st—Ceremonial, LuLu, Philadelphia
 June 2d—Ceremonial, Moslem, Detroit, Mich.
 June 3d—Informal dance, Islam, San Francisco
 June 3d—Ceremonial, Aleppo, Boston
 June 4th—Ceremonial of Crescent, Trenton, at Camden, New Jersey

ANNUAL MEETING of the DIRECTORS

Shreveport has entertained the Directors Association and both parties to the affair are still friends. More than that, one might even go as far as to say that their relations are more cordial than ever. The three-day gathering will go down in Shreveport history as the one time when dull care was swatted in the jugular and stayed down for the count.

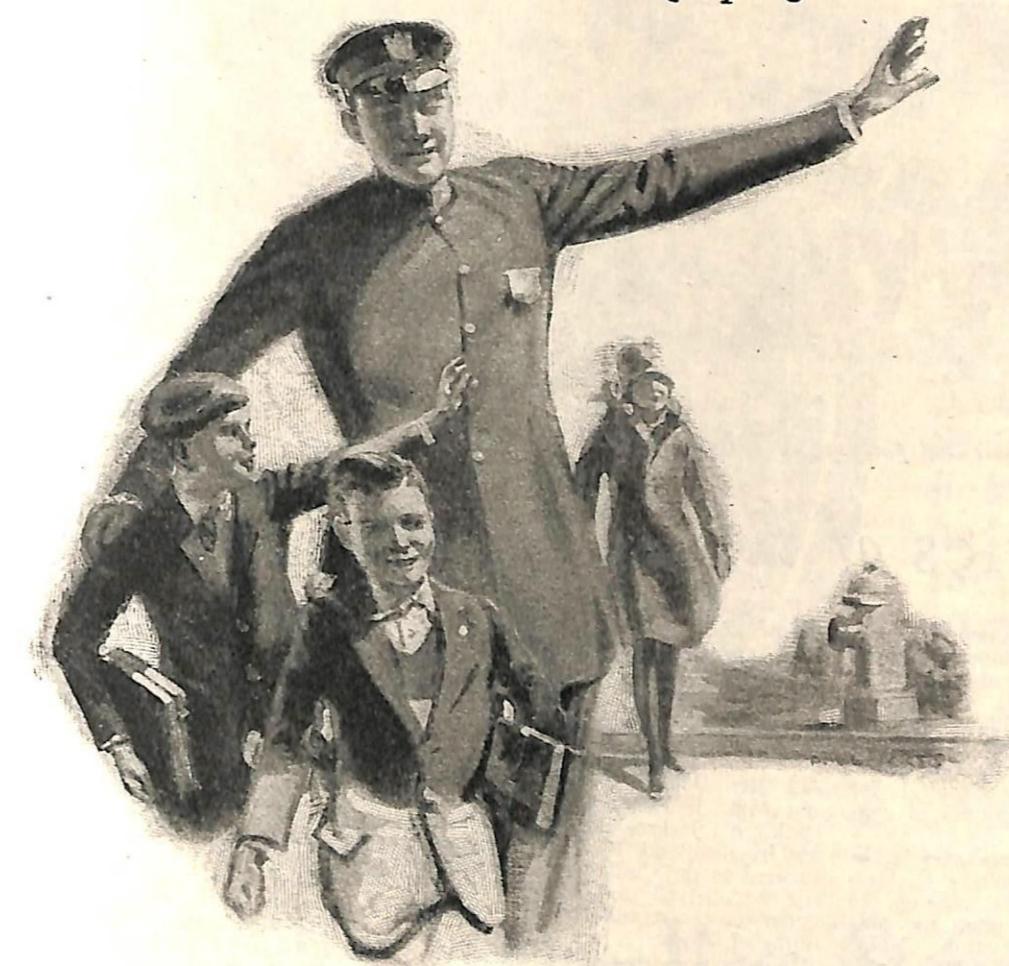
Hostilities opened when the curtain rose in Scottish Rite Hall with the El Karubah Band on duty and with the officers, past officers, committeemen of the Association, distinguished guests and the El Karubah Divan seated in a semi-circle. Past Potentate James H. Rowland was master of ceremonies. After delivering a welcoming speech he introduced Past Potentate Lee Thomas, mayor of Shreveport, whose speech took the crowd by storm. Potentate H. H. Baine followed.

The Governor of Louisiana who is also a Shriner, sent his regrets. A death in his official family prevented his being present.

Potentate Charles F. Buck, Jr., Deputy Sovereign Inspector General for the Southern Jurisdiction, S. R., in welcoming the Directors said that the Scottish Rite for Louisiana now recognized that the purposes of the Shrine were truly Masonic. Grand Commander Rowland extended greetings from that body and introduced President Robert Sindall of the Directors Association.

Minutes were read and approved and the president's report received, showing a membership of 153 temples out of 157, the missing ones being Aloha, Al Azhar, Anezeh and Oriental. Adjournment was had for luncheon, El Karubah being host, after which a parade formed to march to the depot to receive Imperial Potentate Crossland. The parade consisted of El Karubah Band, Patrol, Drum Corps, Chanters, Directors of Yaarab, Atlanta, De Molay boys, the truck of Hella, Dallas, which furnished the discordant notes, the Islam dragon from San Francisco operated by forty candidates, and an auto on which the public was invited to ride.

The Imperial Potentate was escorted to the Cathedral where the first and third sections were put on, the Imperial Potentate acknowledging the reception in a brief speech. Following the degree work, the Shreveport Hospital Unit was visited and a tree dedicated to the Imperial Potentate. In the evening the second section was put on, under the direction of Noble Earl Swan, India, Oklahoma. Eighty stunts brought by the various Directors were given and their reception at the hands of the Nobility left no doubt as to their acceptability. The morning session [Continued on page 64]



PROTECTION

Thundering tons of traffic come to a stop. The most dangerous crossing in town is robbed of its power to harm the tiniest pedestrian . . . protection at hand . . . what a feeling of security it creates and how well even the youngest sense it . . . how consciously apprehensive we all are in its absence.

The same children, wives and mothers who need protection on the highways also need protection in the home. There may be only one time in their lives when this need will be urgent, but to be able to fulfill the need at that critical moment is vital.

1. The revolver has a place in the hands of the law-abiding public.
2. A thug would rather attack an unarmed pedestrian, motorist or householder than an armed one.
3. To prohibit the manufacture and sale of revolvers in order to prevent crime would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to put an end to automobile accidents.
4. The use of a revolver or any form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.
5. A swift, sure punishment for crime is the only proper means for reducing crime.
6. The 2nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States means just what it says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

That is why we are proud of the high traditions of public service that have been handed down from generation to generation in this Company. In times of national danger it has caused us to do our part in protecting the Nation as a whole, and in times of peace it has enabled us to protect the individual.

Our Descriptive Booklet A may interest you—it will be sent free upon request.

SMITH & WESSON
 SPRINGFIELD,
 MASS., U. S. A.
 THE REVOLVER MANUFACTURER

 WITHIN THE SHRINE 



(The Imperial Potentate and party at the Biltmore Hotel, Coral Gables, Florida.

Activities of the IMPERIAL POTENTATE

FOLLOWING a strenuous trip throughout the various Oases, Imperial Potentate David W. Crosland returned to Montgomery, Ala., about the middle of December to enjoy a well earned rest. Plans made for visits in the immediate vicinity in January were called off because of the meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Hospital for Crippled Children and other duties in connection with Shrine affairs.

In February visits were resumed. The first was a trip to Atlanta, where the Imperial Potentate broadcast a message to Shriners with especial stress upon the hospital activities of the organization. Noble Crosland was accompanied by Mrs. Crosland, Potentate and Mrs. H. C. Crenshaw, Assistant Rabban Joseph Seeman, High Priest and Prophet and Mrs. Claude Hendrix and Recorder and Mrs. O. C. Humphrey.

Imperial Potentate Thomas C. Law, Yaarab, Atlanta, endeavored to crowd into one night entertainment that might properly have filled several days.

A tour of inspection of Florida temples began on February 4th. In the party besides those already mentioned were Noble and Mrs. Quisenberry and Past Potentate and Mrs. J. Harry Lewis of Osman, St. Paul. At Jacksonville the Potentate was met by the Band, Patrol and Chanter and escorted to the Carling Hotel, where breakfast was served under the supervision of Potentate Davis and Past Potentate E. J. Burke of Morocco, Jacksonville.

A delegation from Pensacola waited upon the Imperial Potentate in the morning, presenting claims for a dispensation for that section. The ladies of the party were taken in hand by Mrs. J. C. Reynolds and Mrs. Adams of Mahi Temple, conductor.

Arriving in Miami the visitors were taken to the Biltmore Hotel where the three floors of the Towers were set aside for their use. The women of the city royally entertained their visiting sisters, while the men were equally hospitably taken care of under the direction of a committee headed by Noble Henry J. Kramer, formerly Captain of Medinah Motor Club of Chicago and now a resident contractor and builder of Miami. A pleasing feature was the presentation by the Imperial Potentate of the Past Potentate's jewel to Noble D. Orr, in the hospital where he was recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Luncheon was served at the hotel, following which the Ceremonial was put on. One of the remarkable features was the presentation of the visitors. The entire center section had been reserved for [Continued on page 58]



(A dinner was given to the Imperial Potentate by Past Potentate E. E. McLin, Morocco, Jacksonville. Those present were Imperial Potentate Crosland; Past Potentate E. E. McLin; J. Putnam Stevens, Past Imperial Potentate; Dr. Paul Davis, Potentate, Morocco; Henry Crenshaw, Potentate, Alcazar; Edward Lane, Pres. Sanford Florida Shrine Club; Past Potentates of Morocco—Harry B. Hoyt, Judge J. C. Reynolds, Giles Wilson, and Ed Burke; J. Harry Lewis, Past Potentate, Osman; O. C. Humphrey, Sec'y to Imperial Potentate; Edwin S. Bennett, Alcazar; Claud Hendrix, Alcazar; Joe Seeman, Alcazar.

(Egypt Temple's gorgeous Patrol in the Shrine parade at the South Florida Fair, which was reviewed by the Imperial Potentate and thousands of spectators.

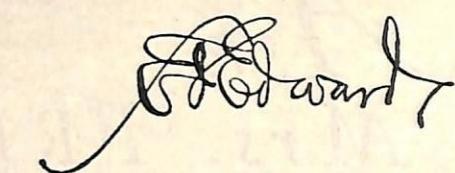


APRIL, 1927

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"For many years I have been an insistent and persistent devotee of cigarettes—especially of the Lucky Strike brand. The habit has never in any degree affected the clearness and strength of my voice."



Senator Edwards' Voice—Rare Among Orators

Clear, expressive, he guards it by protecting his throat

SENATOR EDWARDS of New Jersey is gifted with a fine speaking voice, powerful, always in control. His audiences are always impressed.

In smoking, he prefers Lucky Strikes because they give the greatest enjoyment and throat protection.

Lucky Strikes are smooth and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. They are made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process in treating the tobacco.

Smoke Lucky Strikes—you'll like them.

"It's toasted"
Your Throat Protection



When in New York you are cordially invited to see how Lucky Strikes are made at our exhibit, corner Broadway and 45th Street.



Ask Mrs. FREDERICK!

Dear Shrine Readers:

I AM delighted to have this opportunity to chat personally with you. And I want to answer the questions and letters which you may send me. You see, if I were able to visit each reader, or to speak with you a moment after a lecture which I had given before a club or other group to which you belonged, how splendid that would be! For I just know that many of you would like to have an answer to this or that problem—concerning foods or meal planning, or buying equipment, or arranging your kitchen, or budget—whatever is interesting to you. In our contests, we will take *only one kind of recipe* or dish, *each month*, thus, Pastry, Salads, Meats, etc., etc.

This month, April, I have selected Cakes as the subject. What unusual cake recipes have you handed down, in your own cookbooks or at the tip of your stirring spoon? They may be butter cakes, sponge cakes, any real cake mixture which does not fall into any other class of baking. The recipes must actually have been *tested by you*, and must give exact ingredients, methods of making and the fullest details. Each month there will be prizes as follows: \$10 for the first prize for the most unusual and delicious recipe; \$5 for the second best; five prizes of \$2 each for the five next in rating; and \$1 each for any other recipes which are judged worthy of printing.

Here are the exact requirements:

CAKE RECIPE CONTEST (April Shrine Service)

- 1—Write only on one side of the paper.
- 2—Write only one recipe to a page, but send in as many recipes as you choose.
- 3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of baking, size or number of servings and all details which will make the recipe practical and clear.
- 4—Address CAKE CONTEST EDITOR, SHRINE SERVICE, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City.
- 5—Contributions must be received by May 15th.

I come to you to know if you can tell me how to cut down on the same old grind of washing dishes three times a day."

Mrs. R. B.—Iowa.

Still the same old problem! If your family is small, I suggest that you wash dishes but twice a day, combining those of two meals together. Investigate some of the newer dishwashing racks where the dishes are brushed and scalded-rinsed by a hose from the faucet. Use a mild solution of washing soda instead of soap on all but china with goldleaf decoration. Stack to the right, drain clean dishes to left of sink, and don't waste time wiping. Use paper plates and containers occasionally as warm weather approaches.

"I make cream soups often for the baby, but find that the work of straining the vegetables with a wooden masher and ordinary sieve is quite tedious. Have you any better suggestion or device for this purpose?" Mrs. M. L. B., Mass.

I believe that you would find the Dilver Collander very helpful. This clamps to any table edge and has a revolving inner paddle which easily, and without strain forces the food through the perforations in the round bowl or collander. It mashes and presses any foods, fruits for sauces, and vegetables for the soups you mention. I am sending you the address direct.

"I guess I have finicky children, but they don't want to eat what I think is good for them. The boy 8, won't touch spinach, and the girl of 6 doesn't like milk. What do you advise?" Mrs. J. T., Calif.

Perhaps you have forced them to eat these things, and told them that they *must*! It takes quite a time to train a child into acquiring a taste and liking for a new food, and a little persuasion is much better here than flat insistence. Offer only very small portions of a new food at a time, arrange this in attractive ways and don't emphasize the matter. I have seen a mother shove a soup plateful of sloppy spinach at a child and command her to "eat it all up." No wonder the child "hated spinach!" Children who don't care for milk will often learn to like it by the addition of a beaten egg, a spoon of malted milk, a drop of essence of peppermint or a spoon of chocolate syrup to the glass, which disguises the milk as a "soda."

"What do you think of these new lacquer paints for re-decorating old furniture? Have you used them? Is the finish lasting?" Mrs. E. R., Texas.

I certainly have tested the new brushing lacquers, as they are called, and have found them excellent, most easy and convenient to use. But be sure to wipe off thoroughly with a clean cloth moistened in gasoline whatever surface you are going to paint before you apply the lacquer. This is necessary in order to remove the grease, finger-marks, and soil from the old finish before applying new. Also invest in good brushes, a large one, and a narrow one such as is used for painting window-trim, if you are doing legs, spindles or small surfaces. Fill the brush very full of lacquer, and apply rapidly with a long sweeping motion. Do the work in a warm place where there is not much breeze to disturb the work or "set" the lacquer too rapidly.

Mrs. Christine Frederick

You will wish to have the leaflet, HELPFUL HOUSECLEANING HINTS with its many suggestions on paints, polishes, and insect pests. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to SHRINE SERVICE, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

And now for the Monthly Prize Recipe Contest which we are planning to begin with this issue! I am sure that, as Shrine homemakers, you have recipes and cooking methods which are unusual and delicious, and which other readers would like to know about. And I wish to make these Monthly

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE

[Continued from page 44]

the end he has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

To yet another "Land" is the singing word. His idea of success is the accumulation of wide acres in the country, large blocks of real estate in the city. Yet six feet of it is all he can use when he carries a lily in one hand and the lodge drops sprigs of evergreen in upon him.

The true Shriner, and praise be to Allah the Merciful and Just a large percentage of us are true Shriners, has "Love" for his singing word. A love as wide and all inclusive as the spaces between earth and the stars. Love of home, love of country, love of fellowmen, love of our own children and those of others less fortunate.

Back of all the fun and frolic, the iconoclasm and nonsense, the mock pomp and laughable ceremony, is a creed and a doctrine. These are older than the pyramids, practiced by more philosophers than there are grains of sand in the desert.

They form the philosophy of doing your job the very best you know how, of doing all in your power to "strut your stuff" to the best advantage of those dependent on you, of plucking the flower beside the path of life rather than waiting for the big funeral bouquet. When you have done your best sit back and laugh! It is not enough to laugh at the other fellow; anybody can do that. True Shrine philosophy makes primary the ability to laugh at one's self.

Gee, how we old birds do wander; I started with alarm clocks, shaving soap and profanity and I end up with laughter. That's the idea, however. Do your work, then play; preach your sermon, then laugh; get down on your knees and pray, then get up and dust your pants and go out and make the prayer come true.

OLD IRONSIDES

[Continued from page 41]

"The Constitution," but, considering the limitations of any picture, and particularly such a one as "Old Ironsides," this is being a bit too captious.

The love story which runs through the picture serves as a thread on which to fasten the real story, the telling of the history of "The Constitution." Charles Farrell—"the boy"—from the country runs away from home to enlist. He fails to land a berth on "The Constitution" because he is shanghaied. Sailing on the same ship is "the girl"—Esther Ralston. They fall in love. This ship is captured by the Barbary pirates. And then the entrance on to the screen of "The Constitution," with all sails flying, wind astern, and with the use of the magnoscope (this throws a picture the entire size of the stage) coming booming right out of the picture over the footlights and providing one of the greatest thrills imaginable. Follows the great sea battle or battles in which once for all the sea power of the pirates of Tripoli is smashed.

Preceding this climax is the meeting of the American congress at Philadelphia at which the authorization for the building of "The Constitution," the construction, launching and manning of the boat is granted.

The reader can deduce from this how tenuous and gossamer-like is the story of the picture. One of the dominant features is the humor, salty, unrefined but real, of the unending duel between boatswain Wallace Beery and gunner's mate George Bancroft. The latter, too drunk to sail with "The Constitution" is shanghaied by Beery on the vessel that carries "the boy" and "the girl." Both actors contribute excellent characterizations.



To "Show Me" Fellows

Let us show you that the claims men make for this unique shaving cream are true

—Accept, Please, Full 10-Day Tube to Try

GENTLEMEN:

When salesmen call on us, we give them a courteous hearing—then ask for samples.

And since it is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, we sell Palmolive Shaving Cream on that basis. We think you are entitled to a testable sized sample before you try it.

Will you accept one—a full 10-day tube? We'll thank you for the opportunity.

60 years of soap study stand behind this creation. It embodies the expressed desire of 1000 men whose supreme wishes in a shaving cream were asked before we started it. Our whole experience as soap and skin

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.



10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1331, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

(PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS)

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

3509



SHRINE SERVICE

Conducted by
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



Mobilizing for the SPRING CLEANING

Refinishing a floor, giving it a new charm and gloss, is easily accomplished with this convenient power-polisher.

A WISE general makes most careful plans for his offensive against the enemy. He sees that his supply of ammunition is adequate and located in the right sectors, that his men are in condition, that the necessary rations can be relied on—above all, he has worked out an exact plan of approach, line by line, point by point. So, too, the efficient homemaker thoughtfully plans her spring cleaning campaign against woman's traditional enemy—King Dirt, and his trusty allies, Dust, Germs, and Disease. She, too, maps her attack step by step; what furnishings must be sent out for special repair or commercial cleansing? What closets shall be first overhauled? What blankets or clothing must be home washed and stored for the summer? Is she equipped with the right cleaning tools, and are they in good working condition? Is there a supply of cleansers and polishes, and adequate rations planned for family and helpers?

The old-fashioned "spring cleaning" was a wholesale upheaval for the entire family. But today if planned and carried out efficiently, this important spring renovation can be done easily, quietly, and with no great discomfort to those in the home.

ABSORPTION VS. SCATTERING CHARACTERIZES MODERN CLEANING

The chief point is for the home general to at once recognize the radical difference between the traditional principles of old time cleaning, and modern cleaning according to the 1927 model. The old idea of cleaning was entirely based on scattering of dust. This was typified in the use of the dirt-sprinkling harsh corn broom and the feather duster which dislodged the dust from picture or furniture only to have it settle elsewhere or sink more deeply into the carpet. The new modern idea of cleaning is based on absorption of dust. It is exemplified in the suction of the universally used vacuum cleaner, and also in the many developments of the dustless duster, the soft absorbent strands of wet, dry or other floor mops, and cleaning tools.

TOOLS WITH HANDLES GIVE PURCHASE WITHOUT EFFORT TO WORKER

Not only have cleaning methods been revolutionized in the last 20 years, but the tools themselves. A distinguishing feature



The modern principle of cleaning is based on the absorption of dust, as typified in this vacuum cleaner.

days the housekeeper did the best she could with her broom, her whisk broom and the inevitable cleaning rags. Today she has only to study her surfaces, her furnishings and equipment and she may find a brush or tool exactly suited to their cleaning.

For example, the old idea of cleaning a mattress was to bodily remove it from bed and room and lay it on the ground where someone had to whack it for hours with a rattan beater! Today there is no need for such extra toil and labor. The mattress may be left on the bed and be even more thoroughly cleansed by an attachment from the vacuum cleaner, or it may be gone over inch by inch by a small upholstery cleaning tool which the worker easily guides.

Just as no efficient homemaker would think of paring vegetables with a bread slicing knife, so today she no longer thinks of using only one or two tools to satisfy the complicated needs and high sanitary standards of the modern home. She uses a thin bladed brush for pushing out the dust between the edges of radiator partitions; she employs an unusual shaped round toilet brush and a triangular shaped tub brush to help keep her bathroom immaculate; she uses a tapering thin brush to push up and down her percolator spout, or in her glassware or pitchers, or to get down the narrow pipe of her refrigerator waste outlet; she even uses a button brush to get in and under the tufted depressions in upholstery and furniture.

MODERN TOOLS SHAPED AND DESIGNED FOR SPECIALIZED PURPOSES

Further, the up-to-date cleaning appliance is distinctive because it is exactly shaped and suited for a special need. In the old

LET US BUY FOR YOU

In addition to its household departments Shrine Service will act as buying agent for you for anything that may be bought in New York. No matter what you want—even theater, railroad and steamship tickets—tell us what it is and send us the money and we'll do the best we can for you. Address Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

[Continued on page 57]

MOBILIZING FOR THE SPRING CLEANING

[Continued from page 56]

Houscleaning is not complete unless it includes the laying away of clothing, insect prevention, and a considerable degree of house disinfection. Indeed, perhaps it is the very necessity of having to "lay away" furs and wools and heavy clothing that is the basis of the spring clean-up. Possibly if we always had winter, or lived in a land of eternal sunshine, wearing the same weight and kind of garments, we would have no need for spring cleaning whatever! It is because all of us are so burdened with a number of things that the best slogan for the cleaning commander is "Clothes And Closets First." Each closet or storage space should always be overhauled by itself, and not complicated by room cleaning in general. Garments should be sun-aired for a day when there is a good breeze. All wools should either be water-washed, or treated to a dip in gasoline outdoors. Furs or any fur trimmed garment should likewise have an open-air gas bath, hung to dry and then stored in a tight bag or box. Moth proof garment bags, each of the size best suited to the clothing it is to contain, and closing with metal clasps, make the most inexpensive home-storage closet.

Insect pests will enter as uninvited guests if the housekeeper does not keep eternal vigilance. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of mothballs. Sunshine, air, moving things around, removing waste, old papers, and even precious possessions if they have lain too long, are the best means of combating insect dangers.

A ladder which is convenient, compact and not so large but what it can be easily carried from room to room, is a necessity. A cleaning basket can easily be made out of any stout basket. It should be fitted with an assortment of polishes, pastes, disinfectant and the smaller cleaning tools as well as polishing rags. Carrying it from point to point in the cleaning campaign will save many separate handlings, and picking up and putting down. And a well-filled tool basket should be its companion. It may contain hammer, screw-driver, rule, pliers, tacks, nails and needed wire.

The cleaning commander will have in addition to tools and methods, a working schedule to go by. Instead of cleaning a little bit of one room, a mirror here, some furniture there, she should observe the tested principle of grouping processes and doing the same thing straight through. That is, clean all closets first; handle all bedding through all rooms together; then start on walls and continue through all the rooms on the same floor; then on furniture all through; then on windows, and last clean or wipe or polish or wax the floors throughout every room on the same house level. This plan prevents hit and miss work, and adds surprisingly to the ease with which an entire house can be cleaned.

One of the things most dreaded in the old-fashioned house-cleaning was the fact that the family had to take pot luck meals. But the modern homemaker will see that family and cleaning helpers are well provided, without interrupting the cleaning work to stop and do cooking. Many foods may be prepared in advance: an entire baked ham, a generous meat loaf, a big pot of homemade soup, a cake or stock of cookies and a quantity of stewed fruit.

Cleaning is really physical work and the housekeeper should be "dressed for the part." She should not wear any tight clothing or a garment which will make a pull at the waist. Rightly outfitted, and equipped, and with her campaign clear in mind, spring house-cleaning should leave the homemaker in the best of spirits.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 60]



This beautiful Araby wool Wilton rug is No. 206N. Ask your dealer to show it to you.

The Carpet of Chosroes

IN ancient Ctesiphon there reigned a Persian monarch, Chosroes I, whose delight it was to conduct the festivities of his Court in the splendid gardens of his Summer Palace. When Winter came, killing the tender blooms, he decreed that a carpet be wrought, patterned of flowers and fruit and the colors of Spring; that he might still gaze upon his beloved garden through the sere, drab days of Winter.

Profit by the wisdom of Chosroes the First! Bring into your home the gaiety and warmth of color of a Persian garden! Choose now, a Mohawk Masterpiece, to keep fresh through the coming months, the memory of your flowers and sunny lawns and growing things.

Ask the distinguished interior decorators, W. & J. Sloane, to aid you with free advice in the choosing of rugs adapted to your home. Rug plates in colors, forms for submitting a floor plan of your rooms and a fascinating Color Harmony Chart by Hazel Adler, sent without charge. Write Mohawk Department, W. & J. Sloane, 572 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOHAWK RUGS

Manufactured by

MOHAWK CARPET MILLS INC.

Amsterdam, N.Y.

IF YOU'RE A SKEPTIC

This is just what
YOU want



THE difference between making claims and making converts is the *real difference* in INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. It is a difference you can FEEL . . . the instant you lather . . . before your razor touches. The difference is not a scent—it's a sensation!

INGRAM'S is more than a shaving cream. It's lather and lotion in one. It cools and soothes the torn skin of one shave and leaves it in good shape for the next.

Nearly a million men had cool shaves with INGRAM'S in 1926.

Nearly a million men got rid of nositions about tender skins.

And now . . . if you're a skeptic—

DO THIS

Write us for your 7 Free cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your *usual* shaving preparation—lather the other side with the *unusual* . . . INGRAM'S. Then shave. It will be the coolest, smoothest shave you ever had. You'll spread INGRAM lather with a smile

...and spread the news among your friends that you've found a shaving cream at last that's really DIFFERENT.

Write us today for your 7 Free cool shaves. Your skin will thank you.

Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool INGRAM shaves. The jar costs only fifty cents.



187,776 jars in 1925
619,512 jars in 1926
Going even better now

Ingram's Shaving Cream
COOLS and SOOTHES as you shave

Frederick F. Ingram Co.—Est. 1885

134 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.—also Windsor, Canada

WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES OF THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

[Continued from page 52]

them and every seat was occupied. More than one hundred temples were represented. The visitors were escorted to the center of the room and introduced collectively to the local Nobility, following which a formal reception was given to the Imperial Potentate, who spoke for fifteen minutes amid salvos of applause. Dinner was tendered at the Biltmore Country Club and in the evening a dance was given at Cinderella Hall.

Next day the party attended the races and departed that night with happy recollections of its visit.

Thousands of fezzed sons of the desert, some bedecked in satin uniforms, some in tuxedoes, camels, elephants, orange blossoms, a beautiful internationally known opera star, a two-mile long parade, the anguished howl of branded novices, fireworks, the noise and racket of the South Florida fair—these and the many other events of a crowded program made up a kaleidoscopic day for the Imperial Potentate and his party while in Tampa, the home of Egypt Temple. Arriving on February 10th from Miami, the imperial party was greeted by Potentate James (Jim) McCants of Egypt, Mrs. McCants, Past Potentate and Mrs. Harry B. Roberts, Past Potentate Ernest C. Harris and Recorder Charles M. Davis.

The Imperial Potentate told Potentate McCants that Egypt had staged the largest and best Shrine parade of all the seventy odd temples he had visited.

The first two sections of the Ceremonial came next. Noble Roberts officially presented the Imperial Potentate to Potentate McCants and the Divan at the beginning of the second section in the evening, while the Patrol in evening dress acted as guard of honor. Mr. Crosland complimented the Temple on having become the largest Shrine organization in the state and added that he was especially proud because he considered himself the father of Egypt, having presented the charter to the Temple in 1917. An attractive panama hat was presented to him.

There was a dance on Davis Island in Tampa Bay in the evening. Earlier the women of the imperial party were guests of Mrs. McCants and the women's reception committee at dinner. Mrs. Crosland was presented with two lovely Cloisonné vases by the women of the Temple.

The Imperial Potentate and the men were guests at a six o'clock dinner tendered by Potentate McCants to forty members of the various Egypt Temple committees who had worked hard to make the day a huge success.

Chairmen of the various committees assisting Potentate McCants in making the Ceremonial the best in the Temple's history were: Nobles Harry B. Roberts, imperial visitors committee; Charles B. Moorehouse, visiting divan committee; Charles M. Davis, house committee; Ernest C. Harris, transportation; Fred B. Fletcher, aide to potentate; Ormand J. Sexton, Jr., parade committee; James Shaffer and Charles Blake, entrance committee; Perry G. Wall, glad-hand committee; Scott Shoemaker, membership and entertainment committees; John W. Broaddus, degree team; C. E. McMorris, provost guard; L. A. Wilson, police committee; Ed. F. O'Brien, welcome committee; Ed. J. Keefe and Hugh Dawson, refreshment committee; L. V. R. Townsend, bus committee; Ray H. Daley, publicity committee.

Noble Harry B. Roberts, who in addition to being the first potentate of Egypt Temple is also a life member of the Imperial Council, acted as luncheon host after which the parade was held with four thousand Shriners in line. In the same box with the Imperial Potentate, as he reviewed the parade, sat Miss Rosa Ponselle, star of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Besides the walking units which represented every Shrine Club in Florida and all but two temples, there were many elaborately decorated floats descriptive of Shrine scenes. Nine bands and drum corps furnished music. They included the Czech-Slovakia National Band, loaned for the occasion by John Ringling, Merle Evans' Concert Band, Bobby Broiler's Scotch Band.

Bachman's Million Dollar Concert Band, Kryl's Tarpon Springs Band, St. Petersburg Legion Band, Orlando Shrine Club Drum Corps and last, but not least, Egypt Temple's famous eighty-piece Band and twenty-four-piece Drum Corps.

Noble Perry G. Wall, Mayor of Tampa, was one of the marshals and Noble Charles McKay was chief marshal. The honor guard was composed of three hundred members of Egypt Temple dressed in dinner coats. Egypt had the honor place in line.

After the Shrine Band which led the parade came the Chanters in court dress uniforms with black and white silk capes. Then came Egypt's Drum Corps and Patrol in beautiful uniforms of white satin, decorated with orange blossoms. Perched high on a throne, mounted on a float typical of Arabia, were the members of Egypt's divan arrayed as real sons of the desert with long beards, bright turbans and flowing robes. The Patrol under the direction of Major Ernest Harris and Captain G. A. Brummette brought the immense crowd to its feet with their magnificent drill in front of the grandstand.

The Imperial Potentate told Potentate McCants that Egypt had staged the largest and best Shrine parade of all the seventy odd temples he had visited.

The men that made that cigarette were the last to hear that devastating and utterly false rumor. It had spread like wildfire. People are always ready to believe things like that. There was a time when people, as a whole, wouldn't eat tomatoes. This was why. A lady served tomato salad at lunch; a guest wouldn't take any. Tomatoes, she said, laughing, gave her little canker sores on her lips. A maid, hearing, thought she said tomatoes gave her cancer. That tale spread over the whole country. Tomatoes almost vanished as a result!

There is a tremendous foreign market for American cigarettes. In China, for example. Now, the mass of the Chinese population is illiterate, of course. You'd think that printed advertising would be utterly wasted there. So all cigarette makers used to think—till one, who couldn't be persuaded that advertising was useless anywhere, took a chance. He got tremendous results—because a Chinaman has a reverence for print and, even though he can't read

has a way of holding on to any bit of printed matter he gets hold of until he finds someone who can tell him what it's all about.

Again, if the Chinaman can't read, he can observe and memorize. Chinese sales of a cigarette fell off without seeming reason. It was found, finally, that a trifling change had been made in the label of the package—and John Chinaman fought shy of the new package at once.

One famous cigarette used to be sold extensively in Egypt. In every package there was a numbered coupon that served as a free chance in a sort of lottery. And one day this company received, at its Cairo office, a letter written by a local scribe for a back country Arab. Here it is:

"I have been buying your cigarettes for the last six months specially to get a prize. I have not got a prize and am sure that the company is crooked and that the prizes go to the employees. And your cigarettes are of such bad quality that they have injured my throat, and I am enclosing the doctor's bill, which I am sure you will be glad to pay."

The letter went to Cairo—but it holds a position of honor today, in a handsome frame, on the wall of the president's office in New York! Whenever he feels stealing over him a disposition to take things easy, to assume that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, he looks at it and decides not to take two hours for lunch that day!

[Shrine News Continued on page 64]

APRIL, 1927

WHAT'S BEHIND THE SMOKE

[Continued from page 18]

And twenty years later, in 1918, they had a machine that worked. Now, the handmade cigar really has competition—though the old timers won't admit it.

Naturally, this being 1927, the story of tobacco isn't told when the growing and manufacturing process have been described. There is still selling.

No business in the world is more fiercely competitive. None is more dependent on whims and fads. Tastes in tobacco, in cigars, in cigarettes, change overnight, with a mad and bewildering lack of apparent rhyme or reason.

A certain cigarette became a best seller. It sold by the million—the billion. Suddenly sales fell off. Advertising was doubled. No good. Special deals were made, with dealers almost giving fifty and a hundred cigarettes away. No good. Sales still fell off. The company, maddened, practically put detectives to work. Finally one of them heard a rumor.

"You smoke Merrys?" a man said to him at a ball game. "Look out! They give you a queer sort of disease of the mouth—make your teeth drop out!"

The men that made that cigarette were the last to hear that devastating and utterly false rumor. It had spread like wildfire. People are always ready to believe things like that. There was a time when people, as a whole, wouldn't eat tomatoes. This was why. A lady served tomato salad at lunch; a guest wouldn't take any. Tomatoes, she said, laughing, gave her little canker sores on her lips. A maid, hearing, thought she said tomatoes gave her cancer. That tale spread over the whole country. Tomatoes almost vanished as a result!

Now, what would be the difference, were you a Book-of-the-Month Club subscriber? Strange to say, upon analysis, you will find that in practice you would be enabled to exercise a greater liberty of choice and above all you would actually get the books—without fail—that you decide to read. How?

Again, if the Chinaman can't read, he can observe and memorize. Chinese sales of a cigarette fell off without seeming reason. It was found, finally, that a trifling change had been made in the label of the package—and John Chinaman fought shy of the new package at once.

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[Shrine News Continued on page 64]

How the Outstanding Book is Chosen EACH MONTH

The Book-of-the-Month Club has engaged a group of five critics to select the most readable and important book each month—Henry Seidel Canby, Chairman, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and William Allen White. The book selected each month is sent to all subscribers unless they specify that some other book be sent instead. Over 40,000 discriminating people have now subscribed to this service. It has, however, met with this interesting criticism: "I don't want anyone to select what books I shall read. I want to choose my own books," What force is there in this objection?

HAVE you ever given thought to the considerations that now move you in deciding to read any book? You hear it praised by a friend. Or you see an advertisement of it in a newspaper. Or you read a review of it by some critic, whose account of it excites your interest. You decide you must read that book. Note, however, what has happened: it is always recommendation, from some source, that determines you to read it. Tomatoes almost vanished as a result!

There is a tremendous foreign market for American cigarettes. In China, for example. Now, the mass of the Chinese population is illiterate, of course. You'd think that printed advertising would be utterly wasted there. So all cigarette makers used to think—till one, who couldn't be persuaded that advertising was useless anywhere, took a chance. He got tremendous results—because a Chinaman has a reverence for print and, even though he can't read

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fluenced to read through other sources.

Nevertheless, tastes differ. This combined vote of the judges is not considered infallible, and you are not compelled, willy-nilly, to accept it.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Before the "book-of-the-month" comes to you, you receive a carefully written report describing the sort of book it is. If you don't want it, you specify that some other book be sent instead. You make your choice from a list of other important new books, which are recommended by the Committee, and carefully described in order to guide you in your choice. If, however, you decide to let the "book-of-the-month" come and then you are disappointed, you can still exchange it at that time for any other book you prefer.

The ultimate result, therefore, is that you really choose your own books—but with more discrimination than heretofore—and moreover you are given a guarantee of satisfaction with every book you obtain upon the recommendation of our Committee.

The cost of this convenient service is—nothing! The cost of the books is the same as if you got them from the publisher himself by mail! Send for our prospectus which explains how smoothly this service is operating for over 40,000 discriminating people. Your request will involve you in no obligation to subscribe.



BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. 51 D
218 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your prospectus outlining the details of the Book-of-the-Month Plan of Reading. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

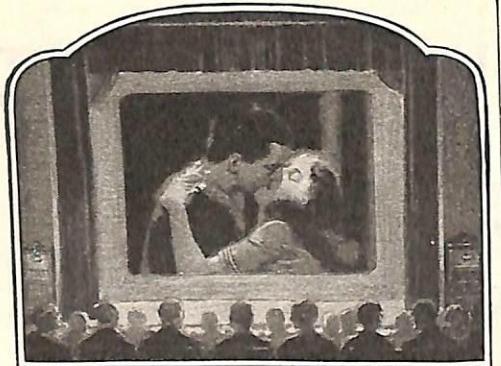
Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Handed to you
by the postman
—the outstanding
new book
you are anxious
not to miss.

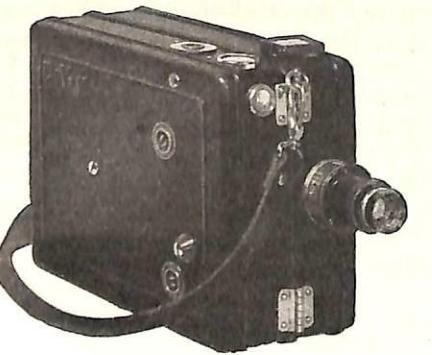
SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

You Have Seen Movies
taken with
this CAMERA!

EVERY week movies taken with this remarkable camera appear in many theatres. News reel weeklies, even parts of feature productions are taken with the DeVry. Although designed for the amateur, the DeVry has gained wide recognition among professional cameramen.

Taking movies with the DeVry is as easy as taking snapshots with a box camera—no cranking—no tripod. Just point the camera, press the button and you are taking movies.



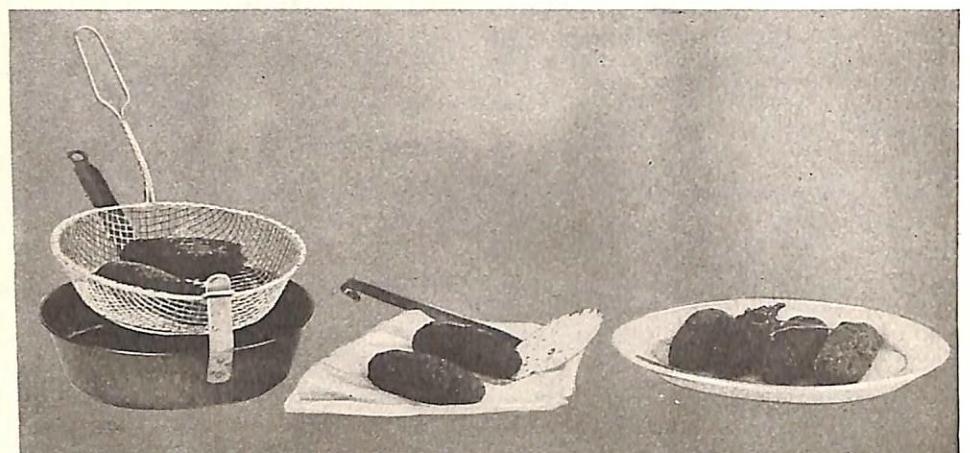
With the DeVry you can "shoot" from any position. It has three view finders instead of one. It loads in daylight—starts and stops smoothly—holds 100 feet of standard theatre size film, the kind professional cameramen use. Movies taken with the DeVry can be projected with the same sharp clearness year after year.

The DeVry, the ideal camera for filming fraternal activities, sells for only \$150.00. Mail the coupon today for your FREE copy of our new booklet.

DeVryStandard-Automatic
Movie Camera

C O U P O N
THE DEVRY CORPORATION
1111 Center Street, Dept. 4-SS, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me your new free book, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



A wire basket lowers foods into heated fat without breakage, and evenly cooks them to a golden brown.

THE "JUST-SO" STORY OF DEEP-FAT FRYING

IT SHOULD be a joy to the homemaker to know that properly fried foods are as wholesome and digestible as foods prepared by any other cooking process. For at this between-seasons of the year when the appetite has tired of heavier dishes and when Summer with her wealth of harvest has not yet appeared, many simple fried dishes may pleasingly hold chief place on the menu. The delicious croquette or vegetable cutlet, the toothsome timbale filled with creamed mixtures or chilled berries, the crisp fritter concealing either meat, fish or good red herring—all come out of the deep-fat frying kettle.

In order to clearly see the "just-so" of fried foods, we must stop a moment for a little simple chemistry. We need to recall that all fats are composite chemicals, consisting chiefly of carbon (from which we get heat) and substances called fatty acids. Now when fats are heated, the acids which compose them break down into other elements; and unfortunately many of these are extremely irritating to the delicate linings of our digestive systems! This is the scientific, but also very practical point which the homemaker must at once grasp if she is to see the need for special care in the frying process; if we happen to overheat the fats and oils used in cooking, we allow them to break down—and thus release those annoying substances which lead us to say that "fried foods are indigestible." As Prof. Sherman points out:

"The unfavorable action of fat cannot be properly charged to the fat itself, but rather to the unintelligent way in which it is sometimes cooked."

Now for another important point in the applied chemistry of the kitchen! It is further known that each kind of fat, as butter, lard, olive or other vegetable oil, has a definite degree of heat at which it does break down; and this we properly call its smoking-point. Thus bacon fat "smokes" at as low as 290° F., while we may heat olive oil to as high as 600° F. before it reaches its smoking-point; lard smokes at only 340° F. while we can raise a vegetable oil made of cottonseed to about 440° F. All this is important for the homemaker because it will assist her in selecting for her

frying those fats which have the highest smoking point. Or put the other way round, the higher the temperature to which we can raise a cooking fat before it smokes, the more quickly will the product cook, and the more wholesome it will be to eat. In general, the neutral vegetable oils, or the commercial shortenings made from them are most desirable for all frying uses.

Further, in order to prevent the fats from soaking into the food which fry in them, we follow the practise of covering the food with a flour or crumb coating held in place by egg. This serves not only to keep excess fat out, but to keep juices in, to keep the food in shape, and to supply a toothsome outer crust. The exact steps of this crumb-egg-crumb process are these: (1) roll food in fine breadcrumbs; (2) roll in slightly beaten egg to which 2 tablespoons cold water is added; (3) roll in crumbs again.

This is followed in practically every recipe where it is directed to fry in deep fat, or to egg-and-crumb before frying. The same desire to keep the fat from entering the food while it is cooking brings the caution to avoid frying too many pieces at one time; to always submerge each fragment that it may be entirely covered with hot fat; to avoid pricking or handling the pieces with a fork; to do the crumb-egg-crumb steps long in advance of the actual frying so that the outer crust may have hardened and become cold and form the better protection.

How can we tell just when the fat is hot enough for frying? An old way was to drop in an inch cube of stale bread and count to see if it would brown in 40 or 60 seconds! The modern accurate method is to use a deep-fat frying thermometer and keep it inserted in the kettle all during the frying process. Such a thermometer registers up to 500° F. and makes it easy for any one to test exact temperatures and to its smoking-point. Thus bacon fat "smokes" at as low as 290° F., while we may heat olive oil to as high as 600° F. before it reaches its smoking-point; lard smokes at only 340° F. while we can raise a vegetable oil made of cottonseed to about 440° F. All this is important for the homemaker because it will assist her in selecting for her

APRIL, 1927

THE "JUST-SO" OF DEEP FAT FRYING

[Continued from page 60]

- Fry at 340 degrees to 390 degrees F.
Total cooking time 1½ minutes.
(2) For small pieces of raw foods like potatoes, fish fillets, etc.:
Fry at 375 degrees to 400 degrees F.
Total cooking time 3 to 8 minutes.
(3) For most cooked foods like croquettes, fishballs, etc.:
Fry at 350 degrees to 390 degrees F.
Total cooking time 2 to 6 minutes.

The most satisfactory equipment for all deep-fat frying is either a Scotch bowl with widely rounding bottom (The Chinese, too, love this shape in their cooking utensils) or the typical fry-kettle with a special support for the wire basket used in connection with it. The wire basket makes possible the careful lowering of foods into the hot fat without breakage, and their equally convenient lifting and draining at one and the same time. These utensils are made of aluminum or iron—metals which hold heat; once the right temperature is registered, the gas flame should be lowered so that this even steady point is constantly maintained in the fat during the whole frying. Foods should be done to a "golden brown" and additionally drained on absorbent paper.

Practically the same standard batter may be used for fritters and various "drop" mixtures by adding salt and seasonings when they encase meat or fish, and sugar and spice and flavoring extract when they surround luscious morsels of fruits.

A tested recipe is this: 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk.

Deep fried foods give wonderful variety, are simple to prepare, are lovely to look at, and toothsomely delicious to eat.

Chicken Croquettes

2 cups diced cooked chicken, a sweetbread cooked in boiling salted water until tender, then diced; 1 cup mushrooms coarsely chopped and stewed until tender in 2 tablespoons butter; ¼ cup butter, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika or pepper, ¼ teaspoon celery salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 cup chicken stock, ½ cup evaporated milk. Melt butter, add flour and blend to thick sauce, with chicken stock and milk. Season, combine meats and mushrooms lightly with sauce. Allow mixture to cool thoroughly; cover with crumb-egg-crumb mixture, and fry in deep fat at 390° F. until golden brown. Garnish with strips of red and green peppers.

Cauliflower or Vegetable Fritters

1 medium cauliflower, 2 egg yolks, ½ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup flour. Separate flowerets, or cut vegetables, into uniform neat portions; steam or boil in salted water, then drain. Beat yolks until light, add milk, salt and flour, beating batter with egg beater until smooth. Dip vegetable sections into batter and fry in deep fat heated to 385° F. Serve with thin white sauce sprinkled with cheese or seasoned with tomato catsup.

Fruit Fritters

Use perfect orange sections which have been allowed to lie for 2 hours sprinkled with sugar and a few mint leaves for flavor; or use canned apricot or peach halves flavored with a few drops of almond or rose extract, and then well drained. For the batter use: 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 2 cups pastry flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon melted butter. Dip each fruit section in the batter and fry in deep fat heated to 380° F. Fry golden brown, drain, and serve with whipped cream or canned syrup heated and served separately.

Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfit fitted with 32-volt motors.

THOUSANDS HAVE PURCHASED

A Travel Accident and Auto Policy

for

MASONS ONLY

Sold by

UNITED CRAFTSMAN INSURANCE COMPANY, Inc.

Home Office: 168 Bridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

Established 1908

For \$2 a Year

Payments in One Sum:

For Loss of Life	\$2,500.00
For Loss of Both Eyes	2,500.00
For Loss of Both Hands	2,500.00
For Loss of Both Feet	2,500.00
For Loss of One Hand and One Foot	2,500.00
For Loss of One Hand and Sight of One Eye	2,500.00
For Loss of One Foot and Sight of One Eye	2,500.00
For Loss of One Hand	1,250.00
For Loss of One Foot	1,250.00
For Loss of One Eye	1,250.00
For injuries sustained in the manner described in the policy (For a period of 15 weeks)	10.00

Mail your remittance with coupon

I do hereby apply for Travel Accident and Auto Policy, and for that purpose make the following statements.....

Have you ever had fits or disorders of the brain?.....

Are you in whole and sound condition mentally and physically?.....

Are you now insured in this Company, except as herein stated?.....

Dated at Town State
this day of 1927.

My occupation is Age
Address Street and Number Town State

My beneficiary is to be

My Masonic Lodge No.

Signature of applicant

Mail this coupon with remittance to UNITED CRAFTSMAN INSURANCE COMPANY, Dept. S, 168 Bridge Street, Springfield, Mass.

**FOLDING
CHAIRS
THAT WILL
NOT TIP**

Write
For Sample



**The Peabody School
Furniture Company,
North Manchester, Ind.**

Make a good appearance at ceremonies with a new, clean fez. Gelhaar makes a fez that is guaranteed as to fit and quality. Send size of hat, name of Temple and \$5.00 to GELHAAR CO., 1230-32 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



COUPON	
THE DEVRY CORPORATION 1111 Center Street, Dept. 4-SS, Chicago, Illinois Please send me your new free book, "Just Why the DeVry Takes Better Movies."	
Name	Address
City	State

DEEP-FAT-FRYING TIME-TABLE

(1) For raw mixtures like doughnuts, fritters, crullers, etc., and large pieces of raw foods: [Continued on page 61]

A Hotel Service Built on Complaints-not Compliments

A GREAT actor once said: "When a critic applauds me, I smile and get lazy; when he complains, I frown and get to work!"

Compliments mean nothing—we've received thousands of them. They're pleasant to hear, of course, but—

Complaints provide the constructive force in back of McAlpin Service—they are the very foundation on which we have built our reputation for rendering the finest hotel service in the world. It's only by knowing what is wrong that we know what is right.

Because I realize the value of complaints, I have made it easy for McAlpin Guests to express themselves at any time. On every writing desk at the McAlpin is a printed invitation that asks each visitor his opinion of the hotel and everything that comprises its service to guests.

I'm proud to say that last year we entertained 736,000 guests—our restaurants served McAlpin cuisine to 1,326,084 discriminating diners. Yet from this tremendous number of guests, we received only 326 complaints—everyone just—and everyone helped to improve our service.

On our record I ask every reader of Shrine to visit the McAlpin—enjoy its clean, comfortable accommodations, its superlative cuisine—exceptional entertainment and its courtesy and friendliness to all.

Arthur L. Lee.
Managing Director

P. S.—Let me remind you again, Nobles—we've made special arrangements for visiting Shriners on their way to the convention in June.

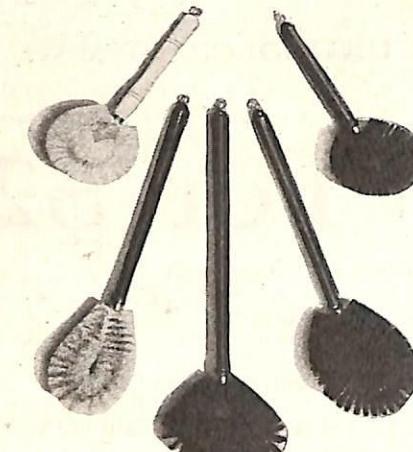
A. L. L.

Hotel McAlpin
B'way at 34th Street
New York City

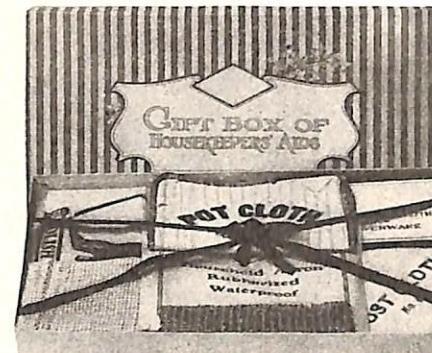


DEVICES TESTED by SHRINE SERVICE CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

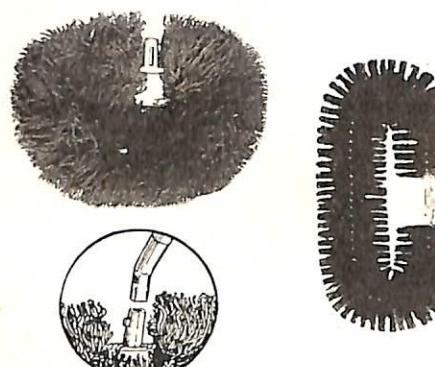
Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page



These special bathroom brushes will keep any bathroom sanitary and spotless. They are made of stiff bristles easily sterilized.



This box contains cloths for silver polishing, dish-washing, pot cloths, chamois, and others.



This portable hand vacuum cleaner is convenient and practical for cleaning bedding, clothing and upholstered furniture.



This mop wringer attaches to any pail and is operated easily by a wooden handle. A shutter device prevents the water from splashing.



A handled duster of absorbent dust-holding soft yarn makes dusting a pleasure.



THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1927

TARKINGTON—HUMAN BEING [Continued from page 19]

amuses Tarkington. He likes to tell of an experience in a Boston book store. Just inside the front door, nearly blocking the aisle, was a stack of perhaps two hundred copies of his own latest novel. Feeling kindly disposed toward a shop that so prominently displayed his goods, he went in to buy two or three new books by other authors and asked to have them delivered to his hotel.

The book store man asked him his name. "Tarkington?" the man repeated. "Is that Tarkington or Parkington?"

The author slowly spelled it.

"Funny name, that," remarked the store-keeper. "Don't know as I ever heard such a name before."

And he never had. He was that kind of bookseller.

But Tarkington left the place in high spirits. He was almost as amused as he was the day he went to attend the cornerstone laying for the new building of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Only fifty living men are enrolled, of which Tarkington is one. Marshal Foch had come from France to lay the cornerstone. A big crowd had gathered—more curious to see Marshal Foch than to glimpse the academicians. Tarkington was a few minutes late arriving and a policeman refused to let him enter the platform.

"Just stay right where you are," the policeman said, "and you'll get to see the Field Marshal when he walks out."

"What made it more embarrassing," laughs Tarkington, "was that it was the one time in my life when I had really tried to take the part of a prominent citizen. I had bought me a truly noble high silk hat—as large and pompous a silk hat as you could ask for."

Tarkington is extravagant in a way. His two homes, at Indianapolis and at Kennebunkport, Maine, are treasure houses of costly, rare and beautiful furniture, and I have seen him give ten dollars to a panhandler who asked only for a dime. He smokes huge cigarettes and is inclined to throw them aside only half used. But his tastes as to amusements and recreation are basically as simple as those of a farm boy back in the '80's. His favorite indoor games are dominoes and mah jong. He rarely plays cards except solitaire which he finds useful to blow cobwebs from his brain and which gives his subconscious mind a chance to assert itself. If he has been unable to get the right twist of plot for a piece of fiction, the answer may come when he has ceased to think about the story and is engrossed in his game of solitaire. "You see," he explains, "characters, even in fiction, behave most naturally when you let them alone and don't try to force them into situations."

Seldom does Tarkington go to a formal dinner, even in his home town of Indianapolis. You never see his name in the society columns there and his telephone number is kept secret. This unlisted telephone number is most certainly not prompted by any feeling of aloofness, for no one loves all sorts of folks more than Tarkington, but the period he spends at Indianapolis—from November to May—is his busiest working season and he strives to guard against interruptions and distractions. At times during the winter he is almost a recluse. His amusements in Indianapolis consist largely in going down to the University Club afternoons and playing mah jong or dominoes with a few old friends.

If left to his own inclinations, Tarkington might sit up all night. Indubitably he would if with a fairly agreeable companion. He is seldom the one to suggest going to bed. But after midnight Mrs. Tarkington is likely to call him in cheerful [Continued on page 65]



Another Remington triumph

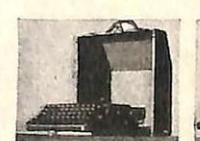
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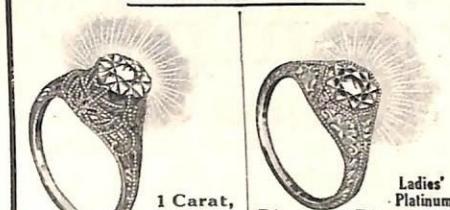
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WITHIN THE SHRINE

ACTIVITIES
OF THE
TEMPLES

[SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50]

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
DIRECTORS

was devoted to explanation in detail of the working of the different stunts.

At the afternoon session the Imperial Potentate, Imperial First Ceremonial Master Earl C. Mills and Imperial Second Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, Secretary James R. Watt, Board of Trustees, Past Potentate Les Walton of Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, and Past President Frank Cromwell, Ararat, made short addresses.

In the evening a concert was given by one hundred and fifty negroes. There were two dances, at the Cathedral and at the hotel. Peoria was selected for the next annual meeting, the date being set for February 16th, 17th and 18th, 1928. The election of officers resulted as follows:

Percy E. Hoak, Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, President. Theodore C. Treadway, Al Amin, Little Rock, First Vice-President. Earl N. Swan, India, Oklahoma City, Second Vice-President. Louis C. Fischer, Omar, Charleston, Secretary-Treasurer.

Board of Governors: E. S. Stetson, Kora, Lewiston, Me.; Frank C. Roundy, Medinah, Chicago; W. R. Vanderhoef, Kem, Grand Forks; Stanley Brinson, Khedive, Norfolk; Sidney S. Gaines, Maskat, Wichita Falls; Holdovers being: George W. Adams, Abba, Mobile, and William I. Macdonald, Aahmes. Past President Sindall was presented with the jewel of service.

When Potentate Allie V. Haig moved Kem Temple to Minot, Nov. 10, for the outstanding ceremonial of the year, Minot responded with a class of sixty candidates included in which was Ulysses G. Abbott and his four sons. It is also unique that this father and four sons received their Blue Lodge and Commandery work in the same class. In this respect the father realized the ambition of his life. Ulysses Abbott is a well known engineer on the Great Northern on the Minot division. Dr. Victor Abbott is practicing dentistry in Minot. Raymond and Albert are connected with the Northern States Power Co. here and Gordon is a student at the state university. See photograph below.

The festivities ended with a banquet at the Cathedral with Past Potentate Rowland acting as toastmaster. The speakers were Imperial Potentate Crosland, President Percy Hoak, First Ceremonial Master Earl C. Mills, Second Ceremonial Master Ireland, Past Potentate Charles J. Orbison and Past President Robert Sindall (who presented Past Potentate Rowland with silver service in appreciation of his efforts in behalf of the association's reception and entertainment); Potentate Hollis H. Bain, who presented the Imperial Potentate with a silver fruit dish, Past Potentate Thomas and the Rev. George Sexton. The ladies were entertained at dinner the same evening.

Khartum, Winnipeg, re-elected the entire Divan to serve another term without a single contest and enthusiastically adopted resolutions commending the Ladies' Auxiliaries active in hospital work connected with Khartum, Wa Wa and Al Azhar Temples.

Mrs. Burger, wife of Past Imperial Potentate, James C. Burger, died at her home in Denver, Colorado, Friday, February 11th. Mrs. Burger's death will be felt by all Shriners because she is well remembered as a member of the Imperial Party on all the visitations to the Temples made by her husband while he was Imperial Potentate.

Prizes for best stunts were awarded: John F. Broad, El Katif, Spokane, first; Otto W. Kitchenlauer, Zenobia, Toledo, second; James E. Forrest, Hella, Dallas, third. The committees serving during the session were: Time and place—Frank C. Roundy, Ed. F. Stetson and Frank Du Tiel.

Necrology—Claude Chamberlain, W. D. Aspin, A. L. Becker.

Resolutions—J. E. Forrest, Lindsay Smith, W. J. MacNally.

Tellers for Stunts—Asa W. Candler, F. D. White, Lee Dewey.

Tellers for Election—George Sengel, Tobe Biele, William Nier.

[Shrine News Continued on page 66]



Ulysses G. Abbott and his four sons all became Shriners at the same Ceremonial of Kem Temple.

APRIL, 1927

TARKINGTON—HUMAN BEING [Continued from page 63]

tone to mention the advantages of sleep. She watches over him almost as one might care for a rare old Stradivarius. (The companion is one she made herself.)

As a worker, Tarkington is the most intemperate writing man I ever knew. During his busy winter season, when he doesn't do much else but work, he has been known to go for two or three weeks while engrossed in a novel, never getting fully dressed, but living in a bathrobe and scarcely leaving his room. He would work all night and then when daylight came just leave the window shades down and continue to work by artificial light, oblivious of the passage of time, not always aware whether it was night or day. In recent years he has adopted more rational hours, though he still works right through from early forenoon until well into the afternoon—until his eyes give out. He has been known to write a complete short story or movie scenario at one sitting.

"If it weren't for my eyes," he once told me, "I'd rather work about twenty hours a day and get the job over with."

"But would you do as good work the twentieth hour as the first?" I asked.

"Better," he declared. His freedom from ordinary mental fatigue seems the more surprising when one considers that the average writing man regards four hours a good day's work.

Though kindly and tolerant of all other writers, ever trying to help others up, Tarkington has marked literary aversions. The greatest of these is for that school of modernists which assumes realism to be dirty details.

"Zola started it," he says, "and a host of young writers have come under the Zola influence. They begin a story saying to themselves that they are going to be perfectly frank. But of course they never are. Because, no matter how much you tell of certain situations, there are always details that must be omitted if the book is to go through the mails. Hence, inasmuch as one can't be entirely frank, why not confine one's self to such topics as are ordinarily discussed in decent society, and let it go at that? Why insist on more unmentionable details about sex relations than about digestive processes?"

Tarkington also dislikes novels made up too largely of short staccato sentences.

"You simply can't do good writing," he insists, "with nothing but short sentences, for you can't get the cadences."

The most interesting story I know about Tarkington has to do with James Whitcomb Riley. The Hoosier poet was an intimate family friend of Tarkington's father and mother and for ten years scarcely missed Sunday evening supper at the Tarkington home. To Booth he was much like a revered uncle. But here was the surprising thing: Though a member of the intimate family circle, and though Booth was already well on his way to becoming the foremost American novelist, not one word was ever uttered by Riley in ten years to indicate that he knew Booth was a writer. Judging from this that Riley didn't care for his work, while liking him personally, Tarkington was equally careful to avoid mentioning that he was in the writing business. By mere chance Tarkington learned why Riley didn't like his work. It was because of a silly prejudice that crystallized in his mind when he read "M'sieu Beaucaire." Noticing that the leading character was a prince, Riley cast the book aside in disgust, saying to himself: "Huh, prince, eh? Who are princes anyhow? What do they amount to?" He thought it undemocratic for a Hoosier author to write about a prince. Hence he never could feel any enthusiasm over anything Tarkington wrote thereafter—until one night

[Continued on page 67]

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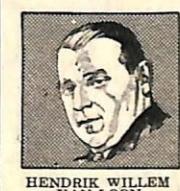
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WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 64]

IMPERIAL COUNCIL SESSION NEWS

It is not too early to urge every Shriner who plans to be in Atlantic City for the coming Imperial Session to reserve hotel accommodations and grandstand seats for the parades. The fact that there will be only half the number of seats that were obtainable in Philadelphia last year calls for immediate action from those wishing a good view. Tickets are five dollars each. Send your check to Alex Vollmer, and for hotel accommodations apply to Dr. William P. Thompson, both in Room 19, Central Pier, Atlantic City, N. J. And be sure to register. This costs nothing and you will receive an Imperial Session Bond whose coupons will admit you to various attractions offered by the city.

* * *

Visitors at the Imperial Council meeting in Atlantic City in June will be welcomed by the first Illustrious Potentate ever elected from that place. He is Earl E. Jeffries, the new head of Crescent, Trenton. He was also the first president of the Atlantic City Shrine Club and was escorted to Trenton on the election night by 500 Nobles of his home town on a special train.

* * *

The news of the death of Morgan H. Jones, Recorder of Moslah Temple, Ft. Worth, Texas, on January 30th, came as a shock to his friends, as he was ill but a few days.

* * *

Osman Temple, St. Paul, shows total receipts during 1926 of \$59,725.90, of which \$7,000.00 was paid over to the Trustees and \$5,121.67 invested in Liberty Bonds.

* * *

A great loss is sustained by the death of J. Jolly Jones, Recorder of Za Ga Zig Temple, Noble Jones died suddenly February 8th.

* * *

David W. Crosland, Alcazar Imperial Potentate

Clarence M. Dunbar, Palestine Imperial Deputy Potentate

Frank C. Jones, Arabia Imperial Chief Rabban

Leo V. Youngworth, Al Malaikah Imperial Assistant Rabban

Esten A. Fletcher, Damascus Imperial High Priest and Prophet

Benjamin W. Rowell, Aleppo Imperial Recorder

William S. Brown, Syria Imperial Treasurer

Thomas J. Houston, Medinah Imperial Oriental Guide

Earl C. Mills, Za-Ga-Zig Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master

Clifford Ireland, Mohammed Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master

John N. Sebrell, Jr., Khedive Imperial Marshal

Dana S. Williams, Kora Imperial Captain of Guards

Leonard P. Stuart, Almas Imperial Outer Guard

* * *

The Atlantic City Shrine Club maintains a suite of three rooms and two baths in the Hotel Ambassador for the use of any visiting Shriner. Every Friday evening is "Club Night."

APRIL, 1927

TARKINGTON—HUMAN BEING [Continued from page 65]

He picked up a book called "The Flirt"—which was Tarkington's first venture into realism, and he liked it so well that he sat up in bed all night reading it. Early next morning, before Tarkington was out of bed, Riley drove over to tell him how much he had enjoyed "The Flirt"—that he considered it a great piece of work.

"Riley was so honest," comments Tarkington, "that he couldn't bring himself to say anything good about my stuff when he didn't like it and he was too kind-hearted to say anything ill of it. So he just kept quiet. But when finally he found something that he could conscientiously praise, he lost not a moment in coming to tell me."

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS [Continued from page 43]

Maggie . . . It is the draft of his speech that he left at home . . .

Comtesse—with a few trivial alterations by yourself . . . Can you deny it?

Maggie can't deny it. But there it is, and she tells John and Lady Sybil that she is going back to Scotland—to her old home. The future is theirs, now.

Maggie—My things are all packed. I think you'll find the house in good order . . . I have had the vacuum cleaners in . . . The ceiling of the dining-room would be the better of a new lick of paint—

Sybil—Can't you stop her?

John—She's meaning well. Maggie, I know it's natural to you to value those things because your outlook on life is bounded by them; but all this jars me.

Sybil can stand no more of this John Shand. Good heavens! What a stuffy fellow! Dull as dishwater!

Sybil—I am ashamed of myself. I have been crying my eyes out over it—I thought I was such a different kind of woman. But I am weary of him.

In his Scotch heart John is delighted. So that's that. But there still remain his career and his hopeless speech.

John—Somehow I seem to have lost my neat way of saying things.

Maggie—Maybe if you were to try again; and I'll come and sit beside you and knit. I think the click of the needles sometimes puts you in the mood.

John—Hardly that; and yet many a Shandism have I knocked off while you were sitting beside me knitting . . . (Sudden light dawns) Maggie! . . . What if it was you that put those queer ideas in my head! . . .

Ah! Here comes Mr. Venables with the first draft of the Leeds speech. The wicked Comtesse has stolen it from Maggie and given it to the Cabinet Minister. Maggie is really frightened now.

Venables (to John)—You have improved it out of knowledge. It is the same speech but those new touches make all the difference . . .

Maggie (later, to John)—Is it so terrible for you to find that my love for you had made me able to help you in the little things?

John—The little things!

Maggie . . . Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that. Oh, John, if only you could laugh at me.

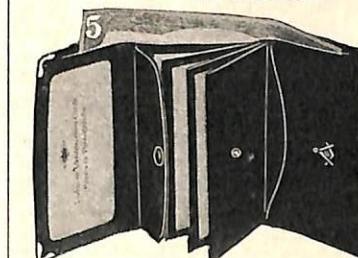
A terrific struggle takes place in our John—a spring tearing its way out through an iron mountain. But at last—he looks at his little brown hen—he laughs—he laughs! He is saved!

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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 31]



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A Home in the Heart of Things

They crowded about him, shaking his hands, welcoming him.

Decidedly, thought Sir James, I seem to be popular hereabouts for having caused my own death; el-Wahhab was telling him that most of the local dervishes belonged to the Mevlevi and Sennussi Lodges . . . "Here though," he added, as a tall, lean, ascetic-looking man approached, "is a Lodge-brother of yours—Omar el-Torres—from Morocco."

The latter salaamed.

"With your permission, O Moslems!" he said to the Arabs.

He drew the Englishman to one side; and as on that night, so few weeks, so many eternities ago when, following an impulse, he had knocked at the Gate of the Mother Lodge, Sir James heard the first question of the ancient ritual:

"Whence do you come, O pilgrim?"

"From a ruby glowing in the mist!" he replied.

"Where do you go, O pilgrim?"

"To the golden rays of the midnight sky!"

"With whom do you travel, O pilgrim?"

"With every one! Yet with none!"

"What are the threads, O pilgrim?"

"They are the threads that enmesh my soul!"

"Who holds these threads, O pilgrim?"

"My own hands—and Allah the One!"

"Which is the ring, O pilgrim?"

"This!"—and Sir James extended his left hand and showed the hammered silver band engraved with Kufic symbols, while el-Torres produced its mate.

"Welcome, brother!" said the Moroccan, kissing Sir James on both cheeks.

The other returned the kiss as custom demanded. He felt ashamed as he did so. A Judas kiss!—he said to himself; overcame his conscience qualms with an effort.

"I have a message for the Man in the Half-Light," he said after a pause. "When can I see him?"

"Later on. He is now working at his plans—about the French."

"We spoke of it in Lodge. The day and hour of the deed has already been decided, hasn't it?"

"Tentatively."

"Tentatively?" Sir James was astonished.

"The Man in the Half-Light will decide himself—alone."

"But I thought that . . ."

"You thought? You?" interrupted el-Torres impatiently. "And who are you—that you should think? Is not the Man in the Half-Light our master? Is not his the supreme will? Have we not laid naked blades on our shaven heads in token of unthinking obedience? Does he not own our bodies as he owns our souls?"

The Man in the Half-Light was supreme—absolutely supreme. That was evident. His own point was proved: this conspiracy was the work, the insane ambition of One Man, saint or devil, Buddha or Nero.

The house of the Man in the Half-Light was pointed out to him. A modest affair, with negroes guarding the door. Later on word was brought that audience would be granted him after evening prayer.

So he waited, walking up and down the little village, observing the dervishes, exchanging an occasional word with them.

Evening came with the muezzin's nasal voice chanting the last prayer of the day, and not long afterwards, with night already fallen and the first ghostly moon rays fanning their way through the clouds, a negro told Sir James that the Man in the Half-Light would receive him.

"You wouldn't do it, Jimmy!"

"Why not?"

"Because you know jolly well that they would kill me—and you are my brother!"

"Did the knowledge that I am your brother stay your hand when you gave or-

"Let's get it over with!" he said to himself.

And bored he was again, so bored, so disappointed, as the negro closed the door on the outside and he found himself alone with the Man in the Half-Light.

Heaven knows what sort of ghastly human monstrosity he had subconsciously expected to see: perhaps some plum-colored, eight-foot giant, all war paint and witch-charms and barbarous ornaments and what-not. What he did see, dim in the half-light of a far corner, was a medium-sized man, dressed in a long, white tunic, his face blurred and indistinct by the trooping shadows; and a voice greeting him, quite pleasantly:

"Salaam aleikoom!"

"How drab!" thought Sir James. "How matter-of-fact!"

Quite suddenly, he considered that it was the man's very prosiness which made him doubly dangerous and doubly—yes—great. His simplicity, his refusal to stoop to theatrical flummery, proved that he was utterly sure of himself.

Then, as Sir James bowed and murmured: "Aleykoom salaam!" another thought popped up in his brain: the thought that it was all so tragic, and yet so comic.

Tragic it was that this One Man should be able to spread disaster throughout Africa, to threaten white civilization and stop the clock of progress simply because, Buddha or Nero, he wished it; comic that he, Sir James, would only have to leap across the room, dagger in hand, and make an end to it all with a single, rather sordid gesture.

Groping under his burnoose, he slid the hilt of the dagger snug to the palm of his right hand. He stepped forward. A moon ray danced through a gridded window high up on a wall and brought out his features with sharp relief; and the next moment he heard a slow, drawling voice speaking in English:

"Hello, Jimmy! How are you?" The Man in the Half-Light rose; his features became clear; and Sir James recognized his brother Dick.

Silence dropped like a pall. They stared at each other. But they could not stand there forever, silent, staring. Something had to be done; something had to be said.

This something, said by Sir James, was typical—and ludicrous:

"My word! It's hot in here!" The other laughed, thinly, disagreeably:

"Oh Jimmy! You are so hopelessly British!"

Again there was silence. It was Dick who broke it.

"You are so hopelessly British!" he repeated; and he added: "you haven't changed a bit."

"Nor have you."

"Haven't I?"

"No!" came the chilly, deliberate insult.

"You still cheat at cards, you know!"

Dick's reply was low and mocking:

"Right-oh! But—I also win at cards. And this time nobody knows that I cheat."

"Except I, Dick!"

"You don't matter, old chap!"

"Suppose I tell the dervishes that you cheat? Suppose I tell them what and who you are? That you are not a Moslem and a Prophet inspired by Allah, but only—" contemptuously—"a renegade Englishman, a turn-coat Christian who hates his own country for decidedly unsavory reasons?"

"You wouldn't do it, Jimmy!"

"Why not?"

"Because you know jolly well that they would kill me—and you are my brother!"

"Did the knowledge that I am your brother stay your hand when you gave or-

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ders for all the British officials in Africa to be assassinated?"

"No, no, no! You are wrong!" Dick took a step forward; laid an appealing hand on the other's arm.

"How am I wrong? Don't be a fool—and a liar! You knew—you jolly well knew . . . on the very day that I was installed as governor . . ."

"It was a mistake! A miscalculation! Won't you please believe me, Jimmy? I knew—yes—that you had been appointed governor. But I did not know that you had already, actually, been installed . . . oh—you must believe me—you must . . .; and his words died out in a smothered cry.

"Never mind all that. The problem is really very simple. Either—and I know you can do it, since the dervishes obey you like slaves—either you give up this crazy conspiracy, or . . ."

"Or . . .?"

"You die—or I." There was nothing melodramatic the way Sir James said it. It was a plain statement of fact.

"How do you make that out?"

"Because I shall tell the dervishes who you are. They will kill you. No doubt of it. And you can only prevent my telling them by killing me."

"Suppose they don't believe you?"

"Won't they, though?"

"Go ahead! Tell them! I dare you!"

How like a schoolboy with his 'dare you to!' thought Sir James. Aloud he said:

"Bluff—and you know it is! A conspiracy like this, built on mob psychology, depending on mob faith in a single man, why—the slightest doubt will blow it to smithereens."

"I fancy you're right," admitted Dick after a pause.

"Of course I'm right. Well—what is it going to be?"

"You know," said Dick, after another pause, "you're the sort of man I could hate—even if you are my brother. You stand for everything—all the hardheaded, unimaginative, cut-and-dried obstinacy—yes—you stand for everything I despise about England."

"Your native land, Dick!"

"Don't pull that line! Waste of time and effort. I'm no milk-soppy sentimental-ist!" He spoke with queer, suppressed fury, his voice never rising above a whisper. "Yes—I hate you—and I hate England."

"And the funny thing is that I don't hate you at all. I'm still really tremendously fond of you."

"You're an amazingly charitable and sentimental jackass, Jimmy!"

"Sentimental—and charitable? I hope so, Dick. But—jackass? Not at all. Well what are we going to do?" And, when the other was silent: "No use offering you money."

"Marvelous psychologist!" came the sarcastic rejoinder. "Go to the head of the class!"

"But one thing I can do. I'll leave your name out of my official report to the colonial secretary. I'll simply mention that I met the Man in the Half-Light and persuaded him . . ."

"Well—you didn't persuade him."

Sir James sighed wearily.

"Dick," he said, "I swear to God I'll tell the dervishes unless you do what I ask you to. I'll do it—yes—because I'm a sentimental—a hard-headed, obstinate British sentimental-ist. You, on the other hand, not being a sentimental-ist, haven't the nerve to kill me—have you, Dick? So—I've an idea you'll do what I tell you."

"Damned calm way you have of asking a chap to give up an empire."

"An empire built on blood and ruins! An empire that would hardly outlast the decade."

[Continued on page 70]



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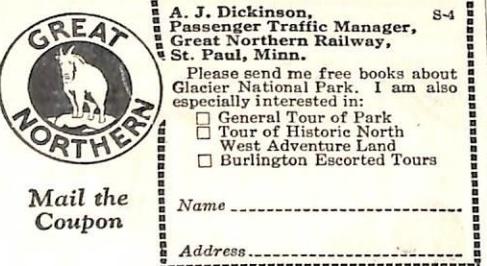
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THE MAN IN THE HALF-LIGHT

[Continued from page 69]

"An empire just the same!" answered Dick. "Empire or not—you've got to do it, Dick!"

"I won't!"
"You will! You must!"
"No!"
"Yes!"

So they argued, as if they were children again, wrangling over the last slice of cherry pie. For hours they argued. And the result . . .?

"It was foreordained," said Sir James, a few days later, to Sally Greene as, led by Mustafa, they trekked away from Lake Tchad. "Of course I won. The sentimental always wins because—" smiling queerly—"in his own way he has fewer scruples."

"I wish I could have been there," exclaimed the girl. "Dramatic, wasn't it?"

"Not a bit. Just he and I, in that little hut, talking in rather low voices, debating the fate of Africa, of half the world. The next day he spoke to the dervishes, gave orders to the signal drums to carry his message, his command: 'Peace! Submission to the sahebs!' Of course there must have been something dramatic—something bitterly tragic—in the souls of these dervishes, these fanatics . . . seeing their card-house tumble, you know . . . poor beggars!"

"And your brother—what is he going to do?"

"He spoke of entering a dervish monastery . . . may be the very thing for him . . . he is really a Moslem at heart . . . a fatalist . . ."

"So am I!" chimed in the Afghan. He had overheard the last words; turned. "And—by the honor of my teeth—it is a pleasant fate which awaits me in Hamid-Abbas! A girl—wah—whose loveliness shames the splendor of the midday sun! Ahee! My lips tremble at the thought of her lips! Believe I shall ask her to be my wife!"

"Too bad," said Miss Greene after a pause, "that you aren't an Afghan, Jimmy."

"Why?"
"Because, if you were, you might ask me to be your wife!"

"Haven't I asked you?"
"You have not!"

"Well . . . will you?"

"Of course I will!"
And they kissed while from the distance—rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub—the wooden signal drums throbbed their nasal cadence, spanning streams and forests, leaping across deserts, slushing through miasmic jungles, whispering the message:

"Listen, O brothers of the many dervish Lodges, the Man in the Half-Light has decided to . . ."

"Rub-rub-rub!—east and south and west and north—droning, sobbing, sighing . . . [THE END]

A DARK PLACE IN THE DUNES

[Continued from page 38]

"Of course not. We're pals. I'll stick by you. Now, honey, just tell your Brother William all about it. What happened?"

"She was sick. She had a bad sore throat. The Teacher sent me to the village to get some medicine for her. That night he told me to put the medicine in a squeeze kind of bottle and give it to her just before she went to bed to squirt down her throat. He had to go away, he said, and I was to see she took her medicine . . . Well, I did it, and she dropped dead . . . Gosh, I was scared! But I thought she had only fainted.

"When he came back and found her dead, he said that I had got the medicine mixed up with something else, and had given her poison. If it was found out, he said, I would have to go to jail. But he wouldn't tell on me, he promised, if I would be a good girl and do exactly what he wanted. People came in from the village and asked a lot of questions, but he didn't give me away. After she was burned on the funeral pile he told me what he wanted.

"I was to be his next mate. So I've got to go through with it."

"Has he been making love to you already?"

"Talking and petting, yes. And I hate it."

"Is he going to have a preacher in to marry you?"

"Oh, no. He doesn't believe in that. He says it isn't necessary. We will just stand up before the others, clasp hands, and say that we are taking each other as mates as long as our love lasts. Several couples have been married here that way."

"As long as our love lasts, eh?" Brown growled. "Well, honey, we'll see that nothing like that happens to you. And you won't go to jail either."

"How can you stop it?"

"There's one easy way. I could kill him. I sort of had an idea when I came here that I might kill that fellow. I brought a gun to have handy. But I won't kill him

now. I don't want to be locked up as long as you are running around loose. I'll just talk to him reasonably. I've got a lot of things to say that he won't like to hear. I'll settle his hash tomorrow, and then a sweet little kid named Lucy won't have to worry about marrying her Teacher any longer."

"But then what will happen to me?" she asked. "He may send me away, and I haven't any other home."

"There's a whole big world out there back of the dunes waiting to make you welcome, my pretty, and there will be a fellow whose name isn't Brown, but who is myself just the same, standing right alongside of you to introduce you to it. Would you like to go with me?"

"That would be fine," she told him. "I'll not be afraid of anything wherever you are."

Then he kissed her for the second time, but not as if he were kissing a child; and she was ready for it.

"I was to be his next mate. So I've got to go through with it."

"Has he been making love to you already?"

"Talking and petting, yes. And I hate it."

"Is he going to have a preacher in to marry you?"

Presently, the Teacher entered, rubbing the mire of honest toil from his hands.

"What's all this, Brother William?" he asked sharply. "What kind of work are you doing here?"

"I've just finished mounting that hook," William replied, pointing with pride to the result of his carpentry. "I got an idea you might like that happens to you. And you won't go to jail either."

"How can you stop it?"

"It's a pretty stout hook for a picture," the Teacher observed critically. "It would do for a block and tackle. Clumsy job, too."

"Oh, it will hold. If you don't want a

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picture, it will do to hang a nice basket of flowers, or something."

"You seem to have a taste for the ornamental," sneered the Teacher. "Take it down after dinner. When I want my place decorated, I'll tell you. Get out, and when you have removed your famous hook, stay out. This is my private office, and I don't want any volunteer work done here."

"Very well, sir," said William, with surprising meekness.

The Teacher seated himself at his desk, turned his back on William, and began to paw over some of his papers.

Then William picked up one of his coils of rope, neatly dropped a noose over the Teacher's shoulders, and with one quick jerk had him lashed to his chair. But that did not satisfy his taste for thoroughness. He continued to throw hitches over the violently enraged, kicking, thrashing and horribly profane Teacher, knotting as he went, until the chieftain of the Dungeon was completely trussed into abject helplessness.

"You're going to be sorry for this practical joke!" the Teacher assured him as soon as he had achieved a semblance of calm.

"It isn't finished yet. It's too good a joke."

William then shoved the chair and its contents roughly against the wall, with which the Teacher's head made a sharp, unpleasant contact.

"You are directly under my extremely useful hook," said William. "The fun is just beginning."

He took up a second coil of rope, tossed it until it caught over the hook, and then draped a running noose around the Teacher's neck.

The Teacher let out a dreadful roar for help which William checked immediately by a mild but jarring right hand swing to the jaw. Then a ruler, picked up from the desk, and a handkerchief tied around it gagged off further outcries.

William drew the noose fairly tight and said sternly to the Teacher:

"The purpose of this party is to secure a confession of the real cause of your wife's death. Will you behave yourself and begin to talk now, or will you take a taste of the rope first?"

The Teacher gurgled incoherent defiance at him through the gag. William pulled slowly and strongly at his end of the rope. The Teacher's neck began to stretch upward. His face grew purple.

Then William slacked off and gave him a breathing spell.

"Shall I do it again, or will you talk?" he demanded savagely. "Bear in mind that I would just as soon kill you as not. It would not be murder. It would be your own suicide. Look at this."

He drew a letter out of his pocket and held it before the Teacher's eyes, into which a new terror came as he read.

"If you are found dangling at the end of this rope, with your lashing cut away, and with that letter handy, it will be a most plausible suicide, don't you think? The people who cut you down will be convinced that your conscience had found you out. Now shall I haul away again?"

The Teacher wobbled his head weakly. He had surrendered.

"Oh, Lucy!" William shouted. "Come in here!"

The girl entered, in a silent panic.

"Keep up your nerve, honey. He can't hurt you, and he's licked. Sit down at the desk, get paper and pen, and write down what he says."

Then William removed the gag, holding the ruler over the Teacher's head in warning of what might happen if he started to roar again.

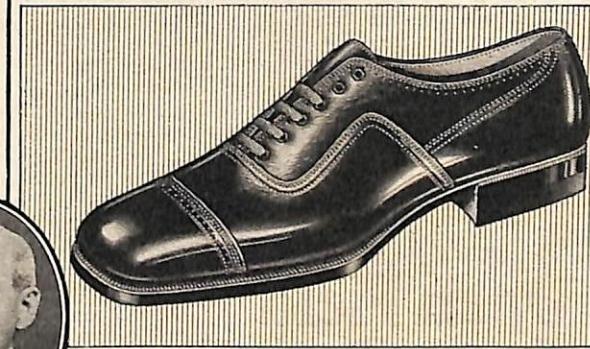
"You're a little groggy," observed William. "I'll have to tell you what to say. Repeat after me." [Continued on page 82]

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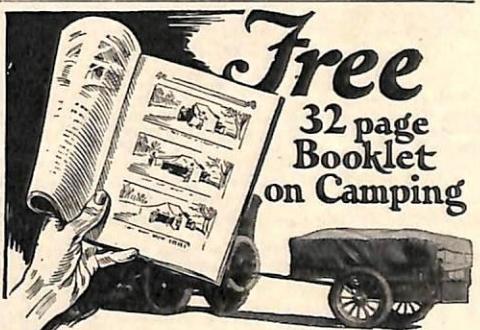
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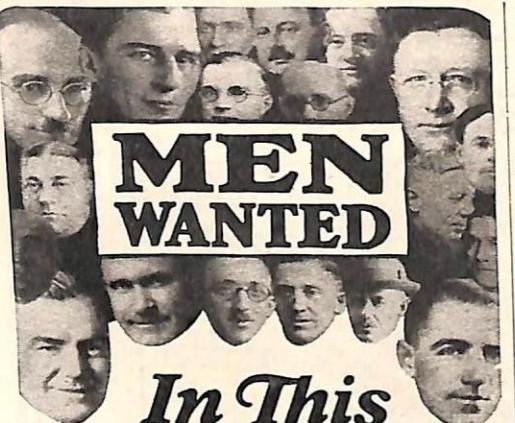
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FRIENDSHIP BY ARRANGEMENT

[Continued from page 25]

"Look here! What the devil are you talking about?" Cassels demanded.

Jean Baptiste regarded him with a very indignant stare. "No doubt you will claim you are not drunk now," he replied. And I thought Cassels would leap at him.

"Drunk?" he howled. "Me drunk? Of all the cast-iron gall!"

"Just as you like," my son agreed. "But I have heard the same denials from drunken men before and they shaking no worse than you. It is no concern of mine; I leave you to yourself." With that he turned and marched away and somehow he seemed to bristle with righteous disdain.

I slipped away from my little retreat without waiting further. So much had happened there under my eyes that I felt the need of being alone to consider the meaning of it. 'Twas doubtful I feared if I could do anything to avert violence.

Not many men I daresay would have envied me the task I had of controlling matters once they had reached that stage. But I am fortunate in having a very courageous and persistent ancestry behind me and I wrestled with the problem till, in a few hours a plan occurred to me. I would go to the Constable Cassels I decided and tell him in confidence that Jean Baptiste was my son and ask that he restrain himself on my account.

The Constable was not to be found at his barracks but his horse was in the stable and I presumed he could not be far away. I turned toward the river again, thinking I might find him there. There was a path that led down to it from the barracks where the Police had long gone back and forth in taking their horses to water. I followed along this path, stepping silently and musing on what I should say when abruptly the sound of a voice came to my ears. 'Twas the Constable Cassels, perched in the top of a stout young poplar with a pair of field-glasses clapped to his eyes, studying something across the river.

"Nab 'em both this time," said Cassels. "I will answer no question of yours."

"Will you not?" blustered Cassels. "We'll see!"

"Have at it then," offered Jean Baptiste. "If you're the law as you say, no doubt you can make me talk or even sing. I should like to see how it is done. Why don't you arrest me for minding my own business?"

Well, Cassels he had a steady look at Jean Baptiste and he made sure it was no longer a bluffing matter.

"Maybe you are right now," says Cassels hopefully. "Maybe this coat is the law as you said. What'd you say if I took off this coat and settled with you?"

"Damn all this talk!" said Jean Baptiste.

"Have it off! Do it; I'll give you an answer."

I secreted myself from sight. He dashed along the trail to the river and turned upstream a little way till he came to an Indian canoe, a dugout, beached on the shore. I watched till he had pushed off heading across the current and then I bestirred myself. I meant to learn what it was had agitated him if possible. I had a spy-glass of my own at the post and I took it and hurried to the river. Cassels was but two-thirds across when I arrived, for the Peace is not a trifling bit of water.

"He will," said Jean Baptiste and snatched off his own hat and sent it spinning away from him. In the instant they were fighting.

Now 'twould not be possible for me to tell you of the fight in proper detail for there was the Peace between us and I found myself having difficulty in holding the wretched telescope to my eye. Then too, my own emotions were deeply stirred over the actions of the bull-headed Constable. I was disgusted and angry with him when I saw he was meaning to intimidate Jean

Baptiste.

I ran up the narrow beach to where Big-Nose had left the boat and after some difficulty found the paddle where he had hidden it. Without the slightest hesitation I pushed off, bent on answering the call of blood; to be at the side of Jean Baptiste and let him take courage from my presence and support. I paddled furiously but that Peace has an abominable lot of water in it just there and the current is positively vicious. The paddle was an awkward club

of a thing too, so that with it and the cursed boat, which turned wrong way about with me once, I was carried a shocking way downstream before I landed.

But I was immediately relieved when I came upon the scene. I saw Jean Baptiste had the situation well in hand so I did not announce myself but stayed out of sight behind a willow clump. And clearly it was the Constable Cassels who was tasting the fear of God from the look of him.

Just then Jean Baptiste took his stance and sent a terrific blow at Cassels' jaw; fit to have felled an ox, it was. But though his arms were too heavy and slow to protect him the Constable did manage to shift his head the least bit so that he did not go down as he should have done. Instead he staggered back a pace or two, then forward again in a dazed way with his knees bending under him. Jean Baptiste, he is tender-hearted enough and he waited as a gentleman would for his opponent to fall, having no wish to maltreat the man unnecessarily. And 'twas just at that moment a most distressing accident occurred.

The left sleeve of Cassels' shirt had got torn away at the shoulder some time in the combat, for I had no doubt from sight of the place they had been struggling on the ground. And there this sleeve had furl'd itself down over his hand and the length of it was waving grotesquely about whenever he moved his arm. Naturally the thing confused Jean Baptiste! For just as Cassels staggered toward my son, fairly falling as he came, what did he do with the last atom of his strength but snap that treacherous left hand under the chin of Jean Baptiste? 'Twas but a feeble blow or so it seemed to me and I was astounded to see Jean Baptiste let his head go sharply back and then fall unconscious to the ground. The Constable Cassels he tried to hold himself steady for a moment but the strength was not in him. He lurched forward and cried out through his mangled lips, "Dismiss!" Then his feet stumbled over the legs of Jean Baptiste and he fell headlong to the ground beside him.

Now what were you going to say? Of course I understand the blow is a common one in scientific circles; I spoke of the matter to Gavin O'Neill one time. Gavin, he has red hair and fights every day for the fun of it with boxing-mittens on his hands. He explained it to me. "With it timed just right and the other off his guard, a rabbit could knock a polar bear into a full-length overcoat."

Of course I rushed to Jean Baptiste reviling myself that I had not taken a hand in the matter sooner. I felt of his pulse for I had the sudden fear he might be dead. My fingers were shaking so I could not be certain until I had felt of his chest and found he still was breathing. I turned on Cassels in a fury then, meaning to hold him accountable for his treachery, you see, but bless me, the man was unconscious too.

I had put a part-full bottle in my pocket when I set out to visit the Constable Cassels a little while before. But I recalled at the moment that I had left my jacket at the boat and the bottle was in it of course. I dashed down along the rocky beach where I had left the boat and I remember thinking someone must have moved it in my absence for it was fully a quarter-mile away.

The footing was vile too with the boulders strewn along the water's edge and I fell and near broke my leg hurrying back with my jacket under my arm. The pace I'd set was a bit too much for me; and my head was throbbing terribly when I reached the clearing again. I heard voices speaking and I stopped short wondering what it could mean.

"Who won the blasted fight anyway?" Jean Baptiste was asking in an easy conversational way. [Continued on page 74]

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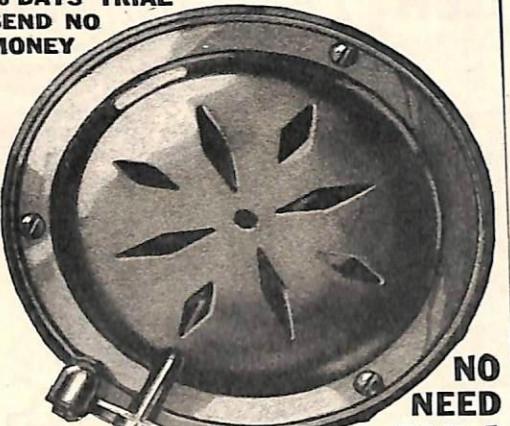
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FRIENDSHIP BY ARRANGEMENT

[Continued from page 73]

"Blam if I know!" Cassels answered. "I had a squint of somethin' looked like a dressed mutton, comin' at my nose from every direction and I checked out right there. Last I remember." There was a brief silence and then my son spoke again. "Twas after that you licked me!"

Cassels made a hoarse muffled noise that may have been laughter. "You're barmy," he declared. "This last half hour has been a liberal education my boy. Hand fightin' is out from now on; it's not my game. Takes too much concentration! But you, Gawd bless us—After the first few minutes I thought you was a mob. You Injun ——" And he called Jean Baptiste a most unspeakable name, actually reflecting on his antecedents.

I dropped to my knees the better to see through the under-growth, for I made certain the man would be torn to pieces, then. Imagine my disgust to see my own son fairly grinning under such an insult and laying his tongue to a worse one in replying! He was sitting on the ground and his head and the whole front of him was drenched with water. Cassels' great, broad-brimmed hat sat on its crown beside him and the Constable himself was sprawling alongside. Clearly Cassels had revived during my absence and brought water from the river in his hat to resuscitate Jean Baptiste. I counted it decent enough of him though I could not comprehend Jean Baptiste accepting such a favor from his enemy. When he rose to his feet and actually held the scarlet tunic for Cassels, I was dumbfounded.

"Whisky all right," I heard Cassels say. "And if my eyes aren't fooling me it's the same label as the bottles I found after that fight the other night. Question, who dropped it here?"

Instantly I clapped my hand to the jacket I carried and would you believe it, the bottle was gone! No doubt I had dropped it out of the pocket when I fell and in my agitation I had not missed it. Well of course I had only to present myself and explain its being there, and I was about to do so when Jean Baptiste spoke again.

"What is the boat doing down here?" You landed directly across from the barracks, did you not?"

"Sure," agreed Cassels. "That's how Big-Nose pinched the thing and got away in it."

"This is the same dugout," stated Jean Baptiste. "And Big-Nose would not bring it back. But the thing is simple enough—we'll cross in it and then see who shows up here hunting his boat. Find him and you'll find the man who furnished the Indians whisky."

"Now," said Jean Baptiste, "I will explain things to you."

"Halt!" ordered Cassels and held up his hand in what was meant for an imperious gesture. But he was a ludicrous figure with his blackened eyes and the wobbly legs under him and his dripping tunic was buttoned wrong till he looked to be in a twist. "Tell me nothing," he went on. "I've decided it already. I was steppin' on your toes, thinkin' to chastise this Big-Nose Injun when it's part of your privilege as bull-goose among 'em. Serves me right for not seeing it straight in the first place! Clear now though and I'll look to you, my lad, next time there's any trouble."

"There will be no more trouble," said Jean Baptiste firmly. "But that is not what I meant."

"What was it then?" asked Cassels. "Big-Nose has his girl again, having slapped her properly for looking at one of the Flying Shot Indians. She loves him now, you see."

"But I imagined you'd know where the Indians got their liquor."

"So if you had hauled him down and spanked him he would have stood in disgrace and she would have spurned him again. Naturally he would be compelled to find her alone somewhere and give her some more slaps for that."

"Naturally," agreed Cassels. "I can see that. But what of it?"

"Twould bring trouble in the end," explained Jean Baptiste. "There was a strong feeling among some of her people that he had no business slapping her the first time.

"Let sleepin' dogs snore, eh? Not bad strategy that. Think I got an idear comin'

APRIL, 1927

over me. Let's drink this evidence and put the bottle back where we found it. If the owner comes to me and complains over his loss I'll have him anyway, see? How does that strike you?"

"It is above suggestion," said Jean Baptiste gravely and stepped out of the boat again. Cassels followed him and proffered the uncorked bottle. "Have a go," he said. But Jean Baptiste would not hear of it. "You drink first! You need it most."

Then they must argue like a pair of ninnies over which was the most in need of stimulant.

"I have it!" said Cassels. "I'll fight you to see who is last. How's that?"

"Oh certainly," said Jean Baptiste. "We must fight often now we are friends. But I found the bottle, you must drink first."

"If you put it that way of course," said Cassels. Then did that gallant soldier bring himself to attention, clicking

his heels together and raising the bottle before him.

"Drinks—fall in!" he ordered.

I found the bottle after they were gone and there was not a drop in it. I felt they might have left a bit for my own nerves were strung up with all I'd been through and then, too, 'twas low taste swilling down liquor that way, even commercial stuff. But my resentment was shortlived. I saw them leave the boat and arm in arm they entered the path that led up to the Constable's barracks. What did it matter to me that I was on the wrong side of the Peace with no boat and well nigh certain to bring a lot of coarse ridicule upon myself when I should begin to shout for one? I had a moment of pride and complete satisfaction in myself for were they two not bound fast in friendship now? I had just remembered, you see, 'twas my own arrangement had done it.

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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

G

ET it and keep it.

Those are the two problems of the present-day American and even the most brilliant financiers find the latter harder to accomplish than the former. In scores of cases estates of men credited with huge fortunes are found to have dwindled to insignificant proportions through unsafe and unsound investments.

The great majority of Americans can "get it." They have the brains, the brawn and the ambition to make money. The accretion of capital in this country in the last eight years has been one of the most remarkable things in financial history and has left other nations gaping in wonder as to how it has been accomplished.

This capital has been pouring into industry and business in steady volume for the last two years. New bonds alone are accounting for the absorption of some \$200,000,000 a week. These huge sums of money have given a tremendous impetus to business which in turn has broadened earnings and made more capital available.

The loss of this invested capital, through insecure investments, however, would more than nullify the good effects which have resulted from its accumulation. It behooves all investors or prospective investors therefore to exercise caution as well as initiative and aggressiveness.

Up The Ladder

This does not mean that investments should be restricted to government securities or first mortgages on improved real estate. It does not indicate that a man must not climb up the financial ladder because it has no guard rail, but simply that he should not attempt difficult feats of balancing just to see how far he can venture. At least he should look to see that none of the rungs of the ladder are broken.

New and profitable fields of legitimate endeavor are being opened up every day. Capital can and should be put to work in those fields. It can be done safely but it cannot be done blindfolded.

One of the first questions a prospective investor should ask is whether the field of the concern he is investigating is full. It is true, for example, that coal formed the basis for some of America's greatest fortunes. Coal was not nicknamed "black diamonds" for nothing. Yet there are 200,000 more coal miners in the country than are needed and hundreds of coal mines in excess of requirements.

Fortunes will continue to be made in coal. Make no mistake about that. But a coal company, to be a sound investment, must have advantages of location, of transportation, of equipment, management or capitalization which outweigh the disadvantages indicated above and set it apart from its competitors before its stocks and bonds become desirable investments.

Capacity And Demand

The same is true of a score of industries. In them productive capacity is higher than consumptive demand. With such active competition, one producer will go up and another will go down. It pays to hang on to the coat-tails of the man going up. The two may have identical products but one can always furnish a superior brand of service and sell it. This may mean the difference between success and failure and between profit and loss for the investor.

Mere size does not mean safety. It is harder to manage a large corporation efficiently than a small one. Recently the writer stood on the station platform at Akron with one of the great rubber importers of the country.

"Tire men will tell you the business is overcrowded," he said. "They are always predicting the demise of the small manufacturer. But I tell you there will always be a place for the small maker who maintains the quality of his products and efficiency of management. There is the answer."

He pointed to a five-ton truck bearing the name of one of the largest tire producers in the world.

"Since we have stood here three five-ton trucks of that concern have driven up, none loaded with more than 500 pounds of material. Do you suppose one of the small companies would waste three five-ton truck trips to carry a thousand pounds of tires?"

Even the new fields are overcrowded. Six years ago, the modern radio industry had not been born. Today it is swarming with plants and seething with competition. The same is true of the electrical refrigeration field and a dozen others. The mortality of some of these companies was terrific. They fell into financial difficulties or into the hands of a receiver like ripe plums from a shaken tree. The business was all right, the new fields have almost unlimited possibilities, many concerns had efficient management and yet they made but scurvy returns to investors.

Adequate Capital

The difficulty in most instances was lack of adequate capital. That is the second great factor which every prospective investor in the industrial field should investigate. Quantity production is the very keynote of the prosperity of America. The reason why this country can compete with the pauper labor of other nations is found in the basic fact that a thousand articles can be produced at a relatively smaller cost for each than can one hundred. But it takes more capital to produce a thousand units than a hundred. Consequently adequate capital is absolutely essential to the success of quantity production.

The failure of nine-tenths of the unsuc-

cessful concerns which have burst into the newer industrial fields has come about through lack of adequate capital. In past years, overcapitalization was an acute danger. Then "watering the stock," as it was called, was not a financial chore. It was the financiers favorite amusement. It was freely charged in the early years of its existence that the United States Steel Corporation was overcapitalized. If that were true then, at least the world's largest corporation now has outgrown the baggy financial trousers of its youth and it was deemed necessary to increase the size of its financial clothes by inserting a \$40,000,000 gusset which will be presented to stockholders in April.

Profits From Within

The third important factor which an investor in industrials must look to is the source of profits. The buyers of this country have passed the point when they fail to count the cost. Prices cannot be raised unduly without immediate buyer resistance. Profits now are being earned within, not outside, the industrial plants. No initial cost is deemed too high for economical and efficient equipment. Some factories which today are piling up profits must face the necessity of replacing obsolete equipment sooner or later and unless reserves have been put aside for that purpose, the cost will come out of the pockets of the shareholders although they may not realize it.

Many far-sighted concerns have gone even further than to modernize mechanical equipment. They are revamping their entire process of distribution and altering executive functions in a determination to cut costs still further. It is in the securities of corporations of this type that safety and profit for the investor now lie. One example will suffice to show this. A great industrial concern now is managed by a board of three men each receiving salaries in the neighborhood of \$60,000 a year. The duties of one man consist of little more than keeping the other two from financial mayhem. Some of the stockholders of the company consider this a financial leak from their own pockets of at least \$120,000 a year and are reported to be determined to stop that leak even if it has to be plugged with a wad of executive resignations.

Action For Dollars

All this goes to show that the investor, intending to place his money in industrials, in duty to himself, must assure himself that the company in question is possessed of sufficient capital, and that it is efficiently equipped and economically managed. If he can do that the mere fact that the field is new or well filled does not mean it is unsafe.

Every up and coming American is determined to "get somewhere." Getting somewhere in life means action, action for his dollars as well as for himself. It is a sad but true fact that a good many possible investors are afflicted with the same ideas as the horse owned by Frank Statson of Seat Pleasant, Maryland. Frank doesn't know whether to trade him, kill him or buy him an ear trumpet. The other day the mail carrier on R. F. D. No. 1 passed Frank and the horse three times. Each time the horse was standing stock still.

"Is that horse sick, Frank?" asked the carrier.

"Nope," answered Frank, "I ain't noticed no symptoms."

"Does he balk."

"No, he don't balk, but he's so darn afraid I'll say 'whoa' and he won't hear me, that he stops every once in a while to listen."

Caution in investments is all right but the investor doesn't have to stand stock still to listen for it to say "Whoa."



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WOMEN SELDOM DO

[Continued from page 75]

"They were wrong—all wrong," Jane assured him.

"The managers?" asked Tommy.

"The authorities at the insane asylum," she assured him. "They should never have let you out."

"I regret it myself—at the moment," commented Tommy. "I try not to be oversensitive but there seems to me to be a certain lack of cordiality in your manner. I—what are you washing those dishes for, anyway? I come here and ask for you. The old billy goat out in the office tells me that you've gone to California. Why?"

"Because I asked him to. I suspected the family might look me up and I preferred not to have them find me here—everything considered."

"But—good Lord, Jane! Why didn't you do as I told you. Pawn your fur coat and—"

"I did," said Jane, wringing out the dishcloth. "Fifty dollars isn't apt to stick around long, you know."

"Fifty dollars!" he echoed. "Do you mean that you only got fifty dollars. Why the man said—"

"Put not your trust in man," advised Jane. "Would you mind moving—I want to pour hot water over these dishes—"

Tommy moved, but without conscious volition. He was still staring at her horrified.

"Do you mean," he demanded, "that you used up the fifty dollars and—then had to go to work?"

"Do you think this is my idea of a summer vacation?" she asked.

"But I don't understand—"

"It's very simple," said Jane. "My money went and left me eight dollars in debt. As that seemed to disturb the proprietor greatly I told him I'd wash dishes, if necessary, to pay him up. He took me at my word. In fact he went me several better. He suggested that while I was about it I might as well wait on table and do the rooms too—"

He was quite overwhelmed. But he needn't have been. Jane was enjoying herself. The savor of martyrdom is always sweet.

"I do—Sylvia's especially," she corroborated. "She's rather an untidy little beast, I warn you—although I don't want to seem catty!"

"Sylvia?"

"Your friend at the table. I think, by the way, she's probably waiting for you to show her how fast you can drive. Where did you get a car, by the way?"

"Borrowed it," said Tommy. "Met a friend in New York and—what does that old billy goat pay you, anyway?"

"Six dollars a week. And of course there may be tips. Not that they have amounted to anything yet. You ducked out on me today without leaving even a nickel."

"Do you mean to say that you wait on table—"

"You saw me, didn't you?"

"And wash dishes—"

"I do my best although Sylvia complains about their being greasy. I'll bet she's not as fussy at home—especially when she washes the dishes herself, if ever—"

"And make beds and do rooms all for six dollars a week!" he finished. "Don't be an idiot, Jane. You can't go on—"

"I certainly intend to—unless the proprietor comes in and finds you in the kitchen. He might fire me—"

"I'd like to see him try it!" announced Tommy, truculently.

"Although perhaps he wouldn't," conceded Jane. "I suppose I'm a bargain—"

"A bargain!" exploded Tommy. "I should say—" [Continued on page 79]

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SHRINE HOSPITAL Notes



The Shrine Hospital Board at work during meeting in Montgomery, Alabama, January 20, 21, 22.

WINNIPEG MOBILE UNIT

[Continued from page 46]

of Wa Wa, Regina, and Al Azhar Temple.

Dr. Angus Allan Murray is the Surgeon-in-Chief, and Miss Kathryn M. McLearn, Superintendent. Noble Chapman, in addition to being Chairman of the Local Board of Governors, is also a member of the International Board of Trustees of the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children. He was largely instrumental in the establishment of the Winnipeg Unit.

Noble Chapman accompanied me on my visit to the institution, and the enthusiasm with which every child in the place greeted him, furnished me with evidence that I could have gleaned in no other way. Adults can dissemble, but children are honest and know their friends, and these little crippled ones showed me that the Winnipeg Unit of the Shriners Hospitals lies very close to Mr. Chapman's heart. A man of big interests, a busy man, yet he and those associated with him in this work of love and sacrifice find time to carry into their daily lives the divine injunction to care for little children—"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

* * *

Kaaba Unit, Davenport, Iowa, of the women's auxiliary of the Twin City Hospital Unit, elected Mrs. C. L. Leigh president, with the approval of the Potentate, D. F. Scribner.

* * *

The Scottish Rite bodies of the state of Texas have unanimously placed themselves on record as favoring the building and maintenance of a convalescent home in connection with their unit now operating at Dallas, Texas.

* * *

Noble Arthur Lee, Mecca, New York City, has shipped three thousand trees to the Springfield Unit, all heeled in and ready for planting.

* * *

Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children
DENTAL CLINIC

From April 16, 1924, to December 31, 1926
Prophylactic 656

Silicate Fillings 50

Amalgam Fillings 1648

Cement Fillings 618

Gutta Percha Fillings 36

Extraction, Temporary Teeth 476

Extraction, Permanent Teeth 63

Total 3547

* * *

Nobles of LuLu are rejoicing in the profitable results of an indoor circus conducted by the temple in Philadelphia for the benefit of the local unit of the Shriners hospitals.

* * *

Dr. J. E. White of Honolulu, in charge of the Mobile Unit there, has been appointed surgeon in chief for the new hospital Unit at Greenville, S. C.

APRIL, 1927

WOMEN SELDOM DO

[Continued from page 77]

"On the other hand, he might have had me put in jail. He read me the laws and statutes about hotel beats himself—"

Tommy swallowed something, but obviously it wasn't his anger. For:

"That settles it!" he announced, fiercely. "I—"

"Don't say a word to him!" commanded Jane, hastily. "I won't have you interfering in my business—"

"I wouldn't trust myself to speak to him," Tommy assured her. "I—"

"There is just one thing you can do for me," interposed Jane, sweetly. "Take Sylvia for a ride. It might improve her disposition. If something doesn't before long mine will be a wreck. The desire to tilt a plate of soup down her neck is becoming almost an obsession with me."

"It's two o'clock," remarked Tommy, whose mind was obviously elsewhere. "If I hurry—" He gave her one look and slammed out without even saying good-by. Not that Jane cared! She merely went on with her appointed tasks.

Nevertheless her ears quickened when she heard an engine start and her eyes went to the window that commanded the road that Tommy must take to leave Gull Point. A second later she saw him. He was not alone.

Sylvia was beside him.

"Well I like that!" gasped Jane, indignantly.

She proceeded to dry dishes with a bang! After that she peeled potatoes and onions for supper and then put the kitchen to rights. This finished she went up to her room which was now under the eaves.

There she stayed until five when she descended to "do" the rooms before supper. It may or may not be worthy of note that she had powdered her nose with unusual care, "done" her hair the way that Tommy had once particularly approved, and had donned a frock that Sylvia would certainly have considered unsuitable for her station.

Sylvia, however, was still absent. In her room, however, Jane found the dress, the sweater and most of the rest of the clothing Sylvia had worn that morning scattered around the floor. Normally she would have picked this up and, if with hate in her heart, none the less neatly disposed of it. Now she glowered at it for a second and then, abruptly, she kicked one of Sylvia's slippers into a corner, kicked the other into another and then hurled Sylvia's clothes after them.

The door opened and in came Sylvia's mother.

"Oh!" said the latter. "I thought you were Sylvia—"

"God forbid!" retorted Jane and walked out.

Sylvia's mother found the proprietor in the office. She assured him she had never been so insulted in her life. The proprietor found Jane in the kitchen.

"What do you mean by insulting Mrs. Thompson?" he demanded, irritably.

"Well—she insulted me first," answered Jane, flippantly. "She said she thought I was her daughter—"

"I told her," roared the proprietor, "that I'd see to it that you apologized—"

"You shouldn't make rash promises," Jane assured him.

He glared. "Either you'll apologize," he began thickly, "or—"

He paused. June is not a month of high winds at Gull Point but it was his first impression that a November gale had swept into the kitchen. He turned and saw Tommy. Tommy, apparently, did not see him.

"There!" Tommy [Continued on page 80]

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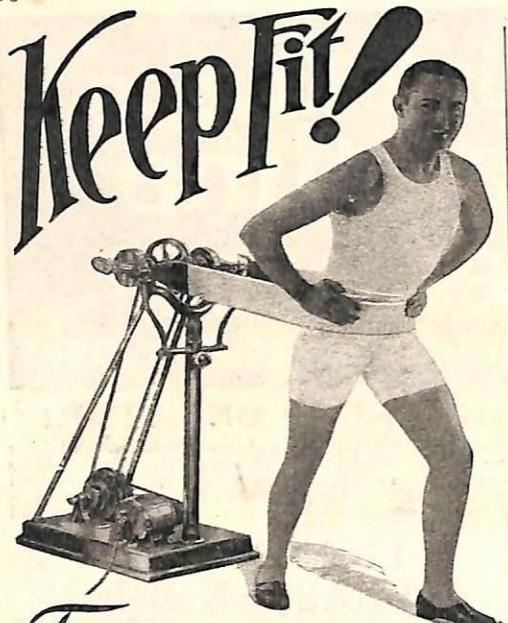
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MEN SELDOM DO

[Continued from page 79]

saying to Jane, explosively, as he thrust a banded roll of bills at her. "Three thousand dollars—count it yourself. Now you can pay that old billy goat what you owe him, go where you darn please, do as you like, live your own life and—"

The proprietor, who had stood gaping so far, found voice.

"Who are you calling an old billy goat anyway?" he demanded.

Tommy turned. "You," he said. "Who did you suppose?"

The proprietor purpled. "If you aren't out of this kitchen in about five seconds," he sputtered, "I'll call the constable and—"

"It won't be necessary," Tommy assured him coldly. "I'm all through—and on my way."

And out he went. The proprietor, frustrated, turned back to Jane.

"As for you, miss," he began. "You can get right out of here too." But he did not forget to add, "the minute you pay what you owe me, that is, and if you think I'm going to give you any pay for insulting my guests—"

He stopped then. Jane too was gone. After Tommy, whom she found just starting the straight eight. At him she promptly flung the bills.

"Take them!" she commanded, hotly. "I don't want them."

"Good Lord!" gasped Tommy. "You certainly do throw money around."

And that was the proprietor's impression too, as arriving at that second, he watched Tommy retrieve the scattered bills. Then:

"Why won't you take the money?" asked Tommy of Jane.

"Why should I take money from you?" she retorted passionately.

Tommy, about to speak, became conscious of the fact that they had an audience. An audience of two, in fact, for Sylvia had joined the proprietor. They stood side by side, their mouths at their widest.

"Oh my aunt!" groaned Tommy. He turned to Jane. "Get in—we can't argue here—"

"I have no intention of getting in," Jane informed him, coldly now. "And there's nothing to argue about anyway—"

The next instant she discovered her mistake. He had picked her up bodily, slammed her into the seat beside the wheel and, climbing over her, shifted into first with finality. "You'll stay put," he announced grimly, "if I have to wallop you over the head!"

They neither spoke as the roadster roared away from the Inn. But presently:

"I suppose," remarked Jane, recovering her breath, "that this is the way you persuaded dear Sylvia to take a ride with you this afternoon."

This was not at all what she had intended to say. She knew that she ought to be furiously angry. But somehow she wasn't. The strangest little thrill was running through her.

"It required no persuasion," replied Tommy, ungallantly. "She was sitting in the car when I came out—said she was just admiring it. As she seemed to have no intention of getting out unless she was pushed out I let her sit there. I was in a hurry—"

"You must have worked fast!" commented Jane. "Where did you find anybody to borrow three thousand from up here?"

"I didn't borrow it," corrected Tommy, grimly. "I got the governor on the long distance and asked him to wire me three thousand. I had to go to Portland to get that much money in cash—"

"What a kind, indulgent father you must have!" sighed Jane. "All you have to do is to wire him and his largesse is lavished upon you—"

"Don't you believe it," retorted Tommy. "I had to—"

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APRIL, 1927

"To what?" prompted Jane, as he paused. "Nothing," he said.

She stole a glance at him. His lips were ever so tightly set.

"Oh—so you're going back to Chicago and sweep out stores after all," she murmured.

He glanced at her, wide-eyed—and wide-mouthed too.

"How did you guess it?" he gasped.

"I'm not wholly without brains," she reminded him. "I suspected that your father wouldn't let you have the money with no strings tied to it—"

"I didn't ask him to," said Tommy. "I told him right off that if he'd come across with the three thousand I'd sell myself down the river and—"

"You needn't—you can send the three thousand back," she suggested.

Tommy gazed at her, beseechingly. "Jane! Please be sensible—"

"If the play had been a success would you have considered me a part owner?" she demanded.

"Why—yes. But—"

"So just because it wasn't and because I'm a woman you think you can call it a loan and make me believe that!" she shot at him, scornfully.

Tommy realized that he couldn't. "But you can't go on working at the Inn!" he protested. "That's impossible—"

"I fear it is," confessed Jane. "I seem to have a vague impression that the proprietor intimated as much."

"There you are," he wailed, agonized. "What will you do? Look ahead, Jane—"

"I suggest that you look ahead," advised Jane. "This road is about to come to an end—you'll be in the harbor in another minute."

Tommy looked ahead, slowed down and, a second later, stopped the car. The harbor lay before them, lovely and lustrous.

Jane apparently studied it while Tommy very obviously studied her.

"Well, what will you do?" he demanded, desperately.

Jane shrugged her pretty shoulders. Yet another premonitory little thrill ran through her as she murmured, "Why should you worry?"

"How can I help it?" he protested, distractedly. "Do you think I can go to Chicago and leave you this way? You know—"

He choked off, suddenly, and for a second there was silence between them. And then her eyes met his and for another second there was silence, but an electric, breathless silence. Then:

"You—you wouldn't come to Chicago with me!" he babbled, incredulously.

Jane's eyes fell and for a moment she said nothing. Then:

"I might—at that," she admitted but in a voice she hardly recognized as her own.

He reached for her, impulsively, yet still incredulous.

"You—you made me promise we'd just be good friends," he reminded her.

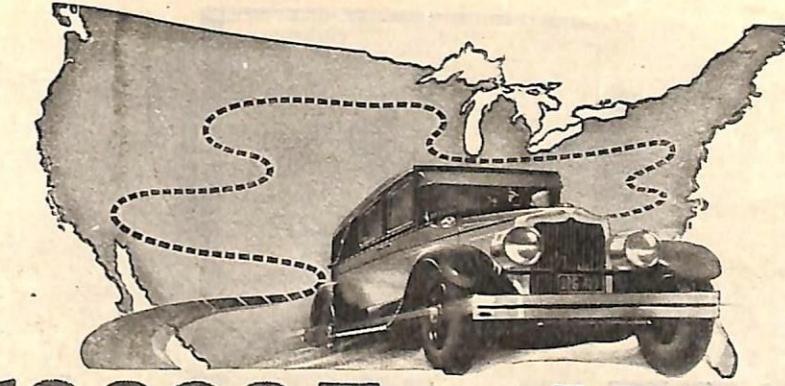
Again Jane was slow in answering. Then:

"No—no wonder your play was a failure," she murmured. "If—if that is all you know about women you're—hopeless. Even if I did say it—I could change my mind—"

"But—but your career, Jane," said Tommy, as he felt he must, if agonized. "The governor is a sport—he'll see that I get enough for two. In fact I think he'll be so tickled that he'll come across in great shape. But—but I'm afraid it wouldn't be exactly living your own life. You'd probably have to give up the stage—"

Jane, who had definitely renounced the stage forever five minutes before, glanced up at him from under her lashes.

"I think," she informed him, her voice cool but the rest of her anything but that, "that that was the trouble with your play. You—you have a [Continued on page 82]



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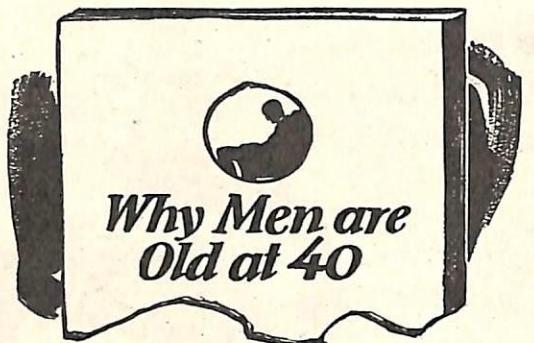
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WOMEN SELDOM DO

[Continued from page 81]

tendency to talk too much when—when action is clearly indicated."

Whereupon Tommy gave her a dazzled glance—and promptly went into action.

It was sometime later—about the time when it was dawning upon the proprietor that it was up to him to both prepare and serve the Thompson's supper this night—that Tommy spoke.

"I don't see yet," he confessed, "how it all came out. I—"

He stopped, as Jane's eyes, half mocking, half mysterious, met his. She hesitated a second and then:

"Men seldom do," she informed him, serenely.

A DARK PLACE IN THE DUNES

[Continued from page 71]

"I am responsible—for the death of—my common-law wife, Mathilda Clemons. I sent the girl—named Lucy Williams—to the village for medicine. I told her—to make my wife use it—in an atomizer for her throat—before she went to bed—when I was not here. After Lucy Williams—delivered the medicine to me—I poured it out and re-filled—the bottle with—prussic acid—in the pure liquid form. I wanted—to put my wife out of the way—so I could marry—Lucy Williams. The suicide note—found by the body—was prepared by my wife—some years ago—at my own urging. I wrote it—and she signed her name. There was another copy—of the note—which I signed.—We exchanged them.—That was how—I persuaded Mathilda Clemons—to join me—in free love. The notes gave each of us—the opportunity to put to death—the other—without fear of punishment—if either of us—wished to end the bargain. I was tired—of her.—She had grown—too old. I wanted Lucy—and so I made—that child think—she had killed my wife—by accident."

"Now it must be signed," said William. "Your right hand is free enough for you to move a pen. Give him a dipped pen, Lucy; put the paper against a book, and hold it so he can add his signature."

"I will not sign it," gasped the Teacher.

William tightened the rope suggestively.

"Oh, for God's sake, don't choke me again!" he begged wretchedly. "I will sign. There."

WILLIAM blotted the signature carefully and folded the paper away in his pocket.

"But I will repudiate the confession at the trial!" foamed the Teacher. "It was secured by torture. It will not be permitted to stand against me."

William nodded assent.

"You are right," he admitted. "This confession will not be accepted as evidence. But all the circumstantial evidence against you fits into it so perfectly that you will probably get a life sentence. Your treatment of this girl, threatening her with jail for her ignorant participation in the crime as your agent, will just about clinch the case. The two suicide notes, your wife's and your own, in identical phrasing, will also bear upon the matter importantly."

Then he turned toward the girl.

"Scamper away to the village, sweetheart—I've got the old mule wagon hitched up for you—and telephone to Seth Peters, at Little Rapids, to bring over the sheriff. I will stand on guard here until you get back, and then we'll go out and see the world together. But kiss me first."

Lucy held up her lips and then flew like a wild bird freed from its cage.

William and the Teacher faced each other

APRIL, 1927

silently. It would be a long, cruel wait . . . At last, the Teacher, bewildered at the swiftness with which the structure of his perfect crime had collapsed upon his head, asked humbly for information.

"Where did you find that letter I had signed? I turned the place upside down looking for it. It was the only thing that could direct suspicion against me."

"Not here," William told him. "I brought it with me."

"But how?"

The enigma was darker than ever for the Teacher.

William considered the question, and a hard, hate-heated desire to kill this man stirred again within him.

"It will hurt my pride to tell you," he answered. "But it will also satisfy the desire that brought me here. That letter of yours was mailed to me by a woman with a premonition of doom, not long before she died. She had seen, I reckon, that her successor had been selected. That woman was the wife you murdered."

"Why did she send it to you?"

"She was my sister."

IS SPORTSMANSHIP DECLINING?

[Continued from page 33]

Miss Browne declared that the reason why Britons can not play games better is that they do not work hard enough at them. Hagen warned his hosts to go after the game "the same as work." "I don't believe," he went on, "we Americans will come over here for the championship for a few years. What's the good, if all we are going to do is to beat one another? That don't do us any good. We could do that at home."

It is significant that in this same interview, Hagen referred almost with contempt to "the sportsman dope."

All true sportsmen regret it when their countrymen mar victories by such talk.

They will agree with the comment of The London Times: "Match-winning far outstrips the idea of recreation in American sport . . . It seems a pity that into what was intended to provide a rest from the higher activities of the mind should be introduced the element of drudgery . . . Possibly the American, by means of this intense concentration, will continue to surpass us in the future as he has done in the past. But that is not really a matter for very great regret. As his object is to win the game, let him have it; ours is to derive exercise and enjoyment."

And most of our athletes will wholly endorse that other London editorial which remarked that a defeat in the spirit of play is far more victorious than a victory in the spirit of work.

A good winner never gloats. He never talks like the average citizen of New York or St. Louis or Pittsburgh or San Francisco after the home team has captured a world's championship. Having won too easily at squash, he will pretend to sop his cool brow, and will admire the unique points in his opponent's technique, and point out that the game was really closer than the score would seem to indicate.

He will do this partly in order to let the other fellow down easily, partly to hide the embarrassment which the sportsman feels after a walkover.

Our sense of fair play shows at its best in tennis and golf. Yet even here striking instances of fairness are so rare that they are long remembered.

The Tilden-Ashburn line decision is still talked of by the tennis world. It happened a few years ago in a Davis Cup singles at Forest Hills. At set point in favor of Tilden, he sent a drive down Ashburn's backhand line. The linesman [Continued on page 84]

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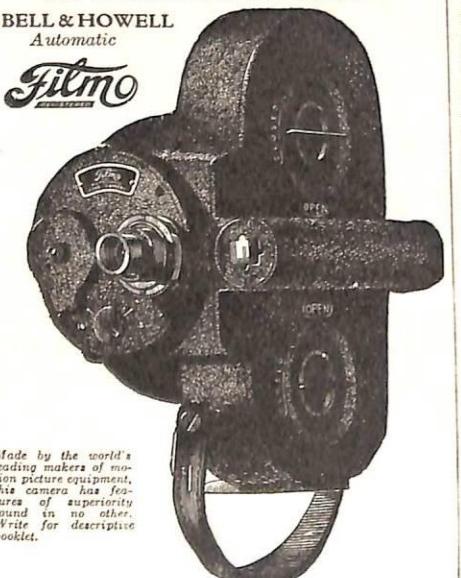
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IS SPORTSMANSHIP
DECLINING? [Continued from page 83]

thought it had been in though Tilden thought differently. This scored him a set to which he felt he was not entitled. So, deliberately and unostentatiously, he handed the following set to Anderson, thus endangering the world's team championship in return for one doubtful but legally earned point.

Debates in such cases often point out that the player who thus takes justice into his own hands, is unfair to the court officials, who are presumably doing their best, and is also violating that part of the sporting code which bans "quitting." But the majority agree that any phase of sportsmanship which is inconsistent with scrupulous fairness to an opponent, should graciously yield the right of way.

Two other memorable instances of athletic quixotism occurred last September in the finals of the Amateur Golf Championship. On the 17th green, the gallant Bobby Jones, noticing that Von Elm was annoyed by the movements of the 15,000 fans who composed the gallery, conceded a putt which Von Elm might have missed.

On the next green it was turn about. Bobby was settling to a three and a half foot putt and was disturbed by the swaying human background, when Von Elm came rushing across the green and knocked the ball aside, allowing his opponent to halve the hole.

Jones may have thrown away his two year old crown on that 17th green. Von Elm seriously endangered, on the 18th, the title he was to win that afternoon.

Tilden, Jones and Von Elm are the supreme kind of sports who would rather be fair than be president of the steel trust. Since the War, unfortunately, this kind has been growing increasingly scarce west of the Atlantic.

Our national game shows the tarnished side of the bright golf and tennis medal. There is, in the average baseball fan, no more passion for fair play than there was in those of our exquisite fellow countrymen who, when the doughboys returned in 1919, let them understand that it was not really the best of taste to have taken part in that vulgar mix-up.

In the official organ of The American Legion, Mr. W. O. McGeehan, sporting editor of the New York Herald-Tribune, recently put his name to some bitter home truths. "There is no hypocritical pretense of sportsmanship in baseball," he flatly declared. "The sense of fair play is not in the fan."

"In New York the visiting team may get some credit for good plays, but elsewhere along the circuit of both big leagues, no. The stands are packed with fans who want to see the home team win and they do not care how it wins. It would be almost as gratifying to have the visiting nine break all of its legs and lose as it would be to have the home team win by superior baseball. It is the rule of the game to take every advantage, fair and foul."

In a sport where the ethical standard of play is as far down toward zero as this, no wonder the corruption is extending so widely and swiftly beyond offences against sportsmanship alone, that a gentleman of character must be paid \$65,000 a year to deal firmly with the Black Soxs, and their like. No wonder that the baseball fan is cynically discarding his habit of idol worship.

For many years the continental European has looked up with reverence to our sportsmanship as a lofty thing worthy of emulation. We ourselves have been accustomed to regard it as the best thing we have to offer the immigrant. But last summer, in the course of an extended visit to continental athletic centers, I was reluctantly convinced that we are [Continued on page 86]

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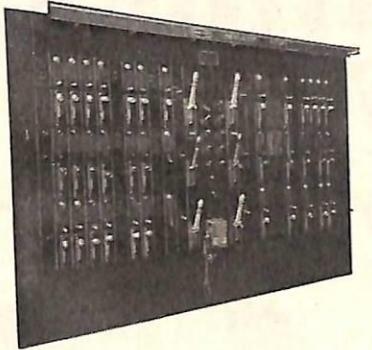
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IS SPORTSMANSHIP DECLINING? [Continued from page 84]

coming more and more to be looked upon as bad losers and bad winners, and that our athletic audiences are now considered, in the main unfair to foreigners.

However, it takes more than good losing and good winning and fairness to make a sportsman. These qualities, unsupported by doggedness and team-work, are almost as insipid as the right hand part of Hearts and Flowers on the piano without the left hand.

It is some satisfaction to know that we have one department of sportsmanship which is not going down. It is the never-say-die spirit. Neither professionalism nor the fighting twist of the Press, nor Prohibition nor the War have injured it.

The last commandment of sportsmanship: sink self in team, has been helped in the breach by the temptation to selfishness which professionalism brings. A pro who can command the limelight earns more money. When he is tempted by money to star at the expense of the team, he often succumbs.

The current popularity of such selfish sports as tennis singles, golf twosomes, and boxing, has further weakened our feeling for team loyalty. It is significant that a desperately needed internationalist like Vincent Richards should have deserted this year's Davis Cup team to turn pro, immediately after our first defeat in the national championship for many years.

There is no space here to dwell on the place of sportsmanship as applied, outside of sport, in daily life. But to find our athletic sportsmanship slipping downhill may well cause us deep concern. For it is well nigh the most precious and important thing in the world.

Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, said at a recent dinner in New York, "In the spirit of sportsmanship lies the best hope for the well-being and happiness of mankind."

"Sportsmanship and true religion," declares Bishop Manning, "are the two great agencies for the development of right living."

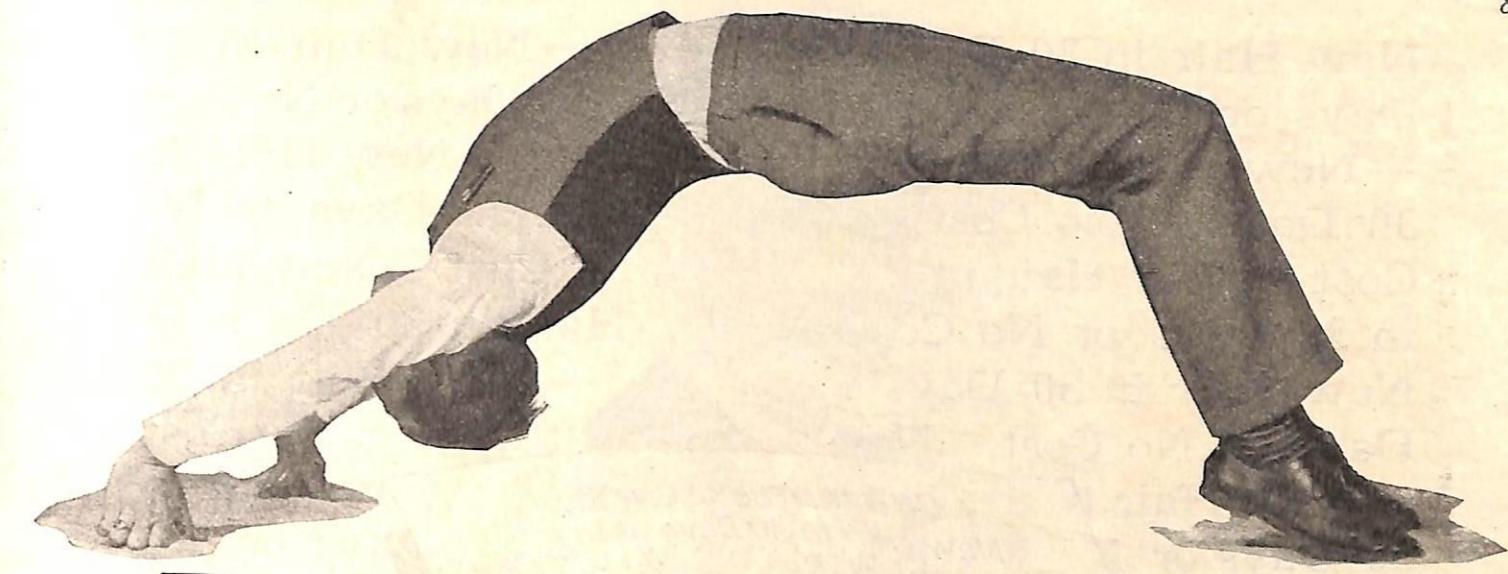
And John Galsworthy, whose own high sporting qualities I know as his tennis opponent, wrote in The London Times for October 29, 1923, these ringing words:

"Sport, which still keeps the flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will sink away and human life emerge for the first time from the jungle."

Three years ago, at the end of a Franco-German game of soccer in Alsace all the participants shook hands. "If there had only been between us more sporting contests like this," the French captain remarked to the German captain, "perhaps there would never have been a world war." He was speaking for the true sportsmen of every land.

It is probable that, if the sporting ethics of one highly sportsmanlike nation should ever be carried wholeheartedly from the playing fields and applied in the market place, the forum, the office and the home, that nation would shortly become a leaven that would leaven the lump of the world and start a millennium of peace and co-operation.

America is not a likely candidate for this job. Despite the sound training of the Boy and Girl Scouts and the sportsmanship and leagues that have been started in Massachusetts and New York State, we are not—and never have been—such good sports as we fondly imagine.



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A New York man who has suffered for 20 years reported it to be the first device he has ever publicly endorsed—a 90-year old man writes that his hernia has almost disappeared.... A Nebraska man says that he has forgotten he is wearing it.... Physicians praise it as an entirely new

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Seals Rupture With a Quarter

Now a queer little device—little larger than a quarter—weighing less than 1-25th of an ounce—reduces rupture by a new method called "sealing", a modern method heretofore impossible with old-fashioned appliances. No longer need hernia sufferers wear awkward steel springs, weighty cushions, unclean leg-straps, and other make-shift devices that were always slipping off the wound.

Magic Dot cannot possibly slip off—for it anchors to the acute point of rupture. More, it allows free blood circulation to tend to knit the tissues over the wound, and heal it much like every other wound is permitted to heal. This exclusive advantage is important, says science. For the old-time "pressing" method with its harsh pressure, common sense warns, prevents free blood circulation and nature's healing process cannot fully operate. Test this fact—press the finger against the skin and note the white spot remaining, the spot is white because blood can't circulate under harsh pressure.

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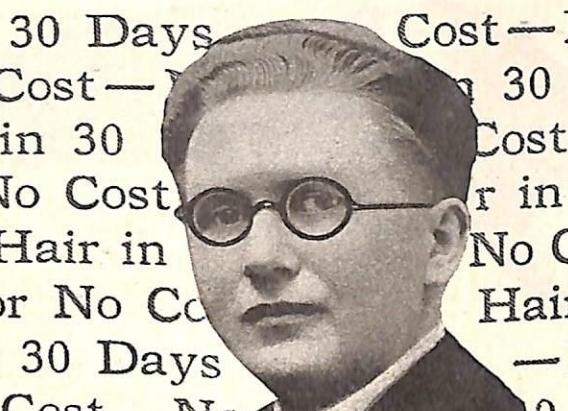
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No strings attached! No "Iffs," "Ands," "Buts" or "Maybes." No matter how thin your hair may be—no matter how fast it is falling out—no matter how many treatments you've tried without real results—my contract stands. New hair in 30 days—or the trial costs you absolutely NOTHING!

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There's nothing "tricky" about my treatment. It's simply the result of years of research and day after day experience in treating thousands of cases of loss of hair. At the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, I have proved that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead but merely dormant—asleep!

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"A short time ago my hair was falling out and I was troubled with dandruff. Your wonderful treatment has put my scalp in a very healthy condition, stopped the hair from falling out and given it new life and lustre only using it eight days." R.A.H., New York.

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"I have been partly bald for years and my hair was in such condition I believe I would have been completely bald by this time . . . In a short time my hair stopped falling and now my scalp is in a healthy condition and new hair has started to grow." C.L.L., Beloit, Wis.

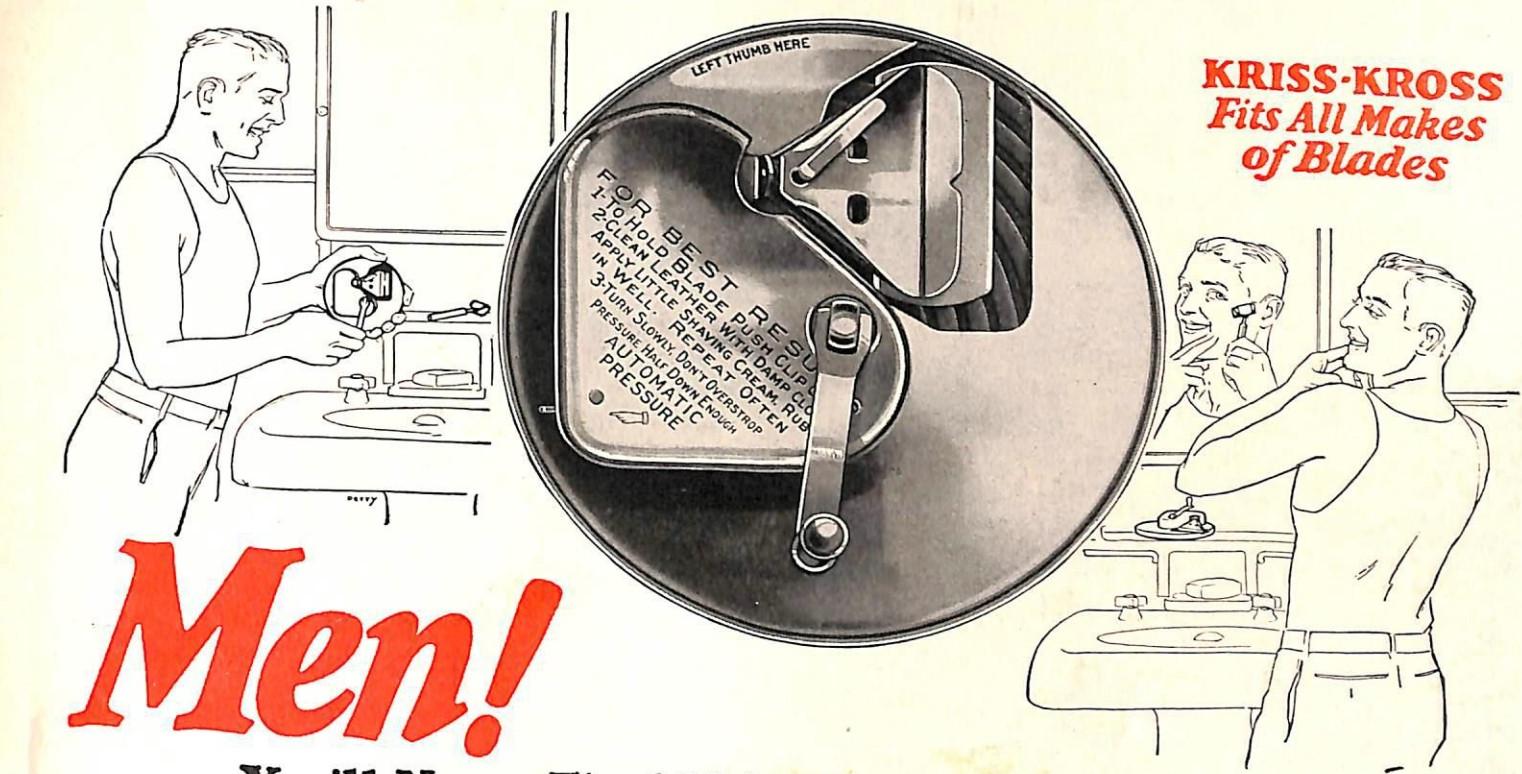
Cost—New Hair in 30
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Actually—you can take a blade right out of a fresh package and improve it almost beyond belief in eleven seconds with KRISS-KROSS! No wonder experts pronounce it one of the greatest inventions ever patented!

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Until you've seen KRISS-KROSS, fitted

its sturdy, nickelized smoothness into the palm of your hand and tested its uncanny dexterity yourself, you'll never know how amazing it really is! It employs the famous diagonal stroke same as a master barber uses. Never before has anyone captured the secret of reproducing it automatically. Eight "lucky leather grooves" do the trick in 11 seconds with a precision it takes a master barber years to attain.

But that's not all, KRISS-KROSS embodies still another feature that has hitherto baffled mechanical reproduction. It strops from heavy to light. It's almost human the way it makes the strokes start with strong pressure and grow lighter and lighter until an adjustable, automatic jig flies up and notifies you

that your blade is ready—ready with the keenest cutting-edge that steel can take!

FITS ALL BLADES

KRISS-KROSS produces unbelievable sharpness and prolongs the life of any razor blade for months and even years. Fits all brands and makes except Durham. Eliminates 83% of shaving costs and ends all bother about remembering to buy new

blades! No more "raking" and scraping with dull ones, either! No more stinging and smarting that has to be relieved with messy lotions and harsh astringents. KRISS-KROSS solves your blade problem for all time and gives you keen, velvet-smooth shaves forever!

SENSATIONAL OFFER

And now for my surprising offer. To introduce KRISS-KROSS to those who have not yet seen it, I am giving with it Free a new kind of razor. Possesses remarkable features. Instantly adjustable to any shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it (1) T-shape; (2) straight (old-style); (3) or diagonal (new way). Gives a sliding instead of pulling stroke. Made of rustless metal. All one connected piece—nothing to assemble or screw up. Comes with 5 special-process blades and is entirely unlike anything you ever saw before!

GET FREE OFFER

Send for details and information on these surprising new KRISS-KROSS inventions today. See for yourself exactly how uncanny and ingenious they are. Read the amazing praise of enthusiastic users. Clip the coupon for illustrated description and free razor offer. Fill it out now! Mail it today!

AGENTS

Make excellent money with KRISS-KROSS. FREE razors boost your profits immediately. King paid \$600 in one day. N.C. Paid made \$100 in 3 days! Others average \$350 and extra \$50 a month! Many spare-time workers, office and factory men make \$150 extra by showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employees. Kantan made \$154 extra working 3 weeks. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight!

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